

# SMART SET

*Stories from Life*

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September

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3 m 16 7/1930

# Wives of the younger generation

often hold a wrong view  
of feminine hygiene

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THE young married woman enters in many cases a new world, an entirely new circle. The old background gradually fades away. In its place come new interests, new friends and new confidences. Between woman and woman there is a bond which no man can understand. There is a helpfulness, a community of spirit, concerning the most delicate matters. Hygiene matters which bear heavily upon the health and happiness of every woman.

The pity of it is that so much of this confidential information is inaccurate. Because *wrong or misleading information* is often more damaging than no information at all. Many a woman has suffered because some friend does not have the simple womanly frankness to tell her the truth as it is known today.

#### No need to continue running these risks

Women of refinement have long understood the necessity for feminine hygiene. Physicians and nurses have endorsed the practice. It is a recognized regimen of health. The thing that has caused many women to hesitate is the *danger* lying in the use of poisonous antiseptics such as bichloride of mercury and carbolic acid preparations.

To all these women it can now be said, "There is no need to continue running these risks. There is no need to use these poisonous compounds." There is now available a product which puts an end to the skull-and-crossbones in the family medicine chest. Its name is *Zonite*, that re-

markable form of antiseptic discovered during the World War and now made available in bottled form in practically every drugstore in the United States, no matter how small your town may be.

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*This free booklet gives  
all the facts frankly*

There is not space here to go into this subject more deeply, but our Women's Bureau has developed a compact booklet which contains full information on this important subject. It is a booklet for one woman to give to another—for a mother to hand to her daughter. It is really a duty to read it, for it brings this whole matter down to plain terms in a refined, modern, scientific way. Send for a booklet by today's mail. *Zonite Products Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

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VOLUME 81  
NO. 1

# SMART SET

*Stories from Life*

SEPTEMBER  
1927

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Cover Design Painted by Henry Clive

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Beginning:—

A Startlingly True Story of  
High School Life Today  
by ROBERT S. CARR

Who Lived the Story He Has Written

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# "IF I WERE YOU"—

HOW many times a day do you say to someone:—"Oh, I wouldn't do that if I WERE YOU?" Do you apply the same formula to trivial things like buying a hat and to important things like buying a house? Are you ALWAYS wise for the OTHER fellow? Is YOUR judgment always perfect for OTHER peoples' problems? Well, how wise would you be if their problems really were YOUR OWN?

Every issue of Smart Set gives you an opportunity to see *what you would do*—to test YOUR judgment—to learn from other peoples' EXPERIENCE so that YOU may be ready if the SAME PROBLEM confronts you. For instance:



*Can you guess what's happened? Read "I'll Show Her" — and find out.*

*What would you do if you found yourself jilted by a girl because she thought you'd never amount to anything? What would you do when she boasted that she'd be famous while you were still a small town reporter? Would you wilt under her scorn? Or, would you . . . But*

*Decide what you would do—then read*

## **"I'll Show Her"**

*In October SMART SET*

*and see how two people became famous because they got mad*

*What would you do if the job you drifted into was not the kind of job you wanted? Would you accept any other that came along and take the chance of blundering into the wrong job again? If you heard that the stars could show you the work in which you would be successful would you learn to read them? Or would you just shrug your shoulders and say, "That's all nonsense?"*

*Decide what you would do—then read the signed article,  
specially written for October SMART SET*

**by Belle Bart, the Noted Astrologer**

*and see how the stars govern your chances for success*

*Would you trust your own eyes if you found the man you loved in a situation that seemed to prove him unworthy of your love? Or would you trust your heart which told you he was all you wanted him to be? If you were finally convinced that he was not to be trusted would you still love him? Would you still want to marry him?*

*Decide what you would do if you were that girl—then read*

## **"Eyes of Youth"**

*In October SMART SET*

*and see what love meant to her*

*If you had been so bright as a child that people predicted all sorts of marvelous things about you—if at the age of two you wrote your own name and at the age of twelve were the author of ten books—and if when you grew up people called you a failure—*what would you do?* Could you prove you were not a failure?*

*Decide what you would do—then read*

## **Winifred Stoner's Own Story**

*In October SMART SET*

*and see what happens when a Wonder Child grows up*

*What would you do if you found yourself in love with two men at once—one of them your husband—the other, your husband's best friend? With loyalty and convention in one side of the scale and wealth and romance in the other what would you do? If whatever you did was going to hurt someone terribly . . . But*

*Decide what you would do—then read*

## **"Hush Money"**

*In October SMART SET*

*and see how tragedy stalked happiness until Fate took a hand*

*What would you do if you found that bootleg liquor made you so jolly irresponsible that you could marry or commit murder while you were under its influence and have absolutely no recollection of what you had done when you had slept it off? Would you swear off drinking altogether? Or would you adopt a slogan of moderation in all things and still be a good fellow within limits? If you set yourself those limits could you stay within them?*

*Decide what you would do—then read*

## **"My Battle with Bootleg Booze"**

*in October SMART SET*

*and see how one well known journalist reacts to prohibition*

*What would you do if your foolishness was responsible for keeping the star quarterback of the varsity football team out of the big game? If you had tried to set things right before the game and failed—if you found yourself in the grand stand and the team on the field was losing—if you had to choose between letting the team be defeated and sacrificing your pride—if you had two minutes in which to act—*what would you do?**

*Decide what you would do—then read*

## **"A Kiss for a Touchdown"**

*in October SMART SET*

*and see how TWO games came out*

*These and many other interesting problems await you in the October issue of SMART SET which will be ready September first. Don't miss it.*



An actual photo of a small part of one of our nine departments



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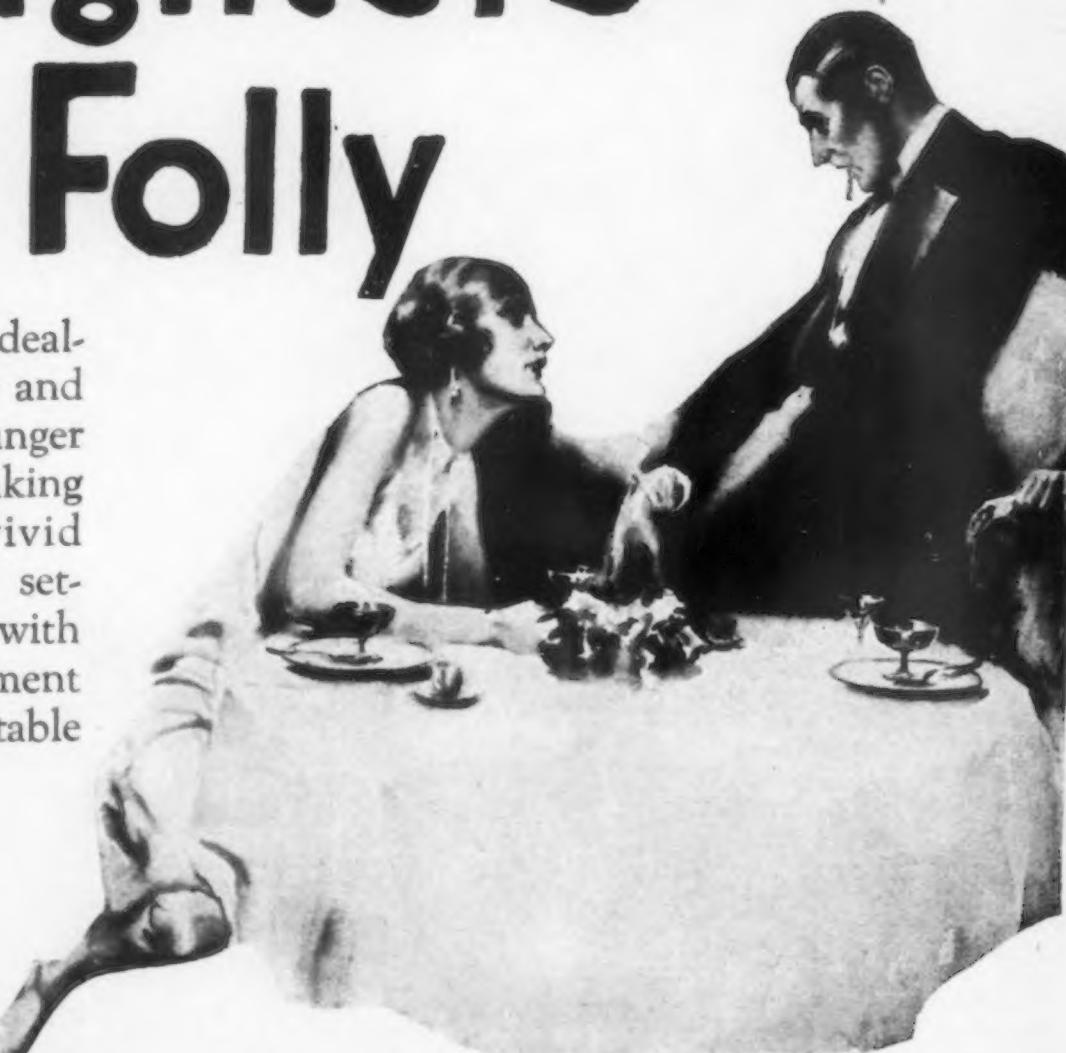


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GRAB a pencil and a piece of paper for here's a contest you'll enjoy. It's simple, easy and lots of fun—and the prizes are worth having. We want to know why you read SMART SET and why you think your friends would enjoy it. What is there about SMART SET that makes you like it? Why do you think it would appeal to others?

Perhaps it's the way the stories are told, the realness, the vividness of these human experiences. Perhaps it's the illustrations, or the ring of truth that makes SMART SET your favorite. Or perhaps it fills a need in your life, helps you understand yourself better—or shows you the way to happiness.

Whatever it is, tell us. Just imagine you are writing a letter to a friend and that you want him—or her—to know SMART SET and to share the enjoyment it gives you. What would you say to him—or her?

### THE PRIZES:

1st Prize . . . . .	\$25
2nd Prize . . . . .	15
3rd Prize . . . . .	10
4th Prize . . . . .	5
and 20 Prizes, each . . .	1

### RULES:

Confine your "AD" to 300 words or less.

Write on one side of paper only.

Keep your "AD" simple—literary efforts are seldom good ads.

Contest opens August 1st, closes September 1st.

SMART SET editors will be the judges and their decision will be final.

No "ADS" will be returned.

In case of a tie for any prize, each tying contestant will receive full amount of the prize tied for.

That's all there is to writing your "AD." It is not necessary that you be a writer . . . anyone can write a letter. The facts will count more than anything, so make your "AD" simple.

And here's a tip—the more human and real your "AD" is, the better chance you will have of getting your friend interested—and of your winning a prize.

Look through this issue of SMART SET. See what it offers you and what you think will most appeal to others. Then write your "AD."

*The prizes are waiting . . . this is your chance to win one. And the best time to start is right now.*

Address, "AD" Contest Editor, SMART SET, 119 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.

# MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

**Absolutely different.** "MOTORTEX" 3-piece suit. Good for dress or work. Well tailored. Fine, all-wool, extra heavy, warm, showerproof material. Will hold its shape 37 extra features. Guaranteed to wear one year. Price \$19.95, worth \$35.00. Your commission \$3.00 and \$4.00. Show our handsome selling portfolio—every man will buy. Protected territory to producers. No matter what you are doing now write for free selling outfit. Harrison Bros., Inc., Dept. 556, 133 West 21st St., New York, N. Y. When writing please mention this magazine.

**\$75.00 a week GUARANTEED to producers.** Every man buys Fashion Wear shirts on sight. Write for FREE outfit. Fashion Wear shirts, B-1, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**Agents—90c an Hour** Earned Advertising and distributing samples to customers. Write quick for territory and particulars. American Products Co., 9463 Monmouth, Cincinnati, O.

**EARN \$87-\$110 WEEKLY SELLING CHRISTMAS CARDS.** Full or spare time \$10 sample book FREE. Weekly payment. Experience unnecessary. Our co-operation insures success. John Hertel Co., 320 Washington, Chicago, Ill.

**FREE!** To honest men over 18: new patented cigarette lighter. Show your friends and make \$40 weekly. Send 25¢ to cover mailing costs and mention name of this magazine. E. Z. Lite, Dept. 2-G, 15 Westminster Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**\$20 daily easy selling amazing rain-proof caps.** Made-to-measure. Finest fabrics and styles. Big advance profits. Free outfit and free cap offer. Taylor Cap Manufacturers, Dept. H-7, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**HIGH-SALARIED POSITIONS** waiting for you in automobile, tractor and airplane work. I'll train you in eight short weeks so you can earn \$45.00 to \$75.00 a week—unlimited future for good men. Qualify as an expert and own your own garage or service station. Write me TODAY for big FREE AUTO BOOK. Your Railroad fare included in this big special offer. The opportunity of a life time—don't miss it by delay. J. H. McSweeney, The Auto Man, Address, 2300-652 E. McMillan, Cincinnati, or 2300-1815 E. 24th St., Cleveland, Ohio. Please mention this magazine.

**Ladies, Here's Easy Extra Money.** Every woman loves to make dainty frocks and necessities for her home. Show her how and sell her the materials. Steady income, big repeat business. Sample outfit and instructions free. Write today. National Dress Goods Co., Dept. 711, 8 Beach Street, New York City. Mention this magazine.

**\$12 DAILY PAID IN ADVANCE BY BIG** Chicago firm. Easy, dignified work; part or full time; experience unnecessary. Franklin Products Corporation, 1038 Van Buren, Chicago.

**BIG PAY EVERYDAY!** Complete guaranteed line direct to wearer. Dress shirts, Work shirts, Flannels, Overalls, Pants, Leather Coats, Sweaters, Playsuits. \$10-\$25 daily! Experience unnecessary. Big outfit FREE! Nimrod Co., Dept. 58, 4922-28 Lincoln Ave., Chicago.

**Agents \$240 month.** Bonus besides. Sell finest line silk hosiery you ever saw. Auto furnished. Credit given. Write for samples. Wilkitt Hosiery Co., Dept. 235, Greenfield, O.

**AGENTS MAKE \$3.00 HOUR TAKING** orders for 40 fascinating "Handy Things" for Kitchen. Sell on sight. Write General Prod. Co., Dept. SMI, Newark, N. J.

**Women \$30 to \$100 weekly.** Amazing new idea makes milady beautiful. No experience needed. Free plan. Write Healthiform, Dept. 7-M, 1115 Broadway, New York.

**LADIES: TO EMBROIDER, ETC., AT** home wanted immediately. Bonafide proposition. Liberal pay guarantee. No canvassing. Particulars free. Viking Products Co., Dept. 50, Lepisie, Ohio.

**Easily earn from \$30.00 to \$75.00 weekly.** Exquisite, smart, exclusive Peggy O'Neill popular priced dresses are irresistible. Designed for women who appreciate style and quality at low prices. Free sample outfit starts you without investment. Write today. Give experience and reference. Peggy O'Neill Dressmakers, Inc., Dept. 9-C, 112 West 35th St., New York.

**SCARY women buy new "LOOKOUT"** invention on sight. See who is outside door without caller knowing it. A \$1.50 seller that pays 85¢ profit! Sells to homes, private clubs, hardware stores. Sell 20 a day and earn \$17. Send \$1.00 for sample and particulars. Free Kit. New Invention Factories, 7M, Governor Place, Long Island City, New York.

**Free! Three issues HOW TO SELL** magazine. Keeps you posted on fast selling money making propositions. Thousands of opportunities. Send name and address HOW TO SELL, Department No. 1, Mt. Morris, Ill.

**HOSIERY FREE and \$12 daily.** Sell nationally known Pure Silk hosiery. Amazing values. Free sample outfit mailed. PURE SILK HOSIERY CO., 208 W. Monroe, Dept. P-185, Chicago.

**Why not sell us your spare time?** \$2.00 an hour, \$19.70 daily easy full time. Introduce 12 months. Guaranteed Hosiery—47 styles, 39 colors, for men, women, children, including latest "Silk to the Top" Ladies' Hose. No capital or experience needed. We furnish samples. Silk hose for your own use FREE. New Plan. Maccoches Hosiery Co., Road 9280, Cincinnati, O.

## Make More Money!

Here are opportunities to make money immediately—to earn and save enough for the better things of life.

Here responsible, nationally known, square deal firms seek the services of ambitious people. They offer dignified positions (full or spare time) which pay handsome incomes and lead to wonderful futures.

No experience required. Ambition is the only necessary qualification. Read these offers carefully. Then write for complete information about the ones that attract you most. Please do not write unless you mean business.

**To the Public:** These firms offer you merchandise values, a convenient service that you cannot duplicate elsewhere.

**To Manufacturers:** For advertising rates, address Publishers Classified Service, 9 East 46th St., New York.



**SALESMAN SELLING TO MEN:** We have side line for you that will sell along with any line you may now be handling and make more money for you, provided you are now selling to men. Get facts at once. Address, Salesmanager, 850 West Adams, Dept. 143, Chicago.

**Earn \$80 weekly taking orders for** charming Fashion Frocks for women and children. Factory prices. Advance commissions. No experience necessary. Fashion Frocks, Inc., Dept. G-100, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**Sell direct from maker to wearer, guaranteed boys' suits, overcoats; latest styles, popular prices.** Experience unnecessary. Write for Free sample outfit. Cralge-Wilson 10 Waverly Place, Dept. 4, New York.

**Sell custom tailored shirts.** Earn \$20.00 a day. Men buy quick at factory prices. Beautiful fabrics free. Novo-Tex, 3rd & Sedgley Ave., Phila., Pa.

**Make Big Money representing the** ONLY firm which GUARANTEES shipment of genuine Tailored-To-Measure Clothing within 10 days after receipt of order. Complete four-price line. Liberal commissions. Opportunity of becoming District Manager in your territory. Write Max Schwab, P. O. Box 388, The Style-Center Tailoring Co., Dept. 400, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**Windows washed in 10 seconds without** nail, sponge or brush. A fast \$1.95 seller. 95¢ profit. Demonstration sample \$1.20. Satisfaction or money back. Wonder Washer, Dept. SMI, 33 East 10th St., New York.

**MAKE BIG MONEY HANDING OUT** MYSTIC "ZIPPO" Red Hot 50c Household Seller. New Amazing Discovery! Quick Demonstration Brings Immediate, Huge, Cash Profits for Agents! Write Quick. "ZIPPO" Company, Fort Wayne, Ind.

**The greatest book on money making** stunts that has ever been published will be mailed to you if you will send us 15¢ in cash or stamps. There are over 50 up-to-date workable plans. Address SPARETIME MONEY MAKING, 230 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

**POLMET POLISHING CLOTH.**—Cleans all metals, gets enthusiastic attention, sells fast at 25¢ sample free. F. C. Gale Co., 99 Edinboro St., Boston, Mass.

**U. S. Gov't wants men.** \$1,900-\$2,700 at start. Railway Postal Clerk examination coming. Let our expert (former Government examiner) prepare you for this and other branches. Free booklet, Dept. 269, Patterson School, Rochester, N. Y.

**Linenwhite Laundry Bleaching Paddles** Big Sellers, housewives, bazaars, fairs, carnivals. Send dime for sample and money making proposition. A. Ada Products, Buffalo, New York.

**Girls—Women—Physical Charm** is a real asset today. A Beautiful Bust lends attraction. Booklet by Dr. C. S. Carr, "How To Develop The Bust," sent free, sealed postage. Olive Co., Dept. 8, Clarinda, Iowa.

**WANT \$500 SOON? SELL BEAUTIFUL** Dresses, Coats, Scarfs, Sweaters. Amazing low prices. We deliver. No experience necessary. Get complete outfit free! Write Hirshay Knitting Mills, 2003 South California Avenue, Chicago.

**DISTRICT SALESMAN**—All wool, Union Made suits, overcoats, \$23.50. Liberal advance commission bonus. Write for large FREE outfit. K. J. Harvey, Box 60, Chicago.

**Salemen: Tremendous Money-Making** Sensation. Combination fountain pen and check protector. No competition. Protected by patent. Wholesale sample pen and selling outfit, \$3.75. Write Security Pen Corp., 908 Jackson, Chicago.

**GO INTO THE CRISPETTE BUSI-**NESS. Everybody likes them. You can make a lot of money. Gordon, New Jersey, reports \$4,000 profits in two months. We start you. Write for facts. Long-Eakins, 787 High St., Springfield, Ohio.

**500 Men Wanted to earn \$90 Weekly.** Wonderful new line men's suits. Amazing values \$9.95 up. Rizaldi averages \$4 hourly. We train you. No experience or capital needed. Write Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. TN-2, Dayton, Ohio.

**New lines just out.** Everything in hosiery, underwear and Rayon lingerie for men, women, children. Beautiful, irresistible Catalog and Samples now ready. New special big money plans. Cash bonus service awards, rapid promotion. No capital needed. Choice territories going. Rush reply to World's Star Knitting Co., 781 Lake St., Bay City, Mich.

**WOMEN: \$2.15 AN HOUR FOR FULL** or spare time, distributing famous Royce household goods. Flavoring Extracts, Toilet Goods, Rare Perfumes, etc.—225 Preparations. Quality guaranteed. Write Abner Royce Co., Established 1879, Dept. 966, Cleveland, Ohio.

**Men—Women, \$1.80 an hour—No less.** Large mfg. co. established 30 years. Starting new mediation dept. Amazing, new sales plan. First 22 agents average \$1.80 an hour steady. Only 1 agent wanted in locality. Your OWN PHOTO FREE as sample. Art Medallion Co., Chicago, Ill., Campbell at Jaxon Ave.

**LADIES: 62-PIECE ROSE AND GOLD** Dinner Set FREE. Furniture, Rugs, Silverware, GIVEN. Furnish whole house by few hours' pleasant work right around home. Write TODAY for Big Gift Book. The Perry G. Mason Co., Dept. 996, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**FREE: SEND FOR NEW AUTO BOOK!** Write today! Learn how I train you right, in your own home, for Electrical-Mechanical AUTO EXPERT'S Job, paying up to \$150 A WEEK. Big opportunities in Auto Business. Common Schooling all you need. Start for raise in Pay. Spare-Time Money, or your own Business. Experience not necessary. Employment Service—Consultation Service, 4 Repair and Testing Outfits. Free of Extra Cost. Get my book, "Auto Facts." Free! Write: B. W. Cooke, D. E., Dept. 603, 1916 Sunny-side Ave., Chicago.

**Will you wear a pair of genuine** tailor-made shoes at my expense? Will you show them to your friends and take their orders? I will ALSO send you FREE our big selling outfit showing 70 shoe styles and 60 actual leather samples. I pay my agents \$8.00 daily. Write quick. Tailor-Made Shoe System, 932 Wrightwood, Dept. A., Chicago, Ill.

**Great neckwear line now free!** Features finest quality neckwear at factory prices. Collect big commissions daily. Write for FREE tie offer and FREE outfit. Navco Neckwear, Dept. 9-ZA, Covington, Ky.

**Send 25 Cents for a \$1.00 Pocket Cigar** Lighter and learn how to make \$10.00 a day easy. Sells on sight. Particulars FREE. Rapid Manufacturing Co., 799C Broadway, New York.

**TAILORING SALESMEN** make real money selling Davis virgin wool, made-to-measure suits. Low-priced, perfect-fitting, guaranteed. Beautiful fabrics. New merchandising plan doubles sales. Liberal bonuses, cash prizes. Write now. P. H. Davis Tailoring Co., Station 30, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**\$100 WEEKLY REPRESENTING LARGE** SHIRT company—direct to wearer—wonderful opportunity for financial independence. Big commissions—easy to take orders—we start you with a sales-compelling outfit free. Write at once. Supreme Shirt Co., Desk M, 278 Fifth Ave., New York.

**New Selling plan makes \$375.00 to** \$850.00 a month for producing tailoring salesmen. Two prices—\$23.75 and \$34.50—wonderful workmanship and 150 beautiful patterns interest every man. Commissions \$4.00 to \$7.00 with liberal bonus. Complete details and selling equipment FREE. State age, experience, exclusive territory desired and all other necessary information. We do the rest. Wright & Company, 2228 Wabash, Chicago, Ill.

**Agents: Amazing new 3-in-1 lingerie** combination for women making sensational hit. \$150 daily easy. Spare or full time. Free outfit. French Fashion Company, 9 North Franklin, Chicago, Ill.

**Make \$100 weekly selling better-quality** all-wool made-to-measure suits and overcoats. Highest commissions. Extra bonus for producers. Large swatch samples free. W. Z. Gibson, Inc., 157 W. Harrison, Chicago.

**Agents: Brand new patented idea makes** \$75.00 weekly. Easy seller. Half million sales single year. Write quick. Free sample outfit. TRUE FIT OPTICAL COMPANY, 1445 W. Jackson Blvd., Department M/F, Chicago.

**MAKE MONEY WEARING SOLIDSILK** HOSIERY. SPLENDID side line. Big profits for full time. Everyone a prospect. Get your own at factory prices. Solidsilk Hosiery Co., 317 4th Ave., New York, N. Y.

**Become Our District Manager.** Make Real Money organizing your territory for the wonderful "Health" Cooker. Every Woman a good prospect. Write now for details. Health Cooker Co., Dept. 1, Massillon, Ohio.

**All Men, Women, 18-50, Wanting To** qualify for Forest Ranger, Railway Mail Clerk, Special Agent, and other Govt. Positions. \$140-\$250 month, home or elsewhere, write Mr. Ozment, Dept. 137, St. Louis, Mo.

**\$100 WEEKLY IN ADVANCE. NEW** Line \$50.00 Tweed Suits \$24.00. Genuine All Virgin Wool. Fit guaranteed. Nothing like them in America. Big samples free. Manager, 44 North Ada, Chicago, Ill.

**A PAYING PROPOSITION OPEN TO** representative of character. Take orders about hosiery, direct to wearer. Good income. Permanent. Write now. Tanners Shoe Mfg. Co., 99 C St., Boston, Mass.

**Fifteen Dollars a Day.** Sell HARRISON'S "New York Style" suits and overcoats. Tailored of 100% virgin woolens. Priced \$19.75 to \$34.75. Highest commissions paid daily. Experience unnecessary. Valuable exclusive territory now open. Send for expensive sales portfolio with many selling features. It's free to men who mean business. De Luxe HARRISON'S raincoat line included if you write now. Harrison Bros., Inc., Dept. 856, 133 West 21st St., New York, N. Y.

**Men, Get Forest Ranger Job; \$125-\$200** month and home furnished; hunt, fish, trap on side; permanent, no strikes or shutdowns, vacations on full pay. For details, write Norton, 270 McMillan Bldg., Denver, Colo.

**\$40.00 Suits for \$23.50!** All one price. Union made of finest quality Virgin Wool. You don't have to know anything about selling clothing. We guarantee your success if you are honest and willing to work. Write at once. WILLIAM C. BARTLETT, 850 Adams, Dept. 808, Chicago, Illinois.



## Prize Winners

### On Getting New Readers

WE'VE never read more fascinating letters than these. Our only regret is that space permits us to publish only one letter. We'd like to print them all.

The contest announced in June SMART SET offered \$100 in prizes for the best letters from readers telling how they had won new friends to SMART SET—and how many they had gotten. Several sent in a score or more names, others told the various methods they had used; but the most amazing thing was the way SMART SET had changed their own lives, or shown their friends the way to happiness.

Here is the letter which won the \$30 first prize. It's from Mrs. Clarence Wells, Union, Miss.

I JUST want you to know what your magazine has done for me and how instrumental it has been in bringing happiness to others. I had a very unhappy experience, which resulted in a broken heart and disbelief in everything. One night, not being able to sleep, I picked up a magazine and began reading. That little copy of SMART SET changed my view of life. I found that other people had their sorrows, too, and that only cowards acted as I did.

Two very intimate friends of mine were interested in the sudden change and begged me to tell them what had happened. I just handed them my copy of SMART SET and told them by reading it they would find the answer. Now they never miss a copy. Soon after, I read an article by Mrs. Madison advising a girl about a love affair with a married man. Her letter was so kind, so wonderful, yet so convincing—I didn't wait to finish the magazine but marked the article and sent it to a girl friend of mine. Only the day before she had told me she loved a married man and was going to elope with him. I didn't know how to advise her but Mrs. Madison's article did the work. She is now a regular reader of your magazine and cannot praise it enough.

Another devoted reader is —. She is an invalid and tells me she always has time to count the days between the copies of SMART SET. Of all the people I have introduced to SMART SET, I believe — is its greatest booster. She is a lonely little flapper and she thinks SMART SET writers really understand flappers and know they are not any worse than the girls of fifty years ago. SMART SET has brought me great pleasure. I can never praise it enough.

Here are the prize winners:

1st prize, \$30—Mrs. Clarence Wells, Union, Miss.; 2nd prize, \$20—May I. McGrath, Norwood, O.; 3rd prize, \$15—Maybelle Holland, Rock Island, Ill.; 4th prize, \$10—Miss Opal Marvin, Spokane, Wash.; 5th prize, \$5—Mrs. M. A. Harvey, Terre Haute, Ind.; 10 prizes of \$1 each—Jean La Roe, Columbus, O.; Alice Stevenson, Menlo Park, Calif.; Mrs. Lilian G. Reid, Los Angeles; Mrs. C. P. Kent, Bluefield, W. Va.; Mrs. Wm. D. Plough, Denison, Ia.; Mrs. Wilfred Van Dusen, Griffin, Sask., Canada; Mrs. S. Brown, Dorchester, Mass.; C. Martin, Fairfield, Calif.; Gilson V. Willets, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. C. F. Bevers, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. S. L. Wallace, Ardmore, Okla.; Mrs. F. N. Carter, Hartburg, Texas; Mrs. Ruby May Armstrong, Elida, N. M.; Mrs. Elliot Dunn, New Alexandria, Pa.; Edward J. Corbett, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, Can.; Mrs. W. C. Phillips, Glastonbury, Conn.; Miss Avis R. Clarke, Mound City, Ill.; Mrs. Helen Soesbe, Oregon City, Oregon; Winifred Greenland, Aberdeen, Md.; Hazel Miller, Los Angeles, Calif.

Look through this issue for other fascinating contests with attractive cash prizes.

## DRAW ME and win a Prize

### Do You Like to Draw?

Copy this bathing girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only (17 years of age or more), so do not hesitate to enter, even if you haven't had much practise.

1st Prize . . . \$100.00

2nd Prize . . . 50.00

3rd Prize \$25.00 5th Prize \$10.00

4th Prize 15.00 6th to 15th Prizes, Each \$5.00

To the Next 50 Best Drawings—a Fountain Pen

**FREE!** Everyone entering a drawing in this contest may have his or her art ability analyzed free! When your contest drawing is received, we will mail you our Art Ability Questionnaire. Fill this in and return it, and you will receive our critic's frank report of your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc. This is free and places you under no obligation whatever.

This interesting analysis has been the start for many Federal students, who through proper training of their ability, are now commercial artists earning \$3500, \$4000, \$5000 and \$6000 yearly—some even more. The Federal School has won a reputation as "the School famous for successful students." Read the rules carefully and enter this contest—see what you can do.

### Federal School of Commercial Designing

1679 Federal Schools Bldg.,

Minneapolis,  
Minn.

### Rules for Contestants

*This contest open only to amateurs, 17 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.*

#### Note these rules carefully:

1. Make your drawing of girl exactly 5½ inches high, on paper 3½ inches wide by 7 inches high. Draw the girl only, not the border around the ad.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age, and occupation on the back of your drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by Sept. 5, 1927. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Faculty members of the Federal Schools, Inc. All contestants will be notified of the prize winners. Make your drawing of the girl now and send it to the address given in this ad.

# Heart Throbs

## Please Mother, Come Back to Me!

I WAS born in a little town in California called H—.

My mother deserted me when I was about a year old; just old enough to walk. After she left, we didn't hear from her for about a year, at which time she sent me some photos of herself, and a doll. She never once visited near the town we lived in; the cause for this I learned afterward from my grandmother with whom I was living.

My father threatened to kill her if she ever came near me or near the town in which we lived and even went so far as to carry a revolver intending to carry out his threat. When I was six and a half years old, my father married again and took me to live with my new mother.

Although my step-mother dressed me beautifully and I was called the best dressed girl in town, she was very mean to me and would beat me for the least thing I did.

I hated her and would lie awake in bed every night and cry and pray for my mother to come back to me. Although she had left me I loved her and always shall love her. Well, to go on with my story. I took dancing lessons and also vocal lessons, which led to my being in a great many entertainments; and that leads to the last one in which I had the lead in the chorus. There was a very likeable young man who played the lead in the cast and naturally we became quite interested in one another.

The night of the play I went down to the dressing room and there stood a great big basket of red roses for me; and of course, they were from him; and of course we fell in love with each other, but my parents would never allow me to have even a girl friend to visit me let alone a boy friend.

So one day when my parents thought I was safely in school we slipped out and were married and now we are very happy and have a beautiful baby boy but—there is just one thing lacking, that is my mother. It has been sixteen long years and not a word from her.

Oh, readers, you don't know how much I have suffered without her and my reason for writing now is that she may read the title of this story which may awaken an interest to read the rest and perhaps she will come back to me.

I shall always welcome her so please, God, send her back to me, for I love her—A. H.

## Love Never Dies

THE reading of a story in your October issue entitled, "Why I Left My Husband for the Man I Loved," has made me feel that I must write an account of my

own life which may help others in trouble.

Let me say before I begin that I believe early marriages can be very happy, and I also maintain that similarity of taste has little to do with happiness.

I WAS educated in a Convent school, and when I graduated in June 1918 I had my plans to enter a University in the Fall. As you can imagine I had had no opportunity to mingle with boys and was not allowed to go anywhere in the evening without strict chaperonage.

In July following my graduation, I went

meager wages. That first year my husband spent every evening in a pool room or playing cards. Was never home before twelve. Any wife can visualize the long dreadful empty evenings I spent but my love never died. Real love never dies. A year after our marriage our little boy was born and the evenings were no longer lonely, but my husband stayed out as much as ever and took to drinking.

I owned a building at that time and the rent afforded me a small income. In order to get my husband away from bad company, I decided to sell it and go West. Two years after our marriage we moved to California and Jack secured a good position. The first six months passed smoothly although my husband talked abusively to me the greater part of the time. Then our little girl came, lovely and ethereal. For eight months I devoted most of my time to her, then she left us.

IT WAS while I was working night and day to make my baby strong and well that Jack had an affair with a girl, a silly, vapid, little thing. I almost went mad with grief. He was seldom home at all and I think every woman who has loved knows what I went through. I told him he would have to choose and he did quickly. He never saw the girl again but he drank worse than ever, and abused me frightfully. Mental cruelty of the worst kind.

I finally felt I could stand no more. I packed my trunks, took my small son and left for the south. I was gone two months, and had no word from Jack. That was the worst two months I ever spent and I finally realized I could not go on living without my husband. I was young, attractive, but I knew there could never be any other husband or sweetheart for me. I could see no light anywhere; even my boy and my religion failed to comfort me. I lost weight until I became a shadow and at the end of the two months we returned north.

I TOLD my husband calmly I had come back, and I never saw a man in such a hideous rage, but I could see he had suffered. You see my love was so great it penetrated the ugly mask of hatred and drunkenness and saw the suffering soul and the false pride and stubbornness, and so I stayed and took it all.

A month later he deserted the boy and me. I suffered in silence. I made no effort to trace him. I just waited, woman's eternal job, and prayed and prayed. My friends urged and begged me to obtain a divorce but on that point I was adamant. I did not give in to despair that time, because I knew he would come back. I cannot say how I knew, but I did. And he

to a highly respectable summer camp for girls, taking all my very nicest clothes. I had been there less than two weeks when I met in an unconventional way a boy just eighteen years old. I was seventeen and we were married five days after our meeting. I loved him, but he was merely infatuated with me. A purely physical attraction on his side as I was soon to learn. We had been married just two weeks when he told me plainly he did not love me. That was the worst blow I ever had. You see I loved him so. But I merely smiled and replied, "All right but I will make you love me in time."

MY PEOPLE were so angry over my choice of a husband, an uneducated boy, they did not offer any help, and we got along as well as we could on Jack's

## True Stories Told in Letters from Smart Set Readers

came and his face showed his anguish. He begged me to take him back.

A year later our third child came, beautiful and healthy. To say we are happy together is to put it mildly. My husband doesn't go out to buy cigarettes unless we all go. He never drinks a drop, and he tells me a dozen times a day how much he loves me.

I hope you will publish the enclosed sketch, as it is absolutely true, and I really believe it may help some unhappy woman.—Mrs. J. W.

### Behind Prison Bars

I WAS sixteen when I ran away and married. I was madly in love, so much so that the objections of my father only made me more determined. Jim was just an average young man, with only one failing—his thirst for drink. I made the mistake that most girls make of thinking I could soon persuade him to stop drinking.

We were very happy the first year, even though my father refused to allow us to go back home. Jim didn't drink as much as formerly either. The second year he began to stay away from home more and more and drank heavily. There was whispers too, of another woman. Finally my temper got the better of me and I accused him of an affair, and told him I was through, that if he wanted to go to the dogs, he was welcome to go; that his conduct had killed the last particle of love I had ever had for him. Jim's face turned white when I told him my love was dead. I think he thought that was something he could always count on.

"All right," he said, "if that's the way you feel go right ahead." In a rage each of us said bitter things we did not mean.

Father came at once and took me home, and helped me get my divorce. They tried to make it pleasant for me at home, and I tried to take up life on the old basis.

I LIVED this kind of a life for two years, hearing nothing of Jim. Then one day I read in the paper that in a drunken spree he had shot and killed a man. The pages swam before my eyes. This was Jim, my Jim, to whom this terrible thing had happened. No mother has ever longed to go to a suffering child as I longed to go to him. My mother came in and seeing my haggard face wanted to know what was the matter. I showed her the paper. "How thankful you ought to be," she said, "that you got your divorce before this terrible scandal occurred. Imagine being the wife of a murderer." Father was glad that this had happened to Jim; glad when he read that he had been sentenced to twenty years in prison. Behind prison bars, my Jim, gay fun-loving Jim, and I was powerless to go to him. I loved him more than I thought it was possible for one human being to love another. I blamed myself for Jim's trouble. If I had stayed with him I felt that this would never have happened and I really felt responsible.

After ten years Jim was pardoned. I waited, hoping, praying that he would come back to me. I would have written begging him to come if I had known where he was. I guess he really thought I had ceased to care. Three years later he married a woman from my own county, and oh, I do hope he is happy.—F. M. L.

### Shall I Take Her Husband

OF COURSE you will say, "No." And of course you should. It is right. But don't condemn me for loving another woman's husband. Read my story. Before I was sixteen I ran away with a fellow and was married. I lived with my husband six years (his name does not matter). Then, before I knew it and before I was twenty-two years old I found myself a widow, divorced seven months after my husband left.

Then I started going around with another fellow even before I got my divorce, but he had nothing to do with me and my husband parting. I did not know him at that time. I would have been better off if I had never met him. But I did meet him, and just one month after I got my divorce from No. 1, I was married to No. 2. I only lived with him a year.

I am short, stout, with dark hair and eyes, rather good looking, a good cook, neat housekeeper, and neat about myself. But I was living with another man. Not married, just living. Now here is my story.

We lived in a three-room cottage facing the west. Just across the alley east of us lived *the man and his wife*. All we had to do was to walk out our back door, out our back gate, in their gate, and in their door. Our set was always having parties or dances and this man and his wife, (I shall call them Ted and Flo) were always invited. I had known them for four or five years before I moved so close to them, but we had never been more than friendly.

WE USED to go places together, Flo and Ted and John and I. (John being the name of my steady.) We went for auto rides, on picnics, parties, dances, shows. Every place we went Ted and Flo were with us, and every place they went John and I went.

One day Flo came over and we sat talking. I thought she said funny things that sounded odd, but some times she said odd things, so I didn't pay any attention. Then she came out and told me that she had met another man. I didn't believe her at first. I thought she was joking. But after a while she made me know she was telling the truth. She had met the man she said, and thought she loved him. Of course they met on several occasions, then one night they had gone riding. She said, "You know how things like that go." And I did.

Flo had a good husband in Ted and Flo herself had been a good wife. I say, had been. She no longer was a good wife. Then she said, "My God, if Ted ever hears of this, ever finds out what I've done he'll kill me. What will I do?" Then she hit upon a plan to shield herself "I'll send Ted over here to you and if you will give him the chance, I believe he will fall for you. Then if he ever hears of what I have done I'll have it on him too."

I laughed. I could not help it. "Flo," I said, "You're crazy. I don't believe Ted would even think of such a thing, not with me anyway."

"It's you that's crazy," she said. "If Ted thought there was a chance with you, you'd see. You will give him the chance, won't you, dear? Will you do it for me?" All I could say was, "you're crazy. You don't know what you're asking."

Things went on that way for a week. Flo would cry and beg me to do as she asked of me. And every time Flo cried I'd cry too.

You see I loved Flo as I never had loved any of my sisters or any other girl friend. Then one evening, I was home alone. Flo and Ted came over to my house.

Every time I looked at Flo she would nod her head or make some motion to me. She was trying to beg me, without Ted seeing her to give him the chance. I made no move to do as she wished. I did not know what to do. When they started home I walked down to the back gate with them. I don't know why, but all at once I said, "Oh Gee, if I had anything to drink, I believe I'd get tight." They laughed. "I would," I said. "I just feel like that." And I did. My nerves were shot. "I'll send Ted over with a drink of wine for you, shall I?" Flo asked. "Sure, I'll bring you a drink if you want it," Ted said. I did not answer Ted, but asked Flo, "Will you come back too?" and she said, "No, I'm too tired. You're not afraid of my husband, are you?"

"No," I said. "I'm not afraid but it is late, and I want to run over and see how Jane is." Jane being a sick lady next door. Flo said, "I'll send Ted with the wine," and started home. I didn't think she would. I went over to Jane's and stayed about half an hour. When I walked in my back door, I almost fainted. I had left my light burning low and could see plainly. Just inside the door sat Ted.

"Oh, you frightened me," I cried. "I didn't expect you." "I didn't come to frighten you. I came to bring you a drink," he said. A pitcher of wine sat on the table. I know I went white. I could just feel it. Then I got red, for I could feel the blood rushing into my face. I didn't know what to do, but I knew what Flo expected me to do. Somehow I got two glasses and poured out some wine. Ted must have seen I was nervous.

WE DRANK our wine standing there that way. When I set my glass down, Ted set his glass down, too. But instead of taking his arm off my shoulder he put his other arm around me. I looked up into his face. That was all. Then holding me a little closer, he kissed me. Then turning me slowly around, as if giving me time to resist him if I cared to do so, walked me slowly into the parlor, over to the lounge and we sat down. We didn't say anything. I knew from the moment Ted kissed me that I belonged to him.

Before Ted went home that night, I asked, "What will you do if Flo finds out?" And to my surprise he said, "I don't care if she does. I will tell her myself. I love you just that much." Somehow I knew he told the truth. Now Flo always came over the first thing every morning, but this morning she didn't come. She didn't come till afternoon. Then I saw her coming. I wondered if Ted had told her. He had told her.

Of course Flo forgave him, she had to. But that was three years ago. Ted never found out about Flo. Ted and I are all in all to one another. Flo knows it. She wants it that way. She loves Ted enough to live with him, but Ted wants me.

If I make Ted and myself happy, will it make Flo happy? Or will I take her happiness from her forever? She says she would be happy, but I wonder. Will I make all of us happy by taking Ted? Should I take her husband?—M. D. S.



don't fool  
yourself

## Make yourself welcome

Realize this: in business, social and home life, it is vital that you do not offend those about you with halitosis (unpleasant breath).

You yourself can never tell when you have it, and the one way to put yourself on the safe—and polite—side is to where. Lambert Pharmacal Co., rinse the mouth with Listerine, the St. Louis, U.S.A.

Had Halitosis  
**111** manicurists  
say that halitosis is apparent in  
about every third customer—every one of  
them men from the  
better walks of life.  
Who should know  
better than they?  
*Face to face evidence*

safe antiseptic, before meeting people. Keep a bottle handy in home and office for this purpose.

Immediately Listerine removes every trace of unpleasant odor and makes you acceptable any-

# LISTERINE

FALL IN LINE!

Millions are switching to Listerine Tooth Paste because it cleans teeth whiter and in quicker time than ever before. We'll wager you'll like it. Large tube 25c.

*—the safe antiseptic*

*Oh, What a Tangled Web We Weave  
When First We Practice to Deceive*



This is  
Sally Cook

Sketched  
from Life  
By AUGUST BLESER, JR.

*S*he married the boy who stayed behind. She loved him. But then the boy who went away came back. She loved him, too. Do you think that possible? Can a woman love two men? Can she still be a good wife? Was Sally a good wife? Read her story of love and marriage—and of the fatal tell-tale letter written in innocence, but fraught with disaster. Sally calls her story "Hush Money." Begin it on the next page.

*Beginning:*  
*A Wife's*  
*OWN STORY*  
*of*  
*Tangled Love*  
*in*  
*MARRIAGE*

*With Drawings  
from Life  
By AUGUST BLESER, JR.*



AFTER knocking about for years Jim went to Tia Juana and with \$200 started gambling. Luck was with him and he ran his stake up to \$3,000. Then he went back to Texas, struck oil and cleaned up a fortune.

I ALWAYS doubted the statement you hear so many people make that truth is stranger than fiction. At least I doubted it until I was a grown woman, and married. Then something happened to me that showed me how strange and impossible truth can sometimes be.

I had everything that any woman could wish—a husband who adored me, a darling boy of seven, and plenty of money. And then a situation arose in which, if I wanted to keep my husband, and his love, I had to give that money up.

That is a strange statement to make, and yet it is a true one. And the only way I can explain it properly is to tell about the things that went before. Possibly some other woman, faced by the problem that faced me, might have

found a better solution than I did. I don't know. I can only speak for myself.

It all began years ago, before I was married. I was seventeen, then, and supposed to be very pretty. I say supposed to be, because I never really thought so myself. I'm honest about that. I used to sit and look at the pictures in the newspapers, the magazines, of beautiful women, actresses, moving picture stars and the like, and wish that I, too, were beautiful, and able to make a success in the world. And I knew I never could in any such way as they had.

It wasn't modesty. Any sensible girl knows what her good points are, and what her bad points are too, if you come to that. You read a lot, in stories and novels about ugly old



# HUSH MONEY

trumps believing themselves beautiful, but it isn't true. They may enjoy being flattered as every woman does but in their hearts they know the truth, better than anybody else.

I knew, for instance, that I had good-looking legs, but I also knew that my hair was inclined to be too straight with no natural curl to it, that my skin was a bit too oily, and my teeth, while good and strong, not as regular as they would have been, if they had been properly straightened when I was a child.

But I had a lot of personality or magnetism or whatever the vital quality about a woman is that makes men want to be around her. And the result was that I always had plenty of boys to take me to dances and parties and the like.

I wasn't born and brought up in New York, although I live there now. And I wasn't one of those wonderful little Cinderella girls you read about who come to New York from the country to make their fortunes, go into the chorus, and end up by marrying millionaires.

My father made a very good living, and still makes it, in a business connected with the building trades, electric wiring, for instance. He wasn't an electrician, but that is as close as I care to come to it here. We lived in a pleasant suburb, not fashionable but comfortable, and always had enough money to get along nicely on, with a good car, a radio when they came out and everything.

I liked my mother and dad, and hadn't any notions about

running away and becoming a picture star, or anything like that. Like most of my friends, what I wanted to do was to get married to some nice fellow I could really care about, and have children, a home of my own. That was the way mother raised me, and I didn't see anything wrong with it. She and dad were happy together. They had their little spats and quarrels, of course, but on the whole they got along very well.

Anybody could have gotten along with Dad for he was a dear, always laughing and joking and trying to make everyone have a good time. Mother was inclined to be a lot more particular about how late my sister and I stayed out nights, and all that. But the boys liked to come to our house, and if we raised a racket with the phonograph at two a. m., and ate up everything in the ice box, we weren't shot at sunrise because of it.

OUR city was a pretty big place, and considered itself quite as up-to-date as New York. There was a university in it, and I met one of the boys who went there, during his freshman year. He had come from a small town in the south to study engineering, and because his people were poor he had to work during his summer vacations to help pay his way through college. The kind of business my father was in had to do with the things this boy was studying, and because he wanted to get practical experience and at the same time make some money he applied to dad for a job.

I'll call him Bert Graham, although that isn't the least bit like his name, and I'll call myself Sarah Cook, although that isn't the least bit like mine. If any of my friends read this story, they may recognize the characters, because of the strange things that happened. That makes no difference, because they know about them already, but it wouldn't be quite fair to take the public into my confidence to that extent.

Well, as I was saying, Bert Graham who was then eighteen, and very good-looking, got a job with my father as a foreman, during his vacation bossing a gang of men. And because my father did a lot of his work at home in his little study Bert Graham often came to the house, to turn in reports, help make up payrolls and the like. Dad, who liked Bert from the start, introduced him to me. He said he was a regular young fellow who was not afraid to work—the sort that would make his way in the world.

When that summer was over, Bert kept coming to the house, calling on me and my sister Grace, who is two years younger than I am, inviting us, when his college year started again, to dances, and football games, and things like that.

PRETTY soon he began to bring some of his friends along with him, on Grace's account, so she'd have a partner, too, when we went out together. And the first fellow he brought was his roommate, a boy named Jimmy Saunders.

I think I had better describe these two boys, because they have been the two most important people in my life, and in a way, through no fault of theirs, the cause of most of my troubles.

Bert Graham was a good-looking boy then, very dark, not as big and tall as Jim Saunders, but still strong and well built. He tried for quarter on the team, but never got beyond the scrub. Dad liked him, because he was serious, a hard worker, willing to stick to his job. And I liked him, because he was a beautiful dancer, and one of the handsomest boys I'd ever met. With his dark smooth skin, and big brown eyes any girl would turn to look at him twice.

Mother liked him, too. She said he was dependable. But you must not think from this that Bert was slow. Not a bit. He could make love like an angel, and tell the funniest stories. He had read a lot, too, and could talk well, and in dramatic work at college he was a knockout. I liked him very much, better, in some ways, than any man I had ever met and I knew, from the way he acted, that he was crazy about me.

Jimmy Saunders was a different sort of a man altogether. In the first place, he was a whole year older than Bert, and knew a lot more about life. I mean he was more up-to-date. That must have been, I guess, because he had been born and raised in the city, instead of a small country town, like Bert. And he was a lot more hard-boiled with girls.

Bert had the southern idea that you must sort of look up to women and worship them. But Jimmy said if they con-

sidered themselves on a level with men he would treat them that way and he did. I don't mean that he was rude but he'd never think of bringing candy, or sending flowers, at Easter time, the way Bert did.

Jimmy was a sort of roughneck, I guess. At least that was what mother called him. But he was mighty good-looking, in a way—over six feet, with light hair, and eyes that seemed blue and innocent as a baby's, until you realized that they were looking right through you. Jim made the football team and played left guard for two seasons. All the girls were crazy about him and I felt it a great compliment, the way he kept after me.

The whole thing was curious, from the very start: Bert brought Jimmy to the house, as I have said, on account of my sister Grace. And while I could see that Grace liked him very much, he always made me feel that he had really come to see me. At first I thought that was just his way with every woman but I came to the conclusion, after a while, that Jimmy really did like me a whole lot, and in a way was jealous of Bert.

The first time I found this out was at a dance at the close of their sophomore year. Bert asked me to go, of course, and Jimmy asked Grace, but she wouldn't go with him. She'd been invited by another boy and I guess she had seen, long ago that Jimmy really didn't care anything about her. I remember her saying one night that he only came to the house to see me. Jimmy, left without a partner, wouldn't ask anybody else, so he went stag. I thought that was queer, as there would have been any number of girls only too glad to go with him. When it came to our first dance together, he asked me to sit it out with him.

"WELL, Sallie," he said, when we'd found a place, "don't suppose I'll see much of you, after tonight."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Year's over, isn't it?"

"Yes. But why don't you stay here and work, the way Bert does?"

"I'll tell you, Sallie," he said. "Bert is going to complete his course and I don't know as I am."

"You mean you're not coming back next year?" I was terribly upset, to hear him say anything like that and I suppose I showed it.

"Would you be sorry if I didn't?" he asked.

"You know I would, Jim," I said.

He kissed me then. It surprised me, for while we had been going about together more or less for nearly two years, I had always been Bert's partner, and Jimmy had never made any effort to kiss me before.

"I'm crazy about you, Sallie," he whispered, "even if you are Bert's girl. Bert is crazy about you, too. And he's my pal—my best friend. Can you beat it?"

"Is that why you aren't coming back?" I asked.

"No. There's another reason. I haven't any people, you know. Mother and father are both dead and my uncle has been putting me through college. Well, his health is bad, and he's lost a lot of money this year, and he wants me to come back and help him out in his business. So maybe I won't see you any more."

"I'll be mighty sorry, Jimmy," I said, and held on to his hand.

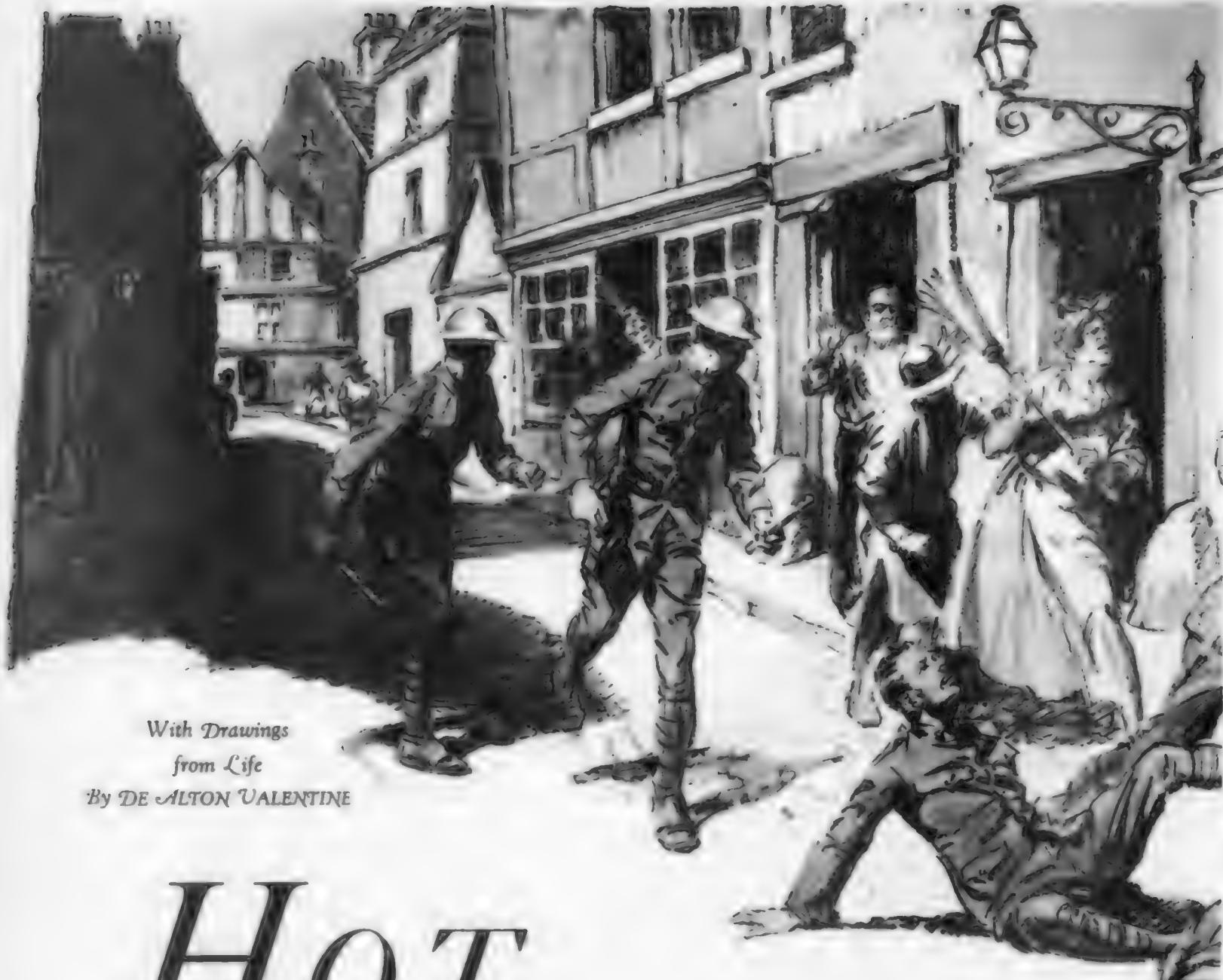
"Maybe you'll wait," he said, and laughed.

"MAYBE I will, Jimmy," I said, and he kissed me again. But, he didn't ask me to marry him, or anything like that. Of course he was only a boy at college, and hadn't any money, but I've often wished, since, that he had proposed to me then and there. I can't say that I loved him, exactly, but—well, it might have saved a lot of trouble for us both in the end, even if I had refused him.

We sat there for a while, not saying anything at all. I was wondering whether I really was in love with Jimmy or not. A girl of nineteen doesn't always know her mind. And of course it was Bert that I had been going with most of the time and not Jimmy. What he had just said had surprised me more than I can say. Then we saw Bert coming along the veranda looking for us and Jimmy said, "Here's Bert. He's a good scout, Sallie." We both got up and I went back into the hall to dance and dream of Jimmy. [Continued on page 82]



JIMMY hurt his wrist on a nail and I bound it up for him. When I finished I was standing almost in Jimmy's arms, and I had a queer feeling that he was going to kiss me. I knew that something like an invisible flame was burning between us and that in another moment we would be in each other's arms. . . . In that instant I thought of many things but I never dreamed of the real problem that would face me as a result of that terrifying moment



*With Drawings  
from Life  
By DE ALTON VALENTINE*

# HOT Apple PIE

I WAS the luckiest bird in the A. E. F. I could get away with anything. If you don't believe it let me tell you about what happened the time I thought up my great Hot Apple Pie scheme. I almost got court-martialed, but didn't!

The war was over, but soldiering wasn't. We were still in France trying to scrape the mud off a little village named Pontvallain. The regiment was getting its long-looked-for passes to gay Paree. Me and my two buddies, Bill Wood, and Kicky Smith, the outfit's prize beefer, just had to go to Paris and kick over the traces with the gang. Old Bill swore he'd only enlisted to fight the battle of Paris and he worked us up to believing we'd rather go there than to heaven. I guess you know why. The streets in heaven might be paved with rubies and diamonds, and Saint Peter might issue golden harps to doughboys. But oo-la-la! The boulevards were just one cafe after another, and beautiful mam'selles promenaded there.

But we didn't have a franc between us, and the orders were

no money, no passes. As usual the bunch was depending on me to find a way to raise the dough for the excursion to gay Paree. The big idea suddenly hit me like a barrage of barrack bags.

"Hot apple pie!" I yelled, jumping out of my chair.  
"Whaddaya mean, hot apple pie?" demanded Kicky.

"WHAT'D you give right now for a red hot apple pie, all browned and flaky, and tasting like something mother used to make?"

Kicky sniffed as if he smelled hot apple pie, and old Bill licked his chops. "Hell's bells! I'd give fifteen francs if I had 'em," Kicky said.

"I'd give fifty francs. Gee! How I love apple pie, with a little chunk of butter melting on it," declared old Bill.

"That's the answer, buddies. You're just like the rest of us doughboys. We'd start another war for hot apple pie. And here goes the first gun! I know how we can make pies, sell



The  
Love Story  
of  
The Luckiest  
Doughboy  
in the A. E. F.

"Non, non," cried Francine stamping her small foot. "I came for the pie. I want the hot apple pie." The roar of the mob smothered her voice. It was suicide to go into that crowd, but what was suicide? "All right, Francine," I shouted, "I'll get you a pie."

'em for fifteen francs and make the jack for this Paris party."

"Whoopie! We're off for Paris," shouted Kicky as he threw an empty cognac bottle through the billet window.

The bottle exploded on the sidewalk like a hand grenade. Then a girl screamed, beautifully, I thought. Kicky ran to the window. Relief swept over his face at whatever, or whoever he saw. He beamed, smothering the slam of the door to our billet under a song.

"Oh! Mademoiselle you're mighty swell,  
"Parley-voo."

"Oh! Mademoiselle you ring the bell,  
"Parley-voo."

"Attention." I snapped and leaped close to my desk that was littered with some art work I was doing for regimental headquarters. I was an artist by profession.

The colonel himself was standing in the doorway glaring at Kicky and Bill in the window. I guess the old boy thought I'd jumped up from my work. My luck again!

I darned near laughed at Bill and Kicky. They looked like a pair of scared statues in olive drab. The colonel turned to me:

DAHLTON  
VALENTINE



"At ease, Corporal, and go on with your work," he said, and as I sat down he looked over my shoulder at the design I was making for a regimental history cover. "Very good, Denaham," he commented. Then, wheeling like a flash, he bawled my buddies out as only our colonel could, winding up with a threat that sent their hopes of Paris A. W. O. L.

"I'VE got a good mind not to let either of you rate a Paris pass for throwing that bottle out of the window. You all but hit a young lady and myself. One more trick like that and you'll get a court-martial instead of a furlough."

The door slammed shut. I turned in time to see my buddies almost throw their arms out of socket giving a snappy salute. They screwed up their faces at me.

"There you are again. We catch it, and he pins a craw-de-gear on your manly bust," Kicky said. "I suppose if you

came to the window and looked at the Colonel's pippin mamma, she'd throw you a kiss, and he'd make you a sergeant for it?"

"Aw shut up, Kicky. It ain't Dinny's fault because he gets away with things. Come here and take a squint at the reason why the boys want to go to Paris. This Jane's a peach. No village stuff. Good night! If Paree's got beaucoup like her I'm all for billeting there for the rest of my life," Bill said.

I made the window in three steps. It'd been a long time since I'd seen anything but peasant girls. Some of them pretty enough in their way. But, they had such red, over-large hands, and a fellow got tired of their coarse stockings and wooden shoes. I'll say the colonel's girl friend was a whizz-bang! Tall, slim, and willowy. A pretty face with dreamy blue eyes, so blue they seemed more the color of violets. Black hair. She was a fellow's dream of a beautiful, aristocratic



As I stood with the pie in my hands and Francine's silly apron on, I looked first at the colonel and then at the captain, and felt guilty of murder. "Are you going to be, what you call in America, a good sport, Monsieur le Colonel?" Francine asked sweetly.

French girl, the kind we soldiers rarely saw, come to life.

I took one look and wished I'd never seen her, because I didn't believe that even Paris had another one like her. Being a romantic, impulsive sort of fool, this mademoiselle went right over the top with my heart. I'd be remembering her, Paris, or no Paris, and it would all be such hopeless foolishness. She must be the colonel's sweetie. What chance did a corporal have with such a girl? A Chinaman's!

HOWEVER, a fellow can't stop from falling in love when he falls. The colonel joined her, and we ducked out of sight. Soft, musical laughter drifted to us. Boy! What a voice. And she spoke English like a million dollars!

"Was Monsieur le Colonel terribly stern, and oh! very scolding to his poor, funny soldiers? I hope not, since we were not marred for life. Really, your Americans are just like droll

boys on a holiday. You should have heard the serenade one of them gave me as you went in Oo-la-la!" she laughed.

"I told them 'no Paris' if they repeat such tricks," answered the colonel as they passed the window, and I laughed softly at the faces on Kicky and Bill. Faces of men who had just escaped a firing squad or worse.

The three of us crowded the window again. Almost at that moment, mademoiselle looked back. My heart did a handspring as our glances met, and she smiled! I stood there transfixed, following her with the eyes of a man under a spell of strongest intrigue.

The colonel helped her into his sedan, parked across the street, and the two of them were driven off over the white road that climbed the hill from which a small, but picturesque chateau looked down proudly on our village of Pontvallain. It was a clear, sparkling spring day, and the visibility was excellent. The machine turned into the gates of the chateau and lost itself in the thick trees and foliage. Still, I stood there staring, thinking, wishing, wondering.

"SNAP out of it, Dinny," said Kicky impatiently. "I'll give you credit for winning a smile from her. But, this is one time there's no potatoes for you. That baby's the colonel's private property. He's no slow moving picture if he is forty-eight. Being a bachelor, and rich, he's probably looking for a French wife with a chateau."

"Oh, lay off, Kicky," I cut in. It got my goat to have somebody rubbing in what I already knew. I didn't have a Chinaman's chance with the girl. She probably meant that smile for all of us anyhow, and as for the look she'd given me, hell's bells, it didn't mean anything. She wouldn't know me from Adam's house-cat if she saw me again.

Yet, I was fool enough to wish her smile, and her look did mean something.

Bill, realizing I'd taken a tumble for the French girl, tried to help out a bit. "Never mind, Dinny. Paris is full of 'em like her. And, there's not enough lieutenants, much less colonels to go around. So, let's get busy on your money-making scheme, and shove off for gay Paree. The sooner the quicker, old timer."

But, my enthusiasm for Paris slumped badly. The boulevards couldn't produce a mademoiselle to match the colonel's girl.

"Oui! Give us the pie dope," Kicky said.

"Remember, we're likely to get into a big jam over making and selling pies," I said, hoping to weaken them. I was all for staying in Pontvallain now that I'd seen the colonel's mam'selle. If only she'd give me another smile, one of those looks that

had sent my heart over the top for her!

"Whaddaya mean, jam?" asked Kicky.

"It's strictly against regulations for anybody to buy and resell government supplies, much less steal 'em as we've got to do. If we get caught it means court-martial sure as shootin'. And if any of the doughboy bozos ever figure out that fifteen francs is three dollars for a pie! Boy Howdy! It'll be 'bon soir my cherry,' and a ticket to the hospital. They'd mob us as profiteers."

But, Kicky and Bill said they'd take their chances rather than miss the battle of Paris. So there was nothing else to do but go through with it.

We went out and stole a bag of flour and sugar from A Company's kitchen, hired the village bakery on tick for the night, got bushels of apples with fifty francs a fellow forked over to be a silent partner, and sold [Continued on page 104]



# Do We Need

By Reverend  
*A. WAKEFIELD SLATEN*

WHETHER we like it or not, changes are coming in our moral code and in our ideas of love and sex relationships. It is up to us, as thinking human beings, to consider these changes intelligently and not to oppose them merely because they are at variance with old traditions and established customs. Marriage was made for mankind, and it is still in the making.

In support of this consider what was recently said by the Reverend Henry Lewis of St. Andrews Church, Ann Arbor, at a Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church at San Francisco.

"Why shouldn't the church take cognizance of sex and sex problems? Sex should be a beautiful part of life. A love affair should be recognized as a respectable, lawful union, which may be dissolved at any time. This should last two years before being legalized, and during these two years the couple should not have children—birth control being available.

"If at the end of two years they still love one another let the marriage be legalized and children brought into the world."

I am not advocating the position taken by the Reverend Mr. Lewis, but since he made this statement at a conference of his church, it cannot be ignored. Naturally it called down upon his head the denunciation of many representatives of his church, including Bishop William T. Manning of New York. But do not Mr. Lewis's words indicate a change, a deep and fundamental change in sex relationship? Can they fail to raise in the minds of all thoughtful persons the question, "Do we need a new moral code?"

THEIR significance is enhanced if one takes them in connection with recent utterances by Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver, who has been brought into intimate contact with all phases of marital problems during his long connection with the Juvenile Court of Denver. Judge Lindsey has aroused a storm of contention and discussion through his advocacy of what he calls "companionate marriage," a legalized union of a man and woman in the sex relationship which is now frowned upon by society.

This is far from being a "trial marriage," which is merely the mutual agreement of a couple to live together for a time to see if they like each other well enough to get married later, approximately the solution offered by the Reverend Mr. Lewis. Judge Lindsey's idea of a "companionate marriage," as I gather it from his recent writings on the subject, is one that is entered upon legally, but without the intention of having children—a contract that can be ended at will by mutual agreement or at the wish of either party to it.

I believe there is much to be said in favor of companionate marriages. Take, for instance, the case of a young man and woman who truly love each other, but are too poor to support a home and children on the wages of the husband. Shall they be denied close companionship together on that account? Let them marry and reap the joy that comes from mutual love fully shared. If they find happiness together, and each works, contributing towards the expenses of a home, they may soon find themselves wanting children, and in a position to provide for

The Reverend A. Wakefield Slaten driving home a point in the pulpit of his Unitarian church in New York City.

# a New Moral Code?

them. The "companionate" phase of their union is then at an end; they have entered upon the duties and responsibilities and satisfactions of a real marriage. If they fail to find the expected happiness together, their union is dissolved by mutual consent, with neither partner any the worse off in character or in public esteem.

Most companionate marriages would, I believe, if founded upon genuine love, end in happy households, with children coming as the young couple could afford them. If broken off, the participants would at least have had a wholesome sex life, legalized and countenanced by society, without having run the risk of contaminating the public health through the spreading of disease, or of having unnaturally curbed the natural sex instinct. Sex starvation often leads to nervous and mental disorders, and may result in perversion.

"Society has no concern with the intimate relations of men and women save insofar as the protection of children and of the public health is concerned." That sentence sums up a belief which is rapidly coming to exert a strong influence upon social observers and upon the thinking public. Let us quote Judge Lindsey:

"The real reason why society is concerned with marriage is to provide for the protection and care of children . . . Chastity hasn't a thing to do with it save as it bears on the coming and care of children . . . When we reinforce these considerations with so-called divine commands or purity myths, we are hypnotizing ourselves and living in a fool's paradise."

H. G. Wells, Bertrand Russell and many others of the world's great thinkers are in agreement with Judge Lindsey. Marriage customs and traditions are bound to change under these continued attacks. They need changing. They have come into existence as props to the authority of the state, the church and society rather than as aids to the happiness of the married. Society is recognizing more and more the right

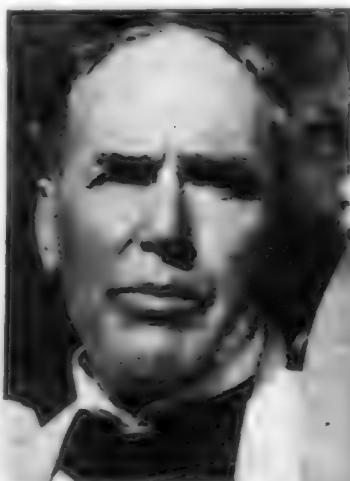
of the individual to find happiness in marriage, and, failing that, the right to break it and try again with another partner. The individual is beginning to recognize that neither partner to a marriage owns the body of the other and that infidelity has cast too large a shadow across the happy face of marriage.

There is no doubt that our ideas of marriage and of the ceremony itself are changing. Many experienced social observers are advocating a change from the old customs and ideals which still so largely prevail and which are based on ancient ideas of the relation of sexes.

Among these new ideas of marriage and of sex relationship rises the question of divorce. The question of maintaining the home under the present laws and public attitude. In some states the only ground for divorce is infidelity. Now many people are asking: "Is infidelity always, and necessarily a just ground for divorce?" This brings into view from another angle the question with which we started. Do we need a new moral code? Ruth Hale, president of the Lucy Stone League, has recently been quoted as saying:

"To my way of thinking, there are

## Leaders in Modern Thought Who Disagree



Reverend William Norman Guthrie, the forward-looking pastor of St. Marks on the Bowery, says, "Marriage cannot be defined with authority on the basis of the words put into the mouth of our Lord in St. Matthew's Sermon on the Mount. Granted He spoke those words, He did not intend them to be handed over to legislatures to change them into laws."



Bishop Manning of New York says: "Unmarried unions or companionate marriages are not new. They are only modern and high sounding phrases for the age-old immorality."



Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of the famous Juvenile Court of Denver, who is one of the most earnest advocates of "companionate marriages" says, "The real reason why society is concerned with marriage is to provide for the protection and care of children. Chastity hasn't a thing to do with it save as it bears on the coming and care of children."

## What Do YOU Think About It?

In publishing this article by Reverend A. Wakefield Slaten SMART SET is presenting to its readers a subject about which every one is thinking, yet upon which few dare to speak. Here you not only have the expressions of Mr. Slaten, you also have the contrasting views of Bishop Manning, Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Lewis and Judge Lindsey. Read what these great modern thinkers say. Then decide to have your say. SMART SET pages are open for a discussion on the subject of

### "Do We Need a New Moral Code?"

For the best letter not to exceed 500 words SMART SET will pay \$10; for the second best, \$7; for the third best, \$5; and \$1 for each of the next eight best. SMART SET editors will act as judges. Contest closes Aug. 31, 1927.

many legitimate grounds for divorce which ought to precede in importance the charge of infidelity, such as cruelty, or a clash in personality, even though there is a strict sexual morality. If a man and woman can't live together in a friendly, kindly relationship, they can corrupt such a relationship until it presents a more serious aspect than some so-called moral dereliction. Marital infidelity, to many thinkers, is not in itself a basis for a divorce action, although experience has taught us that the average woman can't readily play tag with the conventions of today. I think that most women would suffer horribly if they engaged in conduct not sanctioned by society, and through a sense of remorse would render themselves unpleasant—even impossible—marital companions.

We own our own bodies, even in the marriage relationship, and we should give them only in the fullness of love. To do otherwise is a sin against intelligence and an outrage to our spirits. Yet woman cannot own her husband's body any more than she can possess his soul.

Please do not misunderstand me. I am no advocate of "free love" or "trial marriage," or any of the fads that rebels have tried to substitute for the marriage relation. But to me, the sanctity of marriage does not revolve solely about the faithfulness or unfaithfulness of a husband or wife. Preserving the sanctity of marriage means rather keeping the home a place of love and gentleness and tolerance, and developing in it beauty and nobility and joy.

Suppose your husband has been faithless. Assuming that he has acquired no disease taint the act itself has no power to hurt you. If you did not know of it, you would continue exactly as before. Your husband's caresses would be just as sweet; his companionship just as desirable.

Is a momentary surrender to another woman's charms sufficient reason for breaking up a home through divorce? For uprooting all the ties of association, companionship and love nurtured by the marriage relationship? Is it a just cause for depriving children of their paternal watchfulness and affection?

I do not believe that it is. Infidelity appears to me to be a vastly overrated cause for divorce for the reason that in the majority of instances it is but a temporary lapse from grace and not destructive of basic loyalty. Our courts and the mass of men and women allow the one sin to outweigh a multitude of other virtues. Does a momentary infidelity deprive a person of all of his excellent characteristics? Can he not still be loyal, loving, considerate?

The laws of New York and of all other states except South Carolina per-

mit divorce for infidelity; but they do not make it mandatory. They do not deprive the individual of his right to forgive, to bear and forbear. The innocent mate is legally entitled to a divorce, but does the legality always make it morally right? To that question I would answer with a most emphatic "No!"

The law grants divorce, and public opinion sanctions it, as a means of preserving the sanctity of the institution of marriage. But is it not a fact that the breaking up of a home for infidelity is often more subversive of marriage than the sin which the law seeks to prevent?

Just how important in our scheme of living is this question of infidelity? Why does the law—and so many men and women—attach more importance to it than to the virtues of considerateness, generosity and forgiveness which may accompany it?

How many men leave their homes with the deliberate intent of being unfaithful? As a matter of fact, doesn't infidelity usually occur under the flame of momentary passion? Need that necessarily imply disloyalty? Does it mean that the man has ceased to love and respect his wife?

Indeed many a man—and I have it on the word of several—learns through

this temporary lapse that he has rejected the substance for the shadow, and returns penitent, a wiser, infinitely more considerate and understanding husband.

This is undoubtedly frequently the case in the occasional lapse from fidelity. Of course continued and habitual infidelity, when love has gone, is another matter. A man no longer loves and respects a wife who makes a practice of unfaithfulness. The same with a wife when husband is continually errant. If the affection of a husband or a wife has strayed outside of marriage, infidelity no longer can send the erring partner back with more consideration and understanding for his mate; the heart has disappeared from their union and only the husks remain. The sense of guilt and of disloyalty no longer exists, and the gulf between the pair is merely widened. There is nothing that can bridge the distance between them. Divorce is then the only remedy.

Chastity is a virtue generally recognized and honored, but isn't it possible to make a fetish of physical chastity—to forget all of the other, the active, virtues in hugging to one's conscience that one negative virtue? The person who specializes in chastity often regards [Continued on page 123]

## MANNING ATTACKS CLERGY WHO FAVOR SEX EXPERIMENTS

Declares Ministers Upholding  
Unmarried Unions Are a Men-  
ace to Church and Nation

YOUTH'S

## CHURCH O. K. ASKED ON UNWED UNIONS

Episcopal Congress in Turmoil  
Over Plea of the Rev.  
Henry Lewis

### CODE DEFENDED

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## He Started Something

This is the Reverend Harry Lewis, of Ann Arbor, Mich. At a Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church in San Francisco recently he startled his audience by saying, "a love affair should be recognized as a respectable, lawful union. This union should last two years before being legalized. If at the end of two years they still love one another, let the marriage be legalized and children brought into the world." Does he startle you? Or do you agree? See page 27 for contest. You may

### WIN A PRIZE

By Telling What You Believe

*They've Crowned the Queen!*



PHOTOGRAPH BY FREULICH FOR UNIVERSAL

*A woman's reputation for being properly dressed, declares Patsy Ruth Miller, often hangs by a thread*



# FREE'N

Speaking for  
modern girls,  
Marjorie says  
they have taken  
a tip from golf-  
ers and now go  
around in as  
little as possible

POSED BY MAR-  
JORIE MAIN OF  
FOX PRODUCTION.



We are glad to see humane instincts among the movie stars. Here's Virginia Lee Corbin, the baby star, who has raised her little kitten from a very small cushion.

Says Natli Barr of First National  
"If all the girls who have tried to  
break their dates with unsatisfac-  
tory fellows were placed end to end,  
they would lie in a mean line."

# KNEE'SY

Myrna's director is paying special attention to other players in her cast. There are at least two splendid members that will support her with all their strength



The fellow that took this picture of Ruth Hiatt, a Mack Sennett girl, has a sweet life. He sees one beautiful thing right on top of another.



POSED BY MYRNA LOY OF WARNER BROS.

Ann Christy of Paramount says girls' legs should speak for themselves. Considering how accustomed they are to appearing before the public, why shouldn't they?

# They're In the Service Now



The army won't stand a chance of getting over the top if there's a little tar like Barbara on the fence



June's exuberance must be caused by her realization that when she throws her leg over a horse's back she surely knows how to put a good thing across



Ethelynne Claire of Universal has decided that she'll have to drop the pilot who's been teaching her to fly. He keeps her up too late.

# O. O. McINTYRE'S Best True Story This Month



## *I Meet a Lady with a Purple Past Who Became An Angel of Mercy*

I WAS sitting in front of the Café de la Paix in Paris three summers ago sipping an aperitif and watching the surging, colorful crowds move by. Basil Woon, the American correspondent joined me.

All the world drifts by this famous corner near the opera. As we sat talking I could not help noticing a brightly rouged lady in purple who seemed to pass back and forth every ten minutes. There was a winking slyness in her manner as she scanned the rows of faces apparently searching for a smiling invitation to occupy a table.

I spoke of her to Woon.

"That," he said, "is Mlle. Pourprée—Miss Purple—one of the most famous cocottes of the boulevards with a past as purple as her gown."

Such types always arouse my reportorial curiosity. It has been my observation that the thief and the outcast are merely, in perverse fashion, snatching for happiness and missing it as most of us are. Perhaps that was true of Mlle. Pourprée.

She had figured in a famous murder case Woon had reported, one of those mysterious affairs with an American found shot behind the ear. She had merely happened to be one in a large drinking party preceding the crime and had been exonerated. She remembered Woon, and he beckoned her to our table.

THEY spoke in French but I caught enough of it to understand her story. She had left Paris after the trial. She had picked up with various men in Bordeaux, Marseilles, San Sebastian and Madrid. With a deprecatory shrug, she said:

"And here I am back promenading the boulevards again, a nymph du pavé."

She finished her brandy and cigarette, picked up her gloves and departed.

"There is something good about that woman, hard-boiled as she is," said Woon.

Somehow I felt the same way.

This summer I was back in Paris and one evening as dusk was sifting through the budding chestnut trees I sat again in front of the Café de la Paix and was again joined by Woon. We sat chatting of this and that as we had so often before.

"Whatever became of Mlle. Pourprée?" I inquired of Woon.

"I had intended to write you," he said. "She turned out to be a bit of excellent copy. If you have time tomorrow I'll take you out to see her. She is only a short distance away, at Sevres. Her finish is rather unusual."

The next afternoon after a drive of about fifteen minutes beyond the Paris gates we drew up in front of a small villa, surrounded by a trellised garden wall.

A pull at the gate bell brought an old woman servant with a wisp of knotted hair and a figure that seemed tied in the middle like a sack.

"Madam is home?" inquired Woon.

SHE knew Woon, bowed and pointed toward a garden in the back. "Mlle. Pourprée," dressed simply in a house gown of black, arose from a bench to greet us. She looked hesitatingly at me at first but finally seemed reassured by Woon's understanding nod.

She led us to a bench. "Pierre," she said to the man who sat there, and there was a world of affection in her voice, "this is our friend Mr. Woon and a friend of his who have come to call."

Pierre rose with a little difficulty for one sleeve hung empty at his side. As he groped for Woon's hand, I saw through his slightly colored glasses that his eyes were socketless. My world turned suddenly over and I stood there with a strange feeling of helplessness and with a knot in my throat that made words impossible.

They had been married a year she said, an unspeakably happy year. She reached over and softly patted his hand. On his coat were innumerable decorations for gallantry in action but we did not speak of the war. We remained only a few minutes and she accompanied us to the gate to give us a last word of kindly farewell.

Placing a hand on Woon's sleeve, she said:

"He does not know. He must never know. He has suffered enough."

Two calloused old newspaper reporters rode all the way into Paris that sunny afternoon without exchanging a single word.

*The Story of a  
MARRIAGE  
in a World  
Where the Woman  
BELONGS  
to the  
STRONGEST*

I AM writing this by the light of a candle in my shack on Lake Winnebago. In the next room lies my bride, her door shut against me. A wind is in the pines; the lake before our doorstep is slapping the shore; there are driving clouds; perhaps tomorrow there will be rain. The window beside me shows the night inky black, and when I blow out the candle I will be in solid darkness. Some women would fear to lie alone in the wilderness on a night like this with certain danger confronting them. I know that Mirna is not afraid. She is not that kind. A wonderful woman!

This is the first day of our honeymoon. Late this afternoon we got off the New York to Canada train at the settlement at the end of the lake and then put out in my motor-boat for a good twelve mile drive. All the way there was not a sign of life, merely the wooded shores, the points and the inlets and the hills beyond.

When we landed before the little clearing where this shack stands, Mirna and I changed to khaki trousers and woolen shirts and unloaded the boat. We have provisions for seven days, and doubtless there will be fresh fish from the lake. Later in the season there might also be game, but now we must content ourselves with canned goods, salted meats, potatoes and fresh fish.

As soon as the darkness fell, we shut ourselves in the house, lit the candles, built a fire in the stove and proceeded to get a supper of bacon, some eggs we brought from the settlement, potatoes and coffee. The meal tasted delicious in the piney earth-clear air, and in the stillness which seemed as deep as the sky.



"I READ somewhere," said Mirna, "that when life has shattered you, you must touch Earth again. It's true, isn't it? I feel as if I were being reborn—the sun and water are healing me. I belong here."

Afterwards with a fire on the hearth, and the dishes washed and stowed away, she lit a cigarette, I, my pipe and we sat before the flames. The curve of her neck, the turn of her legs and feet as she sat there suggested the fleet-footed runner. There is, indeed, an agility and grace about Mirna that reminds me of a deer in motion.

She is slender, tall, with large eyes, the softest possible skin and curly golden-toned hair. She says little but has what you might call speaking eyes. They are eloquent with a glow and a shining that transfigures her face, making it seem as if she had much to tell me. Sometimes I find her studying me intently, as if she couldn't size me up. When she speaks her voice is low, clear, and musical as brook-water over stones.

She quite enchants me and I understand why men have fallen for her right and left.

And here we sat, bride and bridegroom, in the heart of the wilderness, before our own fire. All I had to do was rise and claim her by a man's strength and a love that was overpowering.

# Mad HONEYMOON



Drawings from *Life*  
By T. E. SODERBERG

ering, yet between us rose an invisible wall of our own building. A gripping loneliness, an intoxicated desire seized me.

I took my pipe out of my mouth.

"Mirna," I said, "you haven't changed your mind?"

"No, Mr. —" she broke off, smiling, and then added, "I mean, Frederick, I haven't."

I scowled.

"You just naturally call me Mr. Falconer, as if I were still a mere acquaintance."

"I'm sorry," she said. "But you promised, Frederick, not to remind me that I'm your wife."

She blew cigarette smoke through her nostrils, and leaned

back, her eyebrows making high thin arches, her eyes half shut, and I wondered for a second if she were tempting me or mocking me. A sudden mad desire rose in me to break down her resistance and renounce my pledge. I wanted to seize her, resisting, in my arms, batter her with kisses, carry her off. After all, she was my wife!

I rose abruptly and stood with my back to the fire, gripping my hands together behind me. In a somewhat forced voice I asked her:

"Do you like it here?"

"Yes," she said.

"Is that all?"



I stood, dazed. And then I saw something and felt helpless. My gun had fallen out of  
unable to move . . . He found it, drew it out, raised it:

She shut her eyes for a moment as if to avoid seeing me. "I feel safe," she said at last and then she remained silent. Not another word! That was Mirna. She said just enough to leave a lot of guess-work to me. I felt that I had to get more out of her. Was she nonchalant? Did it mean nothing to be shut in with me, alone in the woods? Was she careless of the black night, the wind and the waves, and the feeling of having left the noise, the dust, the glare of the city to return to the ample and deep-breasted Earth? What was in her head? I could not even guess

"Are you happy?" I asked, hoping she would say she was  
"I'm just dead-tired," she said

Suddenly irritated, I took a candle, went into her room and made up her bed. When I returned she rose and gathered her things together.

"If anything disturbs you," I said coldly, "call me. And your automatic is on the chair beside your bed

She stepped across the room in her free, agile manner, then paused at the door and turned back with a melting look that took all the irritation out of me



reach. But Claymore was slowly searching with his right hand for his revolver. I felt weak, slowly. There was a loud shot, smoke. I waited to fall . . .

"You're so good to me, Frederick," she said. "Good night." I smiled a smile that I tried to make friendly and said: "Good night, Mirna. Sleep well."

Her door shut. I stood, trembling, listening. She was moving about, there were trifling noises as she undressed, then her bed creaked and all was still.

So, to prevent myself from doing foolish things, I'm writing this. It will be a safety valve. I will pour out my feelings, my memories and my hopes.

This is Mirna's story: She was a business girl in Philadel-

phia. Both her parents were dead, her family was scattered and she lived alone. She loved books and music, saw little of men, and lived quietly. Then at eighteen she met a lively girl named Leonore. She proceeded to prove to Mirna that she could be a ravishing beauty by leaving off her glasses, curling her hair, coloring her face and wearing fetching clothes. Mirna suddenly learned that men fell for her. They pressed forward from all sides. She was intoxicated with life.

She had always refused to go to parties, not because she didn't like dancing but because she [Continued on page 97]



**YES**  
*Says This Girl*

*No matter how innocent a girl's friendship with a married man may be the world draws its own conclusions and they are not in favor of the girl. Until they acquire a sense of honor and of fairness I would Brand All Married Men*

# *Are Married Men*

**I** SHOULD like to see a law in effect that would compel every man to be branded when he marries. Not because I think it would add to his beauty, but because I know it would save thousands of single girls heartaches. To have a married man wear a wedding ring does no good at all. A ring is so easy to slip off. To produce results, the ring would have to be riveted on his finger.

It would be simpler, I think to have a small insignia of some sort branded on his forehead, to serve as a means of marital classification. In advocating this, I am not pleading for a return to barbaric customs, even if I do believe the savages of Africa are more honorable in their actions toward the women of the tribe than are the majority of married men of this enlightened civilization.

I am not optimistic about such a law ever going into effect. The men would never agree—and, since the majority of our politicians are still men—I am afraid such a law could never be passed. Men, married and single, would fight such a proposal in a body. Why shouldn't they? They are well content with the situation as it now exists.



They have their cake and they eat it, too. They ask for nothing more. But, for the sake of their wives and for the sake of the girls they flirt with, the men who have gone through the marriage ceremony should be compelled to wear through life some outward symbol of the oath they took "to cherish" their wives—a symbol that would serve as a warning to the single girls they want to flirt with.

It is the easiest thing in the world to get mixed up with a mar-

ried man. I wonder how many girls there are in the city of New York today whose hearts still bear the scar left by a man who was married, but was amusing himself with a little flirtation? I wonder, too, how many wives there are who dance and play because they are trying to forget how much their husbands have made them suffer?

Many a girl has taken her first cocktail to blur in her mind the image of a married man whose favorite rôle was that of a Lothario. More than one girl has flung herself into a heavy flirting party because her heart was aching and "nothing mattered any more". Many a wife has surrounded herself with "lounge lizards" and brainless youths in an effort to forget the flirtations her husband was pursuing.

And while the world seethes with [Continued on page 125]

*These Girls Take Sides  
on a Vital Problem*

# *a Menace?*

**I** WANTED to be friends with men. Thus the impulse started. I really liked men, which isn't as common a trait in women as the opposite sex think it is. I didn't want to marry them, or to get one of them to support me for the rest of my life. I simply wanted to be a play-time girl with them and enjoy them.

The result of several years' exhilarating research along that line was that I deliberately chose married men for my friends. I still do. I prefer to go about with them. Other women's husbands make some other girl the safest pals in the world.

I know perfectly well that one of the things that "is not done" is to take your men where you find them, as you do other pleasures. Yet I have done it for several years and gotten away with it and I have little intention of reforming. It's altogether too enjoyable.

It was when I was still a little country girl in a very small proper community that I first discovered the only way a girl could have a man for a friend was to choose one already locked in matrimony. I came upon the discovery quite accidentally, as one usually comes upon important discoveries. It was Johnny Arthur who showed me the light.

Johnny was one of the nicest boys I have ever known. He was eighteen and I was sixteen and we had played around together ever since our grammar school days. We liked the same people and the same amusements and when we went to parties it was always Johnny who escorted me. Then one summer day Johnny spoiled it by asking me to marry him.

"I don't want to marry," I stammered. "We're such kids. I like you terribly, but I don't want to be your wife. Let's just be friends. I don't want to settle down yet."

I was inarticulate because at that time I hadn't searched my emotions very deeply. I realized that his proposal at the moment was actuated to some extent by the fact that my mother had stepped suddenly on the moonlit porch where we were sitting and surprised us in a kiss. Yet that kiss hadn't mattered to me at all and I didn't want it to matter to Johnny. I didn't want that kiss or any other to tie me down for life. It was, I suppose, an instinctive urge in me to become a personage in the world of men and women, rather than a sex symbol in the world of men. I tried to explain some of that to Johnny.

*[Continued on page 124]*



## *No Says This One*

*I deliberately choose married men for my friends. I prefer to go with them. I know it isn't 'done' but I enjoy it and I expect to continue these friendships. Experience with other women's husbands has convinced me that Married Men Are Safest*

*Love and  
Adventure  
in the Land  
of Sheiks*



# FLAME

## *My Story so Far:*

THE life of the desert had gripped my father and he could not leave old Algiers. So he sent for me to come from America where I had been raised and educated. My mother was dead and it seemed no more than right that I should go to him and do what I could to make his life comfortable. It was there that I began my strange adventures which led me into contact with Captain O'Neil, who was known as Flame of the Desert, and his master, the Arab chieftain, El Rani. I suppose I should have known better than to trust El Rani, but when Flame talked wildly to me about carrying me away and marrying me at once, I turned to the Arab for help. That was how I came to find myself a prisoner in a lonely tent in the heart of the desert. It was only after El Rani had me in his power that he showed his real nature, and I seemed at the moment powerless to escape him. But he told me that he would return in a short time and that then I must yield to his will. I could see no way to avoid what I now dreaded.

## *My Big Adventure Continues:*

THE moments went on. A hand seemed to clutch my heart, to stifle me. I sat in a chill of deadly fear, trying to think, trying to clear my brain of the confusion and terror in which it swam.

In the elaborately decorated room with its barred windows, its curtains of silk, its prayer rugs, there now seemed to hang a ghastly silence.

The desert breeze pulled at the curtains, and the odors of the Eastern night, spicy and impossible to define, were filtered over the sands. The sweltering day had given place to the cool, star-lit night, and somehow my mind moved fantastically back. I thought of the countless tragedies and terrors that this same desert had known since the dawn of time. I thought of forgotten kings and lost dynasties and dead courtesans. And it seemed to me suddenly that the desert spoke of one thing only—of cruelty.

Was I really Eve Marley, sitting here, waiting with shaking hands? Had I actually once lived the simple protected life of an American girl? It seemed so far away, so dim, as if I were thinking of another world.

In vain I tried to rouse myself to some definite plan of action. But except for fear, my brain was in a stupor. Outside my door, I knew a guard waited, and there was no possible escape from this encampment of fierce and ruthless men who served their leader with their lives.

Perhaps it was the very impossibility of saving myself that made my mind numb. Over and over El Rani's words returned to echo in my ears, his low voice with its mockery and its threat, and I saw his dark eyes as he bent over me.

Three hours—in three hours he would return!

Yet I sat there, unable to do anything except ask myself helplessly how I had been so blind as to trust El Rani in the first place. And yet how could I have suspected that the man

whose quiet manner and bland ways had seemed so genuine, was in reality a monster of treachery?

I think more than an hour must have passed in desperate and futile reflections like these. Then I heard a low murmuring sound. The door was opened softly and some of the women of the caravan stepped inside.

Hherded by themselves, and living in the kind of slavery which Arabian women have been trained to for centuries, they had scarcely been visible during the days the caravan had broken its march at my father's house.

I saw that one or two were young, and carried themselves with the peculiar, graceful, swaying walk of the native girls from the hills. But their faces were veiled and I could see only their big, dark eyes, as expressionless and inscrutable as the eyes of the men they served.

AS I looked I noticed that some were carrying bowls and jars. The little room seemed full of the odor of flowers. Other women were carrying filmy veils and silks of many colors.

Then I knew that these were the women who had come to array me, bringing with them delicate tinctures and lotions, exotic scents, and every artifice of the sensuous East.

In that instant I threw one last look around the walls of my lovely prison. Far above my head the slit-like windows with their bars told me once more there was no hope of escape. I knew that the only entrance to the house was at the front and that that was guarded too well.

But if I could not escape I was not going to surrender without a furious struggle. I was no longer the modern, civilized girl with generations of American tradition behind her. I was like a savage or a wild thing, prepared to fight tooth and nail.

I knew I was breathing hard, but still I had not moved. Then the foremost of the women came towards me, murmuring something, trying to placate me and charm me, I suppose.

But at that minute I leaped to my feet and standing defiantly made it plain that I would not let her touch me. The women burst into a shrill clatter of excited whispering. Then they began to move closer, to form a circle around me.

It was as if I had lost my head. I gave a hysterical laugh, and made a wild dash to break through them to the door. They closed around me. I saw a little bowl of dried flower

# of the DESERT

*She Matched  
Her American Pluck  
Against a Scheming  
Arab Chieftain*



*It was morning and I had given up hope when, as I wheeled my horse, I saw following me a rider wearing a familiar burnous. Captain O'Neal was spurring his horse toward me*

Diane Decasse gave a great cry and she stared and stared. "So," she cried furiously, "it's you. What are you doing here with her?" In that sentence I read that Diane loved Burke O'Neal, the Flame of the Desert. And in that instant I held my breath in desperate fear



petals spill its contents like whirling snow. I saw a strip of beautiful rose-hued silk trampled on the floor. I struggled like a madwoman

THEN all at once I saw that they had drawn apart, were watching me. One of them slipped swiftly out of the door. A minute went by, with no word being spoken. Another minute. Then the door opened and a man stepped inside. I saw the short curved sword, the burnous and cloak of Ahmed Kassim. He strode towards me. I closed my eyes

In one more minute he had pinned my arms behind me and was holding me fast in a grip like iron. Then the fight and the madness went out of me, and I began to sob. The women came closer. One of them took my hands and bathed them and painted the nails with little brushes. Another shook my hair loose and began to comb and weave it delicately.

It was only too clear that I would not struggle again, and presently Kassim, towering behind me, released his grip. As I lay back on the divan with my heart fluttering and hope almost dead in my breast, it seemed to me I heard the faintest of faint whispers:

"Keep up your courage. I'll be getting you out safe enough!" That whisper, that sound was in the unmistakable accent of the man I had run away from, Burke O'Neal—Flame of the Desert!

I looked around, at the blank walls, at the blank ceilings. There was no possible place for anyone to be concealed near-by. And yet I was sure I had heard that voice, those words

MY EYES searched the faces of the tiring-women. They were as expressionless as ever. They at least had not heard. It came over me that in my fright I had merely imag-



ined that whisper but even that seemed to give me strength. I don't know how long those horrible preparations went on. Kassim had gone to the door, and with his back towards me stood there, facing the night and the stars. Meanwhile the women, as if with sacred rites, rubbed ointments and oils into my skin, bound up my hair, scented my body, put the soft, loose garments around me, the little brocaded, pointed slippers on my naked feet.

IT WOULD not be long now before El Rani himself would appear, but I strove to keep that thought from my brain for fear I should make one further hopeless and hysterical attempt to free myself.

My head was racked. It throbbed with every heart-beat. I thought of all those women who had been captured by invading and barbarous peoples, who had been treated as I was being

treated now. Such stories had seemed so very far away, as if they could not possibly happen in our own age—and yet the same thing was happening to me now!

The sobs had left my throat, but I knew I was trembling, and unable to control myself. Presently I saw that the women were gathering their things together, and going silently from the door. Only Kassim, his hand on his short sword, remained—a dark, powerful figure standing watchfully in the shadows of the corner.

MY EYES were riveted on the doorway itself, and with each second I dreaded to hear the cat-like footfall of the desert ruler. Then all at once Kassim whirled, strode towards me. He caught me fiercely in his arms. Before I could make an outcry of fear or astonishment he said in a low voice:

"Eve, my darling, never fear. I'll get you out of this safe enough—trust me for that!"

I opened my mouth to speak and could not. The flickering candle-light showed me that under the burnous of Ahmed Kassim there was the bronzed, lean face and burning eyes of the Irish captain of fortune—Flame O'Neal!

He half smiled at my surprise: "I've not much time to be telling you what I've done," he went on in his low, earnest voice. "El Rani sent me off on a wild-goose chase after you. And there I'd have been yet, if I hadn't smelt treachery and half killed one of his men to make him tell. I got here an hour ago, and knowing well enough I could not help you in my own character, I took the liberty of borrowing Kassim's clothing and rights—after first gagging him and tying him."

My rancor against him, my previous fear, seemed utterly gone. After the experiences of this day and night, I wondered how I had ever come to be afraid of him. Compared to El Rani, he was the soul of gentleness. And at the thought of what he was now doing for me, I felt a sudden thrill of something like rapture.

I put out of my head my memory of that hour when I had seen him with Diane Decasse in his arms on the beach near my father's home. All I thought now was that he had come to save me from a crisis worse than anything I had ever imagined. And in my terrible need for help and comfort, I relaxed in his strong arms.

But he was whispering encouragement to me, telling me I would still need pluck and endurance if I were to come through safely.

"It's an armed camp we're in," he said. "El Rani's got them all here, bag and baggage. He's even got me, though that's something he doesn't know yet." A grim smile flitted across his strong mouth. "See here, my dear, there'll be a bit of riding we'll have to do between [Continued on page 108]

*She Taxied Her Way Back to Health*



Taxi! Taxi! A woman driver in Philadelphia cruising the streets for a fare

# *Why I Gave Up Nursing to Become A Girl at the Wheel*

*As Told to*

**DOROTHY HOLM**

THREE years ago I answered to the call. "Nurse, oh, nurse."

Today I answer the call. "Taxi, taxi!" and drive the streets of Philadelphia cruising for fares.

Three years ago I wore the starched white cap and white uniform of the nursing profession. My feet were clad in soundless, low-heeled white shoes. Today I also wear a uniform—of khaki. On my head is a khaki cap, like the overseas cap of the war. Instead of immaculate white dresses, I wear a khaki coat cut like a man's, khaki breeches and leather puttees, stout brown shoes, a tan cotton shirt with a high collar, and a four-in-hand black tie.

Three years ago I moved softly and deftly around the sick room, feeling pulses, taking temperatures and administering medicine with a soothing touch and a comforting smile. Today I drive noisily through the streets of Philadelphia. The grinding of brakes, the honk of my horn, the raucous call of "taxi, taxi" have replaced the quiet of the sick room.

My hands are calloused and dirty, instead of soft and white. They are no longer the hands of a ministering angel, but the hands of a mechanic. My face is wind-chapped and devoid

of powder and rouge. Yet, there was a time when, without my morning application of rouge, I looked worse than

any of my patients. I eat three large meals a day and I sleep a full ten hours at night. When I reach home in the evening I can hardly wait until I get into bed. In a minute I am sound asleep, for I am healthily tired, as only a person who is out of doors all day can be.

I have regained my health and I am going to see that I keep it. Health of body and health of mind! I am happy and well content. What more can anyone ask of life than that?

I would rather drive a taxi than do anything I know. I chose the profession of taxi-driving deliberately. It was the thing I wanted to do. I was not limited in the field of possibilities for earning my living, nor was I forced to become a taxi driver because I was broke and needed a square meal.

I hold a degree from a Southern college. I could have a position teaching tomorrow if I wanted it. I don't!

I never administered a dose of poison to a patient by mistake, so my standing is still good in the nursing profession. I can go back to nursing any time I want to. I don't want to!

For several years I owned and conducted a sanitarium in the hills of New England. I sold it at a large profit.

For a year I owned and managed a farm. I was successful in that venture too. I have money put aside. If I wanted to take a year off and travel, I could. I don't want to. I want work, not leisure. But I want healthful work and work I can thoroughly enjoy. That is why six months ago I started driving a taxi.

**M**Y HEALTH was broken. I had had a serious breakdown, following the death of my mother. I needed a new environment and new interests to bring myself back to normal. Before making my decision to drive a taxi, I reviewed carefully in my mind the things I might do and rejected them all. The most important thing was to build up my health by being in the open air. The second thing was to bring new thoughts into my mind and new interests into my life, so that I would no longer brood upon my mother's death. I needed work that would keep me busy all the time and give me no time for introspection. Just what kind of work that could be, I had no idea.

Then I heard of the girl taxi drivers in Philadelphia. The idea appealed to me at once. I had had my own car for eight years. I knew how to drive and I loved it. The next day I was in my khaki uniform at my seat behind the wheel. I was a taxi driver. I had found exactly the kind of work I wanted.

My friends raved when I announced my decision. I had lost my social standing, they said, by becoming a taxi driver. My sister, who is my only relative, announced that I was a fool, a fit inmate for an asylum. But nothing that was said made any difference. A taxi driver was what I wanted to be.

And a taxi driver is what I am going to remain. Taxi driving is not all pleasant, it is true. It has not been any too easy for those who are leading the way in this new field for women. There are forty of us now who are driving taxicabs in Philadelphia, the only city in the country that has girl drivers. More are being taken on all the time, and gradually the hooting and the gibing is dying down as the people realize we are here to stay.

**T**HE first girl who took out a cab last summer was a nine-days' wonder. Men and women stopped on the streets to stare and then to laugh. It was thought at first she was driving it on a dare and quite a number of men got into the cab that day to find out. They learned nothing, nor did they succeed in making any dates. They were driven to their destinations, presented with a bill, and the cab rolled on in quest of other fares.

Now we are very definitely recognized as belonging, but our fight is not over. There are still some people who refuse to ride with us at all.

'What! Have a girl drive me?' they exclaim. 'I should say not!' and they walk off in search of a man-driven cab.

Many people still look at us wonderingly, some of the women still regard us with pity, and there are still men who labor under the delusion that we are driving taxis because it is an easy way to make dates. But no man, after having ridden once, retains that delusion for a second trip. By that time he has learned

better. He has found out that we take our work as seriously and with as much dignity as do women in other professions.

The average person does not seem to realize that we are all driving taxicabs from choice and because we enjoy it. I don't know why people should think it strange that a girl should like to drive a taxi, but they do. At times I feel as if I ought to be in a side-show, I am regarded as such a curiosity.

"Why are you driving a taxicab?"

"Can't you do anything else?"

"Do you like it?"

"What did you do before you drove a taxi?"

"How much do you make?"

All day long I have to answer questions. Sweet old ladies who are rather horrified at the idea of "a girl in trousers"; society women who are learning "how the other half lives"; young girls who would like "to see life" and think taxi driving might be the way, and men, young and old, who sincerely hope our morals are not all they should be.

**I** STARTED playing the "ask me another" game, before anybody else thought of it. That is all we taxi-girls and our passengers do. People are merciless in the questions they ask us. Some day I am going to have a list of questions and answers printed and pasted up in the cab [Continued on page 99]



Over in Philadelphia girl taxi drivers meet the incoming ferry boats, get out of their cabs and "hawk a load."



The girl taxi driver isn't helpless if anything goes wrong with the engine; she can hoist the hood and set things right in a jiffy. And in spite of what people think she isn't in the least afraid of soiling her hands.



*I Couldn't Help  
He Was  
Big  
Lonely*

*The Story of  
a GIRL  
Who Was on the Stage  
and a FATHER  
Who Thought  
All Stage Girls  
BAD*

**I** WAS only a chorus girl, but I have come to the conclusion that it is what you are, not your position in life that makes you either common or a lady.

I was playing in "Hello, Boys," when I met Larry Welles.

You know the way chorus girls and college fellows get together like flies and honey, especially when a show strikes a town like New Haven. Larry Welles and his pal were waiting outside the stage entrance the night we were trying out the play in their town. Jean MacLaughlin and I were coming out together. It was a raw, mean night and both of us were broke, the season having just begun and neither of us having had any job all that summer. We were good and hungry, too, and not in the least above grafting a good square meal from any John kind hearted and prosperous enough to buy it.

And there stood Larry and his pal and behind them a swell roadster. Well, what would you do? What idiots we'd have been not to have clambered aboard and set out for the best road-house the country boasted. Free eats and plenty of them, that's what we were after. And the boys were satisfied to be seen out with a couple of chorus girls. It gave them prestige with the older men. Why is it

most men like to make themselves out to be a sort of cross between Don Juan and that Casanova they wrote the book about?

My Larry was such a nice, fresh, clean-looking chap that I honestly liked the kid. I call him kid, though as a matter of fact he was a year older than I was. But then a girl of twenty's a woman, while a fellow of twenty-one's nothing but

*Loving Him*

*Such  
A*

*KID*



*With Drawings  
from Life  
By T. D. SKIDMORE*

a big baby who thinks himself a full grown man.

Besides I'd been on the stage since I was fifteen, when my mother lied as to my age. But then in my line, which was dancing, youth is what counts most. I've seen girls not twenty-three given the bounce because they looked faded behind the lights. This always scared me and made me take extra good care of myself and keep sensible hours and not gad around.

Dancing, you see, was the one thing I could do to earn a living. I had a mighty slim education and no real ambition to be a great actress or a Pavlova. I knew how far I could go on the stage. A chorus girl, no more, no less. Frankly, like many another of our sort I did look forward to some day marrying a rich man and giving up the stage. But until I met Larry Welles it was funny how few really rich fellows I had met. There were lots who tried to make you think them millionaires but Larry was the real article when it came to money and family.

His father was Lawrence Welles, the radio king, who made a million on some patent or other and was still making more. Larry was the only child. His mother had been a Weatherspoon, which meant a lot in Connecticut society and she was wealthy in her own right too. Larry was the apple of their eyes, and to see him married to the right sort of a girl in his own set was the ambition of their lives.

All this and more I found out that night. Larry got a bit tight and on the way home he tried to kiss me, but in such a good-natured, nice way I liked him all the more. He dated me up for the next day when we were to leave for New York. I supposed he would forget all about it, so I said I'd have lunch with him before he went away.

Sure enough the next morning he was there at the hotel. "Gee, Dolly, you're far prettier by daylight even than you are

"*IF YOU* weren't my father," Larry said, "I'd knock you down." "Don't be a fool," his father answered. "I'm trying to keep you from making a mistake you'll regret all your life. The worst thing a man can do is to drag himself down to the level of a . . . " "I won't hear any more," Larry said in a dangerous voice.

at night I kept thinking to myself 'She can't possibly be as pretty as you imagine but now that I see you, you are."

I had often heard compliments about my looks, but I blushed with pleasure when Larry said that

"Your lashes look an inch long, and your eyes, Dolly, what color are they anyway, blue or gray, or violet or green?"

**WE HAD** lunch together and all through the meal he kept looking at me and saying the nicest things. He gave me the impression of a fellow who hadn't a lot of experience with girls, and this I found out to be the case

"Dolly, I wish you weren't leaving so soon. Gee, just when I find the sort of girl I really like, she goes away."

"Cheer up," I laughed, "from the notices we got here our show's likely to flop and then I'll come back."

"Would you do that, Dolly? I mean it. Come back here if the play does fail."

I saw he was more serious than I was and my heart beat a little faster. Did he really like me?

"Dolly, I'm crazy about you," he said. "I've never seen any girl I like so much. I like everything about you and when I saw you dancing last night I wanted to grab you up in my arms and run off with you. I know you think I'm crazy to talk like this, but you're going away and if I could make you really like me would you marry me?"

I caught my breath and just stared at him. I wasn't in the habit of getting proposals of marriage from the sons of millionaires.

"I know you don't really know me and you think me a kid," he went on, "but I'm not. I know my own mind. My mother's been trying to marry me off to some of her society protégées for so long I'm an expert on knowing what I want in the way of a wife. I've had so many to choose from."

My heart beat like mad. Larry was really in love with me. It would not be in the least bit hard to like him very much. He was so good looking and square but the whole thing was impossible.

"Your family! What would they say? They'd never stand for it. They'd not receive me. A chorus girl!"

"It would only be on that account that they would not like you. Why if they saw you both mother and dad would fall for you as hard as I have. I tell you what, Doll, you let me introduce you to the mater. I won't tell her who or what you are until—"

"It's no use, Larry. I couldn't get away with it. She'd spot me in a minute. I've had no education and I speak awful English."

"That's all so superficial," he said.

"I've seen plenty Dolly, and it's your heart that is real gold. You're a finer girl than the smartest of the debs I've met. You have to work for a living but these society girls—well, I wouldn't marry one of them on a bet."

I could see that Larry was in dead earnest and not just the impulsive kid I'd at first thought. I was half scared as he went on talking.

"I'm twenty-one and I've come into my grandfather Weatherspoon's money and those debs and their mothers all know it too. I always made up my mind that if I married,

and I suppose everyone eventually does, I'd marry for just one thing—love—and the girl had to be a regular fellow. Now will you believe me when I say I'm crazy about you, Dolly? Love at first sight, true enough, but I'll follow you to New York and wait years till I make you say 'yes'."

Tears came into my eyes

"Larry, your people would never accept me. And I know how hard things can be for a girl like me who marries into a rich family and gets snubbed by her in-laws."

"There'll be no snubbing if you'll do as I say. I'm going to introduce you as a society girl from Baltimore or Norfolk or some place or other. We'll frame up a good line, and you see if you don't make the biggest hit of your life."

"No," I said, "I'll not frame anything up, Larry. But you don't need to tell all your friends I'm a chorus girl."

**I TELL** you I was scared to death that first night Larry took me to an affair at the Biltmore. I was to meet his mother and the crowd he went with. Jeanie helped me doll all up and I was able to buy an imported dress from our leading lady very cheap, because she didn't like it.

"Doll, you're the most beautiful girl in the world." Larry said when he saw me

He'd been rushing me pretty hard ever since we'd come down to New York, and as the show had flopped after the first week I can tell you planked steak and biscuit tortoni and candy from Sherry's came in mighty nice. Often I'd slip some fancy cake in my handkerchief to take home to Jeanie, who roomed with me in a cheap place on West Forty-fifth street.

Well, to come back to the party. Larry called for me in his mother's limousine. Jeanie was so excited she kissed both of us good-by.

"Let me be maid of honor," she said. "You bet," Larry answered. "You bet!"

I couldn't help feeling happy as we drove off. Larry did look so nice and clean and manly and fine. And I knew I looked well too. "Like a million dollars" Larry said, not guessing I wore the leading lady's second-hand Paris dress.

I was beginning to be just as crazy about Larry as he seemed to be about me and it wasn't because he was rich. I believe I'd have been just as wild over him if he hadn't had a dime. We were just a couple of crazy kids but it was wonderful to feel like that. It was just like you read about in books and see in pictures. Every time he looked at me I wanted to kiss him, and every time he kissed me I had to hug him for joy. Still I wouldn't let myself go. I knew we'd never be really happy if his family opposed our marriage and I didn't want to marry him for six months or a year, but for always. It wasn't that I felt humble; I just knew I wasn't Larry's sort socially.

**H**E LOOKED so proud and dear as we went into the hotel I could have hugged him. It was a swell affair we were headed for, a coming out ball for Enid Fenning, the girl his mother was set on having him marry. She was eighteen and heiress to a fortune even bigger than his family had. I felt I was going to hate her the minute I saw her and I did. She was tall and dark and thin and nervous looking. She kept watching Larry and trying to get him to dance with her all the time.

The ballroom was jammed, like a cheap dance hall and loads of stags along the walls. They all stared at me when I came in, but I held fast to Larry's arm and told him I didn't want to be deserted.

"Not a chance of my deserting you, Dolly. I'm looking for my mother to introduce you."

I couldn't help getting cold feet. [Continued on page 117]



SKIDMORE

I SAW a stunning, youngish looking woman come in. She was dark and striking with bobbed black hair. She was with a very young man hardly older than Larry. I heard her whisper, "I'll come at the same time tomorrow to your studio, Tommy." She had once been beautiful but now nothing could hide the lines about her eyes and mouth . . . And she was Larry's mother!

*Another Amazing Case  
from  
Behind a Doctor's Door*

*The Man*

*Who Couldn't Be Jealous*

SINCE it is the almost invariable rule that the deepest life-secret of the patient is imparted to the doctor, he is in honor bound not to betray the patient. But on the other hand he is also bound, for scientific and humanitarian reasons, to give out such case histories as shed new light on physical and mental ills, being careful, of course, to hide the identity of the patients beyond any possibility of recognition.

Now there are many cases that are not, in the technical sense of the word, medical at all. I have seen a mother die of a broken heart because her son was electrocuted, and a man go into a high fever because of gambling. In neither case was medicine of the least avail. In a previous paper I told you the story of the man who came to me to be treated for a cold, but who actually was suffering because he had become successful in business and was turning away from his wife to find romance. It was not a medical case at all, and the healing came through bringing the three who were concerned to change their attitudes toward each other.

I HINTED then that a far stranger case was noted on my index card. It is the case of a repression of love because of jealousy, a case where a man didn't want to be jealous, and so wrought havoc with himself and his wife.

One evening in the summer a young man named Roger B—— called me up and asked me, in a terrified voice, to come over to his apartment on Gramercy Park. It had to do with his wife. She was in a strange condition. She was, in fact, unconscious.

When I arrived there I found that she was in a state of coma. Her pulse was very low, but she had no fever, and a careful examination failed to reveal any organic disturbance. I questioned Roger B——, but his own nervous condition was such that I ordered him to bed and gave him medicine to make him sleep. Then I secured a trained nurse, and sent for Dr. W——, the nerve specialist.

Nothing came of his visit. He shook his head.

"Some blow did it," he said. "It's mental. She evidently wants to die. Question her husband as soon as he is able to talk freely."

I agreed that that was the proper course. I left, instructing the nurse to call me if there was any change.

The next evening the husband sat beside his wife, in a kind of stupor, keeping watch with the nurse. Late that night I

joined them. The nurse looked rather haggard and worn out as she made her report to me verbally.

"Little to do but watch," she concluded.

"WELL," I murmured, "suppose you go in the other room and get some sleep." I glanced at my watch. "It's just a bit after midnight and I can stay here for a time."

I had come to the determination to stay until I understood the trouble. First I tiptoed to the bedside and looked at my patient. Her hair, of a light gold, was spread over the pillow and her face was a little sideways. There was a flush in the cheeks, the lips were parted and she lay quite still. I had never seen a woman of her type more beautiful. There was a loveliness in her silence that was almost ominous.

Near the head of the bed, in a deep armchair, beside the heavily shaded floor-lamp, sat her husband. Now and then a wave of trembling passed over him. He had the haggard expression of one who has lost much sleep, and his eyes were haunted by a burning despair.

He was staring at me fixedly as I took the pulse of his wife and then listened to her heart through the stethoscope.

Knowing quite what I was doing, I sighed, and saw Roger tremble as he heard it. He put out a hand and touched my arm.

I turned to him, answering his unspoken question.

"Don't know," I murmured. "It's like suspended animation, catalepsy. Her life hangs by a thread."

I drew a chair close to him.

"Roger," I said in a low voice, "suppose you tell me a little of how this came about. To be honest with you, I don't quite understand it."

Roger tried to speak and couldn't. "It may help," I urged.

At that he gasped out, "Nothing much—to tell." I went to my satchel and took out a flask of whiskey. "Perhaps if you take a swig of this you can talk." He did so.

"Thank you," he said.

Then, with his eyes on his wife, he began to talk, slowly and with a despairing sincerity.

"There's really not much to tell. Lois and I loved each other when we were children. We met at a little farmhouse



ROGER crouched down as though a great blow had struck him. "But jealousy," he whispered. "Strong as the grave, strong as death, that would have been a greater sin." "And love," I added with conviction, "greater than the grave, greater than death."

in the country where we were boarders. She was from Virginia. I from New York. I was about fourteen, she twelve. It was just waking-up time with us, and it was June. You can imagine, Doctor, what I mean.

"One day we were walking up a lane, with the sun shining, and birds about us, and everything quiet, when we came to a puddle. Quick as a wink, I picked her up in my arms and carried her across. She was just as graceful and beautiful then as she is now and her hair fell over my cheek. Her arms were about my neck. We just kissed.

"'Some day,' I told her, 'I'm going to marry you, Lois'.

"Then will we be happy for ever and ever?" she asked.

"'Yes,' I answered, and in spite of my youth I meant it.

"But when I put her down, we were afraid of each other, and afraid of ourselves. It wasn't like the usual child-love. It frightened us. We didn't talk to each other again."

He paused. "She's all right, Doctor, just lying there?"

"Yes," I said, "I'm watching. Go on."

"We were separated then—she went back to Virginia with her mother and I to New York—and we did not meet again until four years ago. I was still unmarried, for it seemed as if I were always looking for a woman I had lost, or a dream-



woman I had never met. I remembered that one kiss, and that boy's promise, but I knew, too, how children change. Even if I met Lois again, it might mean nothing.

Four years ago, when her mother died, she came to New York. I was well-established by then as an engineer and had many friends. At a party that one of them gave, I met her. She came up to me, escorted by an acquaintance, Henry H——, a powerful man of unusual character. Perhaps you know him—the explorer?"

"Yes," I said.

"Before he had time to introduce us," Roger went on, "we were staring at each other in startled and unbelievable joy.

"**L**OIS," I cried.  
"Roger!" she answered.

Ten minutes later we were in a canopied corner in each other's arms. It was as if we had just stepped across the puddle. Only now we were not silent. But perhaps we were still frightened. It was a bit terrific to know how deep this love was, and how we were bound for all life to each other.

I presume you've seen this madness before that is called being in love. Marriage did not stop it. What I mean is," he groped for words, "that everything the other person does means so much! If she was perfectly silent, she seemed to be speaking to me. It was enough just to be near each other. I mean we had no use for anyone but ourselves. We talked foolish things. We played with each other like children. We adored each other. Nothing could separate us. We spent not one night apart.

Then our friends began to get busy. They told us that such things ended in tragedy, that it was wrong and abnormal to be so much together, to concentrate so much on each other. At first we laughed at it; then we believed it, and started to go out. And then something foolish happened.

I discovered for the first time in my life that I was a

jealous man. Not ordinary jealousy. But a jealousy that wanted to possess Lois body and soul, a jealousy that refused to share even her smiles with other men.

"I found it out one night when we went to a gathering at Flora J——'s the painter. Henry H—— was there. We hadn't seen him since our marriage. The moment he saw Lois, he went straight for her, and began to monopolize her. I saw him eyeing her beauty, and truly that night she looked bewilderingly lovely. With her coloring, the lacy golden dress she wore and the golden slippers made her quite dazzling. She seemed happy over his attentions. Color came into her cheeks; her eyes sparkled; she talked merrily. Once I saw him take her hand and hold it protectingly. I was stupefied; and then felt murderous.

"I saw then that our friends were right, that such a love has a snake in it, a deadly poison, and that if I didn't want to destroy Lois and myself I must overcome it."

I interrupted him. "You mean, Roger," I asked, "you felt you had to overcome your love for Lois?"

**H**E NODDED. I motioned him to be silent and went to the bedside again. I listened to her heart, and in those few moments the whole room seemed steeped in an unearthly silence. It was as if everything waited breathlessly for some great event. Roger trembled violently. The memories that had surged up in him seemed to grip him by the neck and shake him.

Then I turned. "The same," I murmured. "Barely perceptible heart-beat." I sat down. "You'd better go on," I said.



"The moment Harry H. — saw Lois he went straight to her. I saw him eyeing her beauty, and truly she was bewilderingly lovely. Once he took her hand and held it. I was stupefied and then felt perfectly murderous . . .

"I may be able to see a way out as you talk."

"I'll try," he said, "though I'm in mortal agony. This is like a punishment."

"For what?" I asked.

"For some sin I don't understand yet," he went on. "For surely jealousy is a sin, and devouring love is death. All the way home with Lois I knew that. I saw her happy, her love for me all the deeper because she was happy, and I knew that with a word I could crush her and crush myself."

"IF SHE knew what I was thinking, what I was suffering! If I had told her, that in my insanity she, who was all innocence, seemed different to me, just because she had casually smiled before the admiration of a man, a perfectly natural thing.

"No, such love as I had was wicked. I fought it for Lois's sake and my own. I fought hard. I found when I was jealous the only way to put it down was to tell myself I didn't care so much, I was just a husband not a lover. We were a married couple like the others. So slowly I became like most of the married men I knew. I laughed off her friendships with men I began losing myself in golf and cards and books and music I began shutting her out from being the one thing I thought about and cared about.

"Of course if she had had a child—no, it wasn't for her. For about that time she became a sick wife. I mean that there was always something the matter with her, a headache, a toothache, a cold, an upset stomach, pains here and there, and

all the rest. An ailing wife, I mean. I tried to get her to go to some doctor, but she is very stubborn, and hates doctors.

"The worst of it was that she began to have moods. She'd sit silent sometimes by the hour. And she'd refuse to dis-

cuss her troubles. I saw, too, that her feeling for me had changed. Perhaps it was her Southern blood, the pride that won't stoop to beg, to ask for what is not freely given, for she made no complaint of me and demanded nothing. I grew irritable.

"IT SEEMED to me we were locked up together in a silent prison, a tomb, the grave of all that had been beautiful and great between us. I almost hated her at times. I'm sure she must have hated me.

"I tried to figure it out. I thought at times that perhaps the old way was best, jealousy and all. And then I'd attempt to go back. I'd bring her roses, be attentive, try to make love. She took it all without spirit, as if she thought I was play-acting. Perhaps I was. I don't know. I think I was afraid. I was afraid of jealousy.

"Then lately I noticed that her moods grew worse. She'd sit silent in her chair, staring into [Continued on page 103]

# Love Rides To Conquer

*With Drawings from Life*

By  
T. FRENCE ROWE

WANTED to jab handsome, drawly Mister T. Staunton Culpeper with the longest and sharpest hatpin in the world! . . .

We were not due at Mel Lessington's dinner-dance for the tournament players until eight. But, the Lord knows I told aggravating Mister T. Staunton in at least three kinds of languages that I'd be ready a full hour ahead of time, expecting, of course, that he would leap at the chance of being with me.

Yet there he lolled in a big wicker chair on the veranda of the polo club, sipping at a glass in the grand, leisurely fashion

of the Old South. And, darn it all, it was so romantic, motor-ing through the golden Long-Island-dusk, especially if you'd just become engaged after a whirlwind three-day courtship!

Suddenly I realized there could be only one answer to his indolence. I put the field-glasses down on my dressing table with a bang. Now that he had apparently won me, Mister Culpeper was going to let down on his heavy rush. It was the old story. He had chased me, and caught me and now his interest wasn't so keen. Or, else he just naturally thought he didn't have to work hard at being engaged.

Culpeper had made a similar reputation for himself as a

*This Girl  
Staked Her Heart  
on a  
Polo Match*



I COULD hardly breathe as England rode for Culpeper whose mallet was raised for the stroke. "Come on, England," I cried into the din. At that instant a groan welled up from a thousand throats. The Virginian had missed the stroke that meant victory

used to it, and didn't intend putting up with it. Why should I?

Our country place was next door to the club, and for three seasons all the stars had given me a dizzy rush. It was now September. They were all back again, and Mel Leffington's party was bound to produce some new talent. The foreign players, especially one young English officer playing with a Jersey team, were said to be mighty attractive males.

So, Mister Culpeper could go straight to the devil's summer home if he preferred lolling and sipping to an extra hour of my company. He had really dashed me into this engagement with his swift, fiery, southern wooing, and now that I knew the sort of pace he could set, I wasn't going to be satisfied with him as a half-speed lover.

I fixed my face once more, and looked out of the window. The dusk was no longer a soft, blown gold, but had thickened to a wine color with the deepening shadows. The figures on the club veranda were a bit smudgy to the naked eye. I levelled the field-glasses impatiently.

YES! There he lolled, sipping away at that darn glass. I knew what was in it. Real honest-to-goodness mint julep. "Stu" Roberts who lived at the club had told me all about those juleps. Along with his string of prize ponies, T. Staunton Culpeper had brought Uncle Memby, an old colored man, from Virginia just to make mint juleps. "Stu" swore that Culpeper thought more of the old negro and his juleps than he did of anything else in the world.

I suddenly realized that Culpeper was now proving "Stu" was right and I began to see red. Didn't I mean more to him than his old darkey, and his juleps?

"It's a bad sign," I decided. "If he's going to take so much for granted when we've only been engaged three days, what'll he do after we're married?"

polo player. Only a week ago he had come up from Virginia to play on the Eastern team, and proved a sensation for three days. Then, after showing the Long Island crowd that he was a whizz-bang at the game, he had let down. There was some whispered talk that if he didn't get back to the top of his game tomorrow in the match with Orangemere, a certain brilliant young rider from Rockaway would be filling his place at number three on the Eastern team.

Well, the same thing went for him as my fiance. If he thought I was the kind of girl to stand for the sort of indifference he was showing, he had another think coming! I wasn't

The answer was that it's fatal to make yourself too accessible to any man. He had made a hit with me from the first moment, but I had given him too much time, and, on top of that, I didn't keep him guessing long enough. There was no doubt about it, the tall, rangy Virginian looked upon our engagement as the end of the necessity for him to rush me. The thing to do was to let Mister Culpeper know that he was all wrong. I'd start right now. What if we were engaged? We wouldn't be long if he didn't snap out of it, and step on the gas.

On impulse I telephoned the club. The gentleman from Virginia was in for a rude Yankee jolt. I was going to break our date. I could be "conveniently" ill for the moment, magically recover, and go on over to the party alone. This would give Culpeper something to think about besides mint juleps, and at the same time I'd have a chance to start something with some new man at Mel's. What the Virginian needed was strong proof that he couldn't take me for granted! Well, he was going to get it!

**I**T SEEMED an eternity before somebody answered at the other end of the wire. I knew all the voices of the men that worked at the club. This one was different and English.

"Hallo-Hallo. Are you there?" asked the voice.

"Is this the polo club?" I demanded.

The polo club? Oh, quite so, quite so! The polo club by all means. I'm only after lifting the telephone in the absence of a man. Everyone's skipped the place. I'm waiting a chance to get over to Mr. Lessington's dinner. But, really, I should be charmed to place myself at your disposal in the meantime," declared the speaker.

The English voice suggested he was somebody to look forward to. It must be owned by the Britisher who was playing back on the Jersey team. Someone said he was to live at the club. I mustered my very best telephone voice—the one with a smile!

"I'm trying to reach Mister T. Staunton Culpeper. Do you know if he's about?" I asked. I knew, of course, that he was on the veranda.

"He's the only person about now, except his black man."

"Will you give him a message, please?"

"Most assuredly, most assuredly!"

I am Miss Kay Stevens. Tell him Miss Stevens is ill and will not expect him to take her to the Lessington party."

"Oh! I'm awfully sorry, awfully sorry. I say now, that's too deucedly bad, Miss Stevens. I've heard so many awfully good reports about you I'd hoped to meet you tonight," he said.

Not so bad for an Englishman, I thought. They were usually so excruciatingly proper, and rule-booky about everything. This one must be a fast worker! Perhaps just the man to get a rise out of Culpeper.

"**T**HANKS for the flowers," I said.

"It's not serious, but give him the message please, and if you're an artist, by any chance, draw me a picture of what he looks like receiving it." I was deliberating over using him as a foil. He was going to Mel's. Why not take him? Of course, he'd be good looking. Most Englishmen sportsmen are.

I'm afraid this was a bit too fast for England. It bounded past him. His suddenly solemn reply almost made me laugh into the phone.

A few minutes later I heard his voice on the wire again.

"Hallo, Hallo. Are you there?"

"Yes, London, we are here," I said, and waited for the report. Wouldn't it be aggravating if Culpeper took my "illness" coolly?

I say, really, I believe the chap took me for a worker about. He never turned a hair to make sure who, or what I was. Simply sat there, and said I was to send his regrets, and then asked his black man for another drink."

"Thanks awfully. You may not be a pen artist but you draw a perfect picture in words," I said, and the desire to run a hatpin in Staunton Culpeper was stronger than ever. So that's the way he accepted his fiancée's "illness!" Or, was he suspicious?

"Thanks awfully. And now, I wonder—could you tell me how I'm to get over to Lessington's? This bally place seems destitute of motors, and humans, except for him."

I liked the annoyed way England said "him." Evidently

Culpeper's attitude had gotten a rise out of the Britisher. "I'll take you over," I said.

There was a miniature explosion at the other end of the line for a moment. "But, I say, you're ill—"

"I was, but not so you'll be able to notice it now. I'll be over in five minutes. Hold everything until then. Good-by. Wait a minute. What's your name in case—"

"Captain Forester Kingscote."

Pretty name I thought. And how gorgeously English! Surely he must be the Britisher playing number three on the Orangemere team from Jersey. The man who was said to be quite the catch of the polo players from abroad.

I told him I'd blow for him and left the phone hoping a battle was about to begin. T. Staunton Culpeper would either act up under the Englishman's competition, or he wouldn't. Of course, I secretly hoped he would get awfully sore, and raise a peach of a row. Then I'd know his indifference was only a bluff.

Culpeper was alone on the club porch when I drove up. He looked mad. Gorgeous! I thought. The war was on sooner than I had hoped. He came right out to me, and I refrained from tooting for Captain Kingscote.

"I suspected your 'illness' was a fairy tale. You've turned out to be a fine fiancée. Is this any way for an engaged girl to act?" he demanded.

"**L**OOK here, T. Staunton Culpeper, you haven't acted like any prize fiancé yourself. I told you I'd be ready early so we could motor through the dusk, and you show your interest by sitting and sitting, and sipping and sipping! If that's all you think of my company I'll not bore you with it for tonight."

"Got your goat, eh? Well, you know why I did it."

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"Say, Kay, I heard yesterday about your being the 'polo pirate.' Somebody said you steal 'em, and leave 'em after they get hooked. I wasn't going to let you take me for a sleigh ride—"

"Oh! I get you. This indifference is to let me know that I haven't really got you hooked. Well, if you ask me, I think you're the one that started out to do some hooking, and I don't like the idea. What's more to the point, I can't cheer your believing these silly 'polo pirate' stories. It isn't very fair to condemn me without a chance," I retorted.

He came closer and caught my hands.

"I know you came over to get Kingscote. But, I'll be darned if you're going with him, and start an affair right under my nose—"

"What difference does it make if you think I'm a 'polo pirate'?" I cut in, triumphant at his refusal to let me go.

"Never mind going into that. You're not going with him. You're going with me. You're still engaged to me, you know—"

"I promised the Englishman I'd take him, and I'm going through with it," I said.

"I'll tell him where to get off. I never had much use for Britishers anyway," he said. This was delicious, but I couldn't let him start this kind of trouble with Kingscote. I reminded Staunton that after all the Britisher was a guest in this country.

"That's all right," he snapped, "but, I'm not going to be made a fool of by having you show up at Mel's with him when everybody knows you've got a date with me."

"**I**F ALL you're worried about now is that precious pride of yours, we can fix that. Telephone Mel you've got an awful headache. Say you're sending me over with the Englishman, and will try to show up later," I said.

Just then there were swift, military steps in the club. The Englishman was coming downstairs.

"Will you meet him?" I asked.

"Of course not! But, look here, Kay Stevens I'll make you pay for this. Two can play at this game," he warned, and he went off around the corner of the veranda in a huff.

So, the war was on for fair! Well, we'd see who won it this time. And suddenly I began to wonder if I really loved Culpeper enough to prohibit my being romantically interested in another man. Was my impending adventure with Kingscote going to be merely a bravado-like gesture, or would it prove that my heart was not entirely sold to the Virginian?

England made a hit with me [Continued on page 112]



ENGLAND found me in my chair unaware of the bedlam around me. He stood looking down at me like a wistful, adoring boy. "You—you won, England," I said, "and I made a promise. What are you going to ask?"



## *She Made a Fresh Start*

*This is Mrs. Phoebe Cole in the private office of her advertising and publicity organization. Mrs. Cole, untrained for business and inexperienced, was suddenly faced with the problem of making a living for herself and her two children. She did it! If you were thrown on your own resources, after thirty, what would you do? Are you brave enough to face life unflinchingly and make your own way? Could you get rid of self-pity? Could you overcome your timidity and pride, and go out determined to win? Mrs. Cole had to overcome those handicaps. It wasn't easy for her. But she did it! She is happy and her children are happy, and they have always had a home. Could you, sheltered and happy now, remake your life after thirty? Become a business woman? Leave your children to the care of some one else while you worked for them? This story of Mrs. Cole's struggle will help you if the need for a similar effort ever faces you.*

By Phoebe Cole

# AFTER 30 I Built My Life Over

**R**EMAKING your life after thirty—there's a real chore for a woman.

It's not an impossible chore, of course. Thousands of women in past generations have done it, thousands are doing it now, and other thousands, no doubt, are at this very moment wondering if they can do it. It is to these, the countless women who may today be facing a crisis of some sort in their lives that I can perhaps give a word of courage. Of course you can do it!

"But I never had any business training. I haven't any 'pull'. I don't even know how to get a job, let alone keep one. All I'm trained for is home life. I never in the world expected that I would ever need to earn money after I married. I thought marriage and home-making were to be my career."

That is the usual terrified wail of the woman suddenly called upon after thirty to come out of her home and tackle a job. It's what dozens of women, bewildered and sometimes tearful, have told me when they have come to me for jobs, or advice, or both.

Well, I know exactly how they feel. I felt that way myself. There are of course a few professional women, doctors, lawyers, singers, actresses, artists and writers, who marry with the full expectation of continuing their work. But the vast majority of women naturally, and I think very properly, believe when they marry that thereafter their work will be connected with their homes and that their husbands will earn the money necessary to maintain those homes.

There are undoubtedly some "gold-digger" wives who marry for what they hope to get—a home, an easy living, a good deal of leisure and freedom, and greater social opportunities. But in mere fairness to my

sex I insist that most girls marry because they are honestly, though often blindly, in love, and that most of them throw themselves wholeheartedly into the business of home-making. They love their little apartments or bungalows, take pride in their pretty new things, plan and save to buy new furniture, eagerly learn to cook and collect new recipes from every woman they know.

When a baby comes the average young married woman does her honest best to take good care of it. Where there is one indifferent and neglectful mother in this country, I am sure you can find a thousand devoted ones who in the early years of the child's life, give practically their entire time and attention to the little one's needs.

Marriage for the average girl, I believe, becomes an absorbing career and not always an easy one. If the husband makes a large income, the wife may put many of her duties into the hands of maid, cook, laundress and nurse, and enjoy some freedom and recreation; if the family income is small, as it is for most of us, then the wife who becomes a mother is simply busy from morning till night. In either case, the home life is the woman's chief interest, in reality her very life.

And then suddenly, after some years, happy or otherwise, the wife may find herself, by death or divorce, thrust out into the world to make a living for herself and possibly for several children besides. She never has planned a business career, she isn't trained for it, she actually shrinks from it, yet she must face it. Can she do it? Can she remake her whole life after thirty?

Well, I did it. And because I think I am rather an average person, with the average home woman's timidity about entering the business or professional world, I can assert with some confidence that any woman, granted she has fairly good health, can remake her life after thirty, can, indeed, remake herself into a much more alert, interesting, attractive person than she might have been had she remained always a home woman.

It probably won't be easy for more than one woman in a thousand.



Study this face. It shows courage, determination, indomitable will. Read her story.

Here and there is a woman with so much cool assurance, such in easy grace at meeting new conditions and making new contacts, that she sails triumphantly out of her front door right into immediate and often sensational success. But most of us workers don't have any such blithe experience; most of us have to work long and hard before we achieve a job that doesn't hurt our pride and a salary that doesn't keep us pinching and worrying.

THE woman starting out on a job at thirty, after some years of home life, has ever so many handicaps that the young girl usually knows nothing about. Self-pity, reluctance, timidity and pride, as well as inexperience, are her handicaps.

I mention self-pity first, because I think it is a most serious handicap, yet a most natural one. The woman who emerges from home life to start in business after thirty is nearly always sorry for herself because she has to have a job at all. Either she has buried her bread-winner, in which case she is sad; he has suffered illness or injury and become unable to work, in which case she is worried; or he has gone gallivanting off to pastures new, in which case she is hurt, or angry, or desperately unhappy.

In any event, she isn't usually thrilled at the idea of getting and holding a job. She is much more likely to feel abused, sore at life, injured. Yet she must compete with eager, alert, light-hearted, attractive young things who are thrilled with their jobs, their dates, their clothes and with life in general.

In my own case I found office work actually less wearing than housework, which I had adored, but which tired me frightfully, and it nearly killed me to leave my two small children, six and four years old, and my beloved home, and be away all day. I wanted to bring my children up myself! I wanted to run my house myself! And at first I can tell you I felt pretty sorry for myself that I had to be a bread winner.

I mentioned reluctance. Oh yes, plenty of women go to their jobs, often very good jobs, as reluctantly as to the scaffold.

Yesterday a young woman of long experience and undoubted ability called at my office to talk over several jobs she is considering, after a year's rest abroad. She was decidedly blue, because she had just had lunch with another young woman who has a fine job and has recently turned down two similarly good offers.

"Now why don't offers as good as that come to me?" wailed this young person. "We worked side by side; I know the same things she knows. I can do the same kind of original work. Why does she go soaring through life forever turning down such marvelous positions while I spend two months hunting for a suitable job?"

"BECAUSE she is more interested in her work than you are," I told her. "You really don't want a job at all. You want to get married and escape office jobs forever. She already is happily married, but like a man, she puts her job first and thinks about her mate very little. Women who succeed in business have to bring intense concentration and intense enthusiasm to the job. You want a big salary, but you actually hate a job, so you can't give it any enthusiasm."

I mention this incident because I believe it applies to anybody in business. A certain enthusiasm for the job is essential to any very large success, yet it is difficult for the woman with a home and a family to feel any real enthusiasm for her job. I must confess that I have always kept the feeling that my family was my real job, that my city job was a mere side

line. I have held myself to a job for a dozen years, but I have never been wildly enthusiastic over it. If I had been, I am certain that my income would today be two or three times as large as it is.

I mentioned pride as another handicap of the older woman. I believe it is one of the very biggest factors in the success or failure of the woman who enters business life after some years of home life. For the home woman, no matter how poor, how over-worked, how worried, nevertheless feels that there is a certain dignity in her position. She is the mistress of her home, and her own manager, performing her tasks when and how she chooses. She usually finds it distinctly unpleasant to take a job where somebody else is manager, telling her when and how she shall work, reprimanding her upon occasion, and treating her as an inferior. Does her pride rebel? Yes, dears, it does!

I KNOW, you see, because in my first job I worked under—not with, but under—an arrogant little snip of a girl five or six years younger than I was. She was a brilliant, charming, beautifully dressed and terrifically pretty young thing, just a few years out of college, where she had been a popular leader; she had beaux galore; at home she was the beloved baby of an indulgent family. Wholesale admiration and adoration had done their work. I have never seen another human being so smug, so arrogant.

She did hold an unusual position for a youngster of twenty-five or thereabouts, and she did handle her job with amazing competence, but working under her was no joke for anybody. Again and again I was on the point of throwing up my job in disgust, telling her what I thought of her idiotic arrogance, and walking out. But where? I was past thirty, and while I was a good housekeeper, I was inexperienced in business, and that first little job was my chance.

Yes, and that pretty and maddening little snip was a good teacher, and I knew it. I swallowed my pride, took orders like a lady, often holding back angry tears, with difficulty, and I learned a lot, enough so that when my snippy superior married and resigned, her job was handed to me without my asking for it.

PRIDE and easily damaged feelings are very poor things to take into business. And since most of us have to start at the bottom in any line, they may be a terrific handicap to the woman who starts after thirty, and is compelled often for months, to work alongside mere

youngsters like the one who was my "boss" for so long. Yet the youngsters may actually be more valuable in business than she is. Many employers decidedly prefer young girls to more mature women, partly because they can offer young girls smaller salaries, partly because they can without embarrassment set the young girls at the meanest, most monotonous tasks. The young girl just starting out is glad to have a job at all, and so grins cheerfully no matter how trivial and tiresome her work is while the older woman, engaged for the same work, is likely to feel that it is beneath her and to perform it with an air of injured dignity.

Put yourself in the employer's place. Wouldn't you rather have some cheerful, attractive girl in your office than a lugubrious woman who acts like an early Christian martyr, sighs over her work, weeps or has hysterics when things go wrong, and quarrels with other employees over matters of authority and precedence?

So you can see that it is absolutely up to the older woman, no matter what her personal problem, her grief or her worry, to hide her feelings or forget them [Continued on page 122]

# Three On A Bat



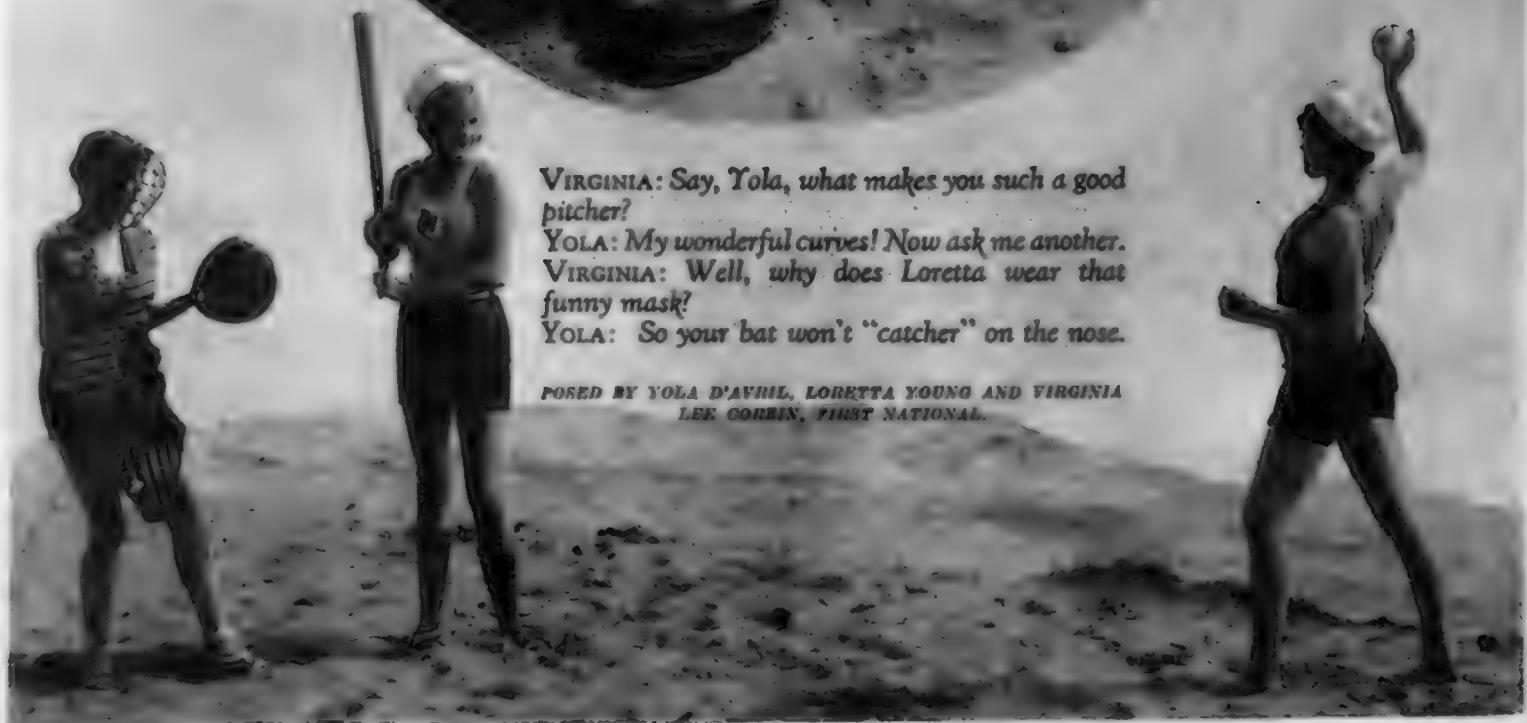
VIRGINIA: Say, Yola, what makes you such a good pitcher?

YOLA: My wonderful curves! Now ask me another.

VIRGINIA: Well, why does Loretta wear that funny mask?

YOLA: So your bat won't "catcher" on the nose.

POSED BY YOLA D'AVRIL, LORETTA YOUNG AND VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN, FIRST NATIONAL.





# Fun from

MONTY: But ladies! Ladies! Wait a minute! Don't you know I'm a cheat—a swindler. I'm one of those—er—"mountebanks."

CHORUS OF MAIDENS: It doesn't matter! We love "Monty Banks."

MONTY BANKS AND  
EXTRA GIRLS IN "I  
DON'T WANT TO  
GET MARRIED." A  
PATHE FILM.



MACK SWAIN AND  
EXTRA GIRL IN  
FIRST NATIONAL'S  
"SEE YOU IN JAIL."

MANNIE CURE: If you don't mind my saying so, sir, you're a very easy customer to do.

MACK: Oh, that's all right, little one. I don't mind being "done" by a girl with a pretty ankle.



PORED BY  
EDNA  
MARIAN,  
CHRISTIE  
COMEDIES.

the  
FILMS



KARL: G'wan and take the sandwich. I've ate  
at the studio.

GIRLS: Hurray, go and get them. There'll be  
enough for all of us.

KARL DANE AND BOMB BEACH BEAUTIES  
IN M-G-M'S "HOOCHIE"



POSED BY  
ETHELYNNE  
CLAIRE OF  
UNIVERSAL.

Now, now! Ethelynne!  
A sweet little girl  
like you ought to know  
better than to get all  
upset over a poor fish.



ERTELLA BRADLEY AND CLRM  
BRAUCHAMP IN "QUEENS  
WED." A MERMAID COMEDY.



SHE: Where did you get  
that stocking? It's not my  
size I'll bet!

HE: Oh, don't be so sus-  
picious. You ain't seen  
nothin' yet.

LUCILLE HULTON AND AL  
ST. JOHNS IN THE MERMAID  
COMEDY. "NO CHEATING."



And here is Pauline Starke in "Dance Magic" produced by First National. But, we ask you, Pauline, isn't it usually a man who gets tangled up with a skirt?

*SHE  
Was Old Enough  
to Be  
My Boy's  
MOTHER  
But  
How Could I  
Make Him  
UNDERSTAND?*



*Drawn from Life  
By  
LOUIS G. SCHROEDER*

# *The* *Cradle Snatcher*

MORRIS was reading his mail and I was finishing a leisurely breakfast and contemplating my smart new shingle in the mirror beyond my husband's handsome shoulders, when suddenly my idle reflections were forgotten in the happy thought that tomorrow Richard would be home from his first year at the university.

Richard, our lad! Was it possible, I thought as I took another peep at my mirrored face, that Morris and I were actually the parents of a six-foot, nineteen-year-old son? Why, we were just youngsters ourselves, dancing, playing, enjoying life thoroughly even though we had struggled pretty hard to reach the success that this lovely new Long Island home represented.

I was just opening my lips to say something of this sort to my husband, when he lowered the letter he was reading, and

the look of consternation on his face stopped me short. "What is it, Morris?" I asked quickly. "It isn't—Richard?"

The look in his eyes told me that it was, but before he could speak I had sprung up and snatched the letter from him and was devouring the page he had been reading.

"Her name is Argyll Rhode, and—well, of course I can't tell you how lovely and sweet she is! You'll soon know, though, for she has consented to come home with me Wednesday for a visit before we are married—"

"Married!" I gasped, as the letter dropped to the table and my eyes sought my husband's supplicatingly. "Oh, Morris!"

Morris had regained his composure by this time, or at least the appearance of it, and hurried around the table to encircle me comfortingly with his arm.

"Maybe it won't materialize, honey!" he said hopefully, but

there was a shake in his voice that told me what a blow the news had been to him, too. "Let's see what else the deluded youngster has to say," he suggested lightly, and picked up the letter again.

"We would have been married before coming home, for Argyll is alone in the world and has no real home nor relatives, and she is like a child in her eagerness really to 'belong' to my parents. But I felt it was due Mums and you to tell you first

—we never did have secrets, did we?—and I didn't want to hide from you the happiest news of my life. Argyll, poor kid, is afraid of what you and Mums may think of our marrying in such short order, and of course it was only last month that I met her—"

I COULDN'T read any further, but turned and buried my face against Morris's coat sleeve and began to cry.

"Now, now, sweetheart!" he comforted. "I suppose it's always a shock to parents, to find their children grown up to a marriageable age, but it has to come sometime—"

"Oh, but, Morris, he isn't grown up!—nor nearly old enough to marry, and—and that woman has led him into it!"

Morris gave what was meant to be a hearty laugh.

"True to form, eh, Jeanie! That's what all mothers say about their sons' sweethearts! But what makes you brand her 'woman'? Richard calls her a child, or kid, or some such juvenile appellation."

"You can't tell from what he calls her! He shows plainly by what he writes that she wants to marry him before we can have a chance to interfere!"

Morris put his cheek down against mine.

Let's not borrow trouble, dear! It may turn out all right. Maybe she won't want to 'belong' after she gets acquainted with us!"

But I couldn't be comforted, and when Morris at last had to hurry away to town, I sat in my room for hours staring at my boy's letter, and thinking.

OUR lad to be married—at nineteen! It is a situation that many a mother is obliged to meet today, with the excitement and daring impulses of the younger generation guiding their actions so unrestrainedly, but it was something that I had not feared. Richard was so dear and serious-minded, so ambitious in his quiet, earnest way, and so thoroughly in accord with our hopes for his future, that it was hard to think of him as soon to be married.

It wasn't his leaving college that would matter so much. College was not indispensable—he might work out his career alone just as well. But his reason for leaving! My earnest, straightforward boy, who had had absolutely no experience with girls, to be married at nineteen!

If I could have felt that this Argyll Rhode was a mere girl of his own age or younger—

RICHARD stepped quickly to Argyll's side as he asked, "Argyll, is it true? Is that girl—" "Shut up," Argyll flung at him. "If you don't like it go back and tie yourself to your mother's apron strings. I'm sick of conducting a kindergarten." Then she turned upon Morris and eyed him furiously for a moment. Finally, with a shrug, she opened her vanity case and undisturbed she began to use her lipstick.



But somehow, by some sixth sense or by some deduction that my intuition had unconsciously drawn from Richard's letter, I felt sure that this person he was planning to marry was a woman, mature and—yes, scheming!

I tried again and again as I sat there that morning to tell myself that this notion was ridiculous, that all mothers are prone to think that girls who marry their sons are schemers, and I searched Richard's letter over and over for some hint that would dispel this unwelcome thought.

It was in vain, though, then or afterward, for I could not



banish the thought. All I could do was to worry in silence until the time for their arrival. In silence, for I was reluctant to voice my apprehension even to Morris—especially to Morris, lest he become impatient of my feminine propensity for borrowing trouble, or attribute it to a mother's instinctive jealousy.

I KNEW that Morris himself was more upset over Richard's letter than he cared to acknowledge, and in his attempt to bide his own concern would most likely treat my worry with

a lightness that I could not bear at this time. I knew, too, that every man dreads a clash between the feminine members of his family, and I resolved that whatever I had to face I would not subject Morris to that. So I prepared to hide my fears from him, and when he returned that evening I did all I could to mask my worry with an appearance of philosophic acceptance.

MORRIS was relieved, I could see, and my efforts were so successful that he was almost gay when he left the next day at noon to meet them at the station.

"Richard is not going to be disappointed in the parental welcome, anyhow, is he, old girl?" he said gayly as he kissed me and gave me an extra-affectionate squeeze just to show me he understood.

I was to remember the tenderness and warmth of that embrace, for it was the last one I was to receive from him for many a day. I was, in fact, so thoroughly relegated to the background during the following two weeks that I wondered at times if I were really alive, or if I were not going through an endless, almost unendurable nightmare from which I might soon awake.

My first glimpse of Argyll Rhode was a complete confirmation of all my worst fears, and yet I could not deny the cleverness and the superficial appeal of her. What chance had my young, inexperienced boy against her, I thought, as the realization of her attraction struck me with a sickening force!

In every outward detail she was as fresh looking and as pretty as a girl of twenty. No lines marred the pink and white perfection of her make-up, and her yellow hair, cut after the fashion of a rather immature eighteen, was as thick and lovely as a child's. Her figure was small and exquisite, and was revealed to the greatest advantage in a wisp of a frock that barely covered her knees, leaving slim legs exposed.

But her eyes—

HER eyes belied the whole fabrication of youth that every other detail of her appearance had been so carefully calculated to build up. Not a line was in her childishly open face, not a trace of maturity in her straight, slim little figure, and when her lashes drooped and hid what her eyes held, the illusion of trim flapperhood which she sought to create was perfect.

But those eyes—

Not that they were unattractive. They were very, very blue, but with an opaqueness that quite destroyed their depth. And yet, though lacking depth, they told everything that her face and figure would have concealed! They disclosed many, many more years and much, much more experience than Argyll Rhode confessed to!

Of course a boy like Richard, absolutely inexperienced with women, could not have been expected to read the truth in those eyes, and even an older man might have missed their whole significance in the contem- [Continued on page 88]

# Are All Women Liars?

By  
Charles A.  
OBERWAGER.

Former Magistrate  
of the City of New York

"I CAN'T believe a word she says," complained the husband bitterly. "That's why we're always quarreling."

He was an everyday husband in an everyday case that come before the Court of Domestic Relations; and a young woman probation officer who had heard substantially the same assertion made by a dozen other husbands that day was moved to comment.

"It's so strange," she said, "that in almost all mis-marriages the husbands voice this same grievance, while the wives very seldom do. Why is it, I wonder, that married women in particular seem to lay themselves open to the charge of chronic 'lying'? Is it that women are naturally less truthful than men?"

Some years ago when I was young and exceedingly unsophisticated, I attended one of the popular plays of the period several times, drawn by the oriental magnificence of the Japanese background.

There was a certain outstanding line in the play that was much quoted by smart people of the time. It was a speech that appealed particularly to women. At least that division of the audience invariably shrieked with glee each time the heroine, a Jap girl, uttered it. Most men in the audience, I noticed, merely grunted. I remember being puzzled at the time that this should be so. But, as I have said, I was young and unsophisticated then.

Here was the line. Driven into a corner and accused of duplicity, the long-suffering heroine explained, very ingeniously, "Surely, it is better to lie a little than to suffer much!"

And there you have the answer, not only to the probation officer's query, but to all the charges of duplicity brought against the sex since time immemorial.

Mendacity in wedlock, as I have weighed it, usually is a measure of self defense! And the fact that it prevails especially among wives is less an indictment of them than of their husbands.

"SHE lied so much I couldn't believe anything she said," went on another husband. "That caused all the trouble that brought us here to court."

"He's wrong as usual," retorted the wife. "If I did lie it wasn't the cause of our trouble. I lied to avoid trouble. If I hadn't, we'd probably have been here in court long ago."

Hearing her side it became evident that the husband was a chronic objector. The mere fact that she wanted to do anything without first consulting with him, immediately arrayed him in opposition. As she put it, all she ever heard was "You shouldn't do that!" or "You must do this!"

"Joe is kind-hearted and generous," she concluded, "but unreasonable. I couldn't stand the constant bickering. So I said to myself that it was foolish to fight. What he didn't know wouldn't hurt him."

Hearing all the rows thrashed out in court it would be very easy to conclude that lying is a very serious menace to marital happiness. That is what most of the outraged husbands sincerely believe. They say so, on the stand, under oath!

BUT they are wrong. They put the cart before the horse. Whatever may justly be charged against lying it is seldom the initial cause of marital misunderstandings. On the contrary, marital misunderstanding well advanced is the usual cause of the lying.

"Where there's smoke, there's fire," runs the old saying; and in wedlock where there is continued mendacity on one side, be pretty sure there is a background of intolerance on the other.

There's another old truism, that those who invite lies receive them. I once heard a witty divorcée say that this must have been invented by a married woman. At any rate it does seem to hold true especially in matrimony. I do not say that the husband who receives lies is always in the wrong. No indeed! He may be always in the right. But being always in the right is often more aggravating than being usually in the wrong.

The world is filled with husbands who constitute themselves absolute dictators of the home, dictators so autocratic that they would make the Bolshevik variety seem tame and yielding by comparison. They usurp the government of the home and family without question. They make all the laws, elect themselves judges of the court of final appeals, and appoint themselves supreme ministers of war, state and finance. Worst of all, many of them utilize a domestic secret service, always searching for wifely infractions, and applying the domestic third degree as their favorite means of maintaining wifely submission.

"Judge," said one husband who obviously pitied himself from the bottom of his heart, "my wife deceived me constantly about her associates, about smoking and drinking, about places she frequented behind my back. I couldn't stand it any longer. She has lied to me from the day we were married."

"That's all correct," retorted the wife bitterly. "But he doesn't tell how he lied to me. The difference between us is he



## *He Says Men Drive Women to Deception*

**L**Men are so easily flattered that they invite lying. They like to be told they're the boss and are handsome and irresistible.

**L**Men are afraid to face facts and are hard and unreasonable when told the truth.

**L**Men who bicker and are over-exacting force women to lie to escape "scenes."

**L**Men do not give their wives enough money to run their homes, and the women are driven to lying about their expenses.

**L**Men are deceived by women who want to keep them happy and comfortable.

did his lying before we were married. He knew all about my friends and my habits and he pretended he didn't object to the very things he's been raising ructions about ever since!"

She was a singer in a cabaret when they met, and he, a serious minded young man interested chiefly in his business. At first he disapproved strongly of her vocation, her associates, her tastes. But gradually, as Cupid got in his subtle work, he began to condone these things. In fact he began to take a sort of pride in the girl's popularity and cleverness. He told her so.

And this was the very thing that won her to him. In the beginning she had avoided him because she thought he was too puritanical. But under the rosy spell of his devotion she

began to feel complimented by the gentle censorship he exercised. She enjoyed the feeling of being protected. And she told him so.

Mother Nature plays no greater prank than the attraction of opposites in that fishing net which the poets call romance. Under her guidance men and women, the young and unsophisticated ones particularly, are attracted to mates unlike themselves. They differ physically, mentally, morally. Their tastes, ideas, inclinations are as opposite as the Poles. And seemingly the more unlike they are the more they are drawn to each other.

Such a pair leaps blindly into wedlock while the flames of their romance sizzle. They are [Continued on page 120]

*With Drawings  
from Life  
By J. W. McGURK*

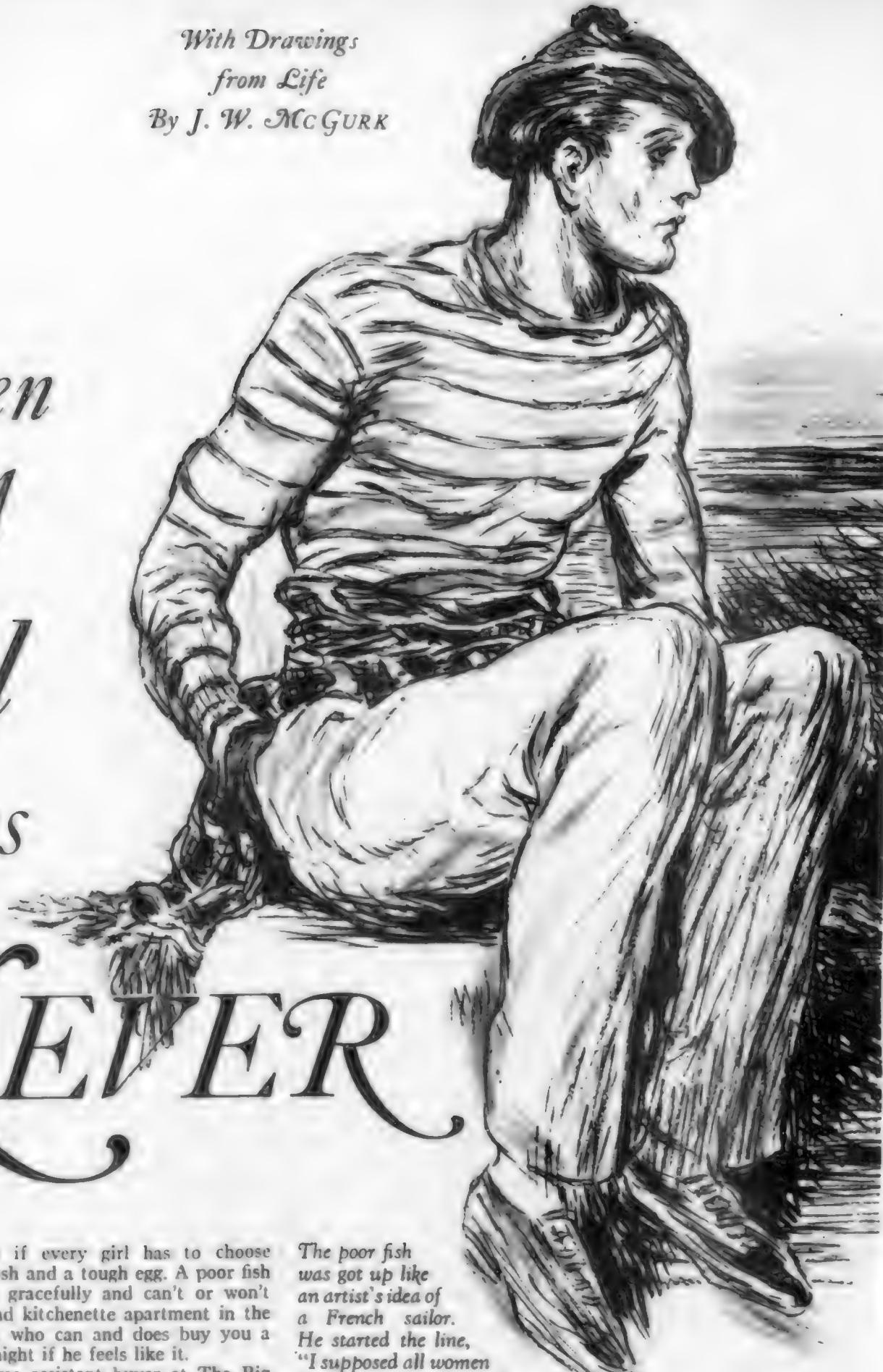
# *When A Girl Says NEVER*

IT SOMETIMES seems as if every girl has to choose nowadays between a poor fish and a tough egg. A poor fish is a man who makes love gracefully and can't or won't pay the rent on a two-room and kitchenette apartment in the Bronx. A tough egg is a man who can and does buy you a Cadillac and also stays out all night if he feels like it.

About the time they made me assistant buyer at The Big Store I decided I'd rather have a job for the rest of my life; at any rate I was cured of falling for poor fish. You see, I had lost my head over a handsome boy named Pierre LeMoyne who wanted to design stage sets. He had the gift of making you feel you were the Queen of Sheba—in the way he held you when he danced, the way he looked at you, the way he talked, and the way he kissed you.

He was such a graceful scamp that I had loaned him two hundred dollars and promised to marry him before I discovered that he had an abandoned wife and a baby in Chicago. And even then I cried my eyes out over losing him. He was so

The poor fish  
was got up like  
an artist's idea of  
a French sailor.  
He started the line,  
"I supposed all women  
are maternal at heart."



thoughtful and considerate and had such nice ways. Why it was worth two hundred dollars just to hear him ask for it!

Remember the winter of the big snow in New York? One good old-fashioned snow storm can tie up New York traffic for days. That winter snow storms came one right after the other, three in one week. By February, Fifth Avenue was more like a piece of the Western front in 1917 than a proud boulevard.



*SHE  
Called All Men  
"Poor Fish"  
or  
"Tough Eggs"  
and Wouldn't  
Trust Any One  
of Them  
Then Along Came  
a Certain  
Graceful Scamp  
And—*

"I'm not maternal," I told Michael and I looked at him coolly. "I'm fed up on artists who lean on other people. That's why I'm hard-boiled."

You drove from Thirty-fourth Street up Murray Hill, between high walls of snow in a track just wide enough for a single car. At Thirty-fifth Street they had dug out a place large enough for two cars to pass. The traffic cops let one car go up and one down. It was much quicker to walk, which is what most doctors did. It was important for doctors to get about, for it wasn't only the winter of the big snow but the winter of the influenza and pneumonia epidemic.

MY FRIENDS the Wilkinsons gave one of their famous parties that February in their house in East Twenty-first Street. It was a large house, but they didn't live in all of

it. Hiram Wilkinson was one of those painters who are lucky to sell one picture a year. Fortunately he could etch charmingly as well and a showing of his etchings always brought him several thousand dollars. That meant he and Ann could be as hospitable as they liked, and some day, when Hiram succeeded in selling paintings and etchings both they intended to occupy the whole house.

Meanwhile Hiram's etcher's press stood in the kitchen and the two top floors were rented out. Not that the renting was invariably profitable. I had the third floor and I was a reliable tenant because I had a good job. But although Ann and Hiram had started out with the firm intention of never renting rooms to artists the fourth floor studios were invariably occupied by struggling youths who were willing to live on corn and mush and dried apples if they couldn't borrow enough money to eat at the Brevoort Hotel. Ann mothered them all whether they were able to pay their rent or not, for she had a soft spot in her heart for poor fish.

ANN'S and Hiram's idea of a party was to roast a couple of turkeys and a dozen hams, bake innumerable cakes, make an incredible quantity of salad, interview the bootlegger and invite everybody in New York to come. And all New York ploughed through the snow—some in limousines and some in taxis and some on foot—to East Twenty-first Street.

Judd Bennett was rushing me that night. He was a fine example of the tough egg. He was a big, ruddy, handsome man who had made a hundred thousand dollars in three real estate deals and didn't care who knew it. His idea of making love to you was to grab you the minute he had you in a taxicab. It was a case of either jumping out of the window or being kissed. I wonder if any girl really likes that sort of thing? I don't. But, of course, I thought I could tame him, and I hardly saw anyone that night but Judd, and Michael Carmichael.

"LISTEN here, Brenda," Michael said holding my hands firmly in his, "do you remember I asked you not to leave me ever? And you promised you wouldn't leave me. Well, I meant what I said. Did you mean what you said?"

Michael had the top floor rear studio and even Ann didn't know anything about him except that, so far, he had always paid his rent. However Ann was interested in him. She said he was one of the best looking tenants they'd ever had, but when I pressed her she admitted that he was undoubtedly one of those men who will never get anywhere in the world but who will always be pleasantly unruled about it—in other words a poor fish. I hadn't spoken to him beyond a perfunctory nod, for naturally he wasn't the sort of young man who interested me.

ANN wanted me to meet him. She had invited him to her party and he had said he was afraid he couldn't come. As a matter of fact, he didn't come down until midnight. I was sitting down between dances, having asked Judd to get me a cup of coffee. I saw Ann jump up to greet him. He was dressed like an artist's idea of a French sailor in drill trousers, with a gay sash, a striped jersey and a tam o' shanter. It seemed to me he didn't look as much the weakling as Ann had suggested. Certainly he had an air of assurance.

"Hello!" I heard Ann say. And then, "Shall I introduce you around?"

"Please don't," he said and smiled the kind of a wistful smile that Ann adores, and I could have slapped him for. Ann looked around the room and caught sight of me. It was wicked of her to bring him straight over to me. She knew I had good reason for never wanting to know anyone of his type again as long as I lived.

"Brenda," Ann said, "this is Mr. Carmichael. He's a graceful scamp."

She turned to him.

"Miss Barclay is hard-boiled," she said.

He looked at me gravely. "Will you dance?" he asked. We danced for two silent minutes. "You dance very well, don't you?" he said.

"YES," I answered.

It struck me that he'd been drinking. His face was flushed and his eyes had an odd fixed look.

The music stopped while we were in the middle of the room. He didn't immediately take his arm from around me, but stood there a moment, swaying dizzily.

"Let's go and sit on the stairs," he said.

We wandered out into the hall and sat down. We hadn't anything to say to each other because I knew his line even



before he started it, and I wasn't going to help him along with it. So we just sat there. Suddenly he said:

"What did Mrs. Wilkinson mean by saying that you were hard-boiled?"

"Don't you know what hard-boiled means?" I asked.

"NO," HE said. "Unless it means cynical or disillusioned or—" he hesitated.

"Or what?" I said.

"Not susceptible."

"To graceful scamps," I finished.

He smiled and I wondered if he knew how wistful his smile was.

"I don't know what she meant by graceful scamp, either," he said. "I don't really know her, you see."

"But she knows you," I said. "She has seen so many like you."

He shook his head with a puzzled frown. I felt rather mean.

"It's written on your face and in your manner," I said.

"What is?"

"You know well enough," I said.

"But I don't," he answered.



"You have an excellent manner," I said. "It's the manner of a man who doesn't need to assert himself, the manner of a man who does things. But you are not entitled to it because you haven't done things. With you it's a mask."

"I see," he said.

"How much work have you done in the last six months?"

"I've been working unusually hard," he said. "If I hadn't known that sort of man I might have let it go at that."

"How much work," I said, "have you actually finished?"

"None at all," he said. "I've been stuck in the same place for weeks and weeks."

"I thought so," I said.

"You sound so triumphant," he said. "It's as if you took a great satisfaction in convicting me of accomplishing nothing. Why do you feel that way?"

"I'M BITTER on the whole subject," I said. "A woman who knows as many artists as I do is fed up on the way most of them lean on other people. Ann isn't, and so she gets unmercifully exploited. Why last year she let a man live here for six months without paying his rent just because he played on her sympathy. She kidded herself into believing all his excuses, and she wouldn't have minded about the rent

if he had done something—anything. Ann's awfully maternal at heart."

"I supposed all women were maternal at heart," he said.

"You would," I answered. I looked at him coolly. "That little boy smile of yours gets the maternal response. But I'm not maternal. I'm hard-boiled."

"Do you really believe that?" he asked.

JUST then Judd Bennett came back with coffee and sandwiches and as Michael rose to go I said:

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I know you're not," he answered.

It was a marvelous party. I danced, and danced, but I didn't dance with Michael Carmichael. I avoided him. I suppose I didn't want to admit it, but he had disturbed me, upset my poise. Anyway, I didn't want to dance with him at all. I caught a glimpse of him at the punch bowl and I saw Ann feeding him. I rather expected him to try to seek me out again, but he didn't. He just disappeared.

I hated to leave the party, but about four o'clock I decided that as I had to be on the job at eight-thirty in the morning I'd better get a little sleep. Ann followed me up to my room, which was being used as a coat room [Continued on page 119]

# The Happy End of The Real Diary

IN AN effort to forget Jimmy H—, the only man who really mattered, I was playing about town with Tom R— and trying at the same time to be a model old man's darling to old Mr. G—. All other men, including my aristocratic husband, were ancient history to me. I even forgot at times that Fanny O'B—, the shop girl, had changed her name to Narcissa when she became Mrs. Laurence E—. Funny what's in a name! As Narcissa it seemed perfectly natural that I should be able to make a man like Tom R— walk a chalk line as he had been doing for weeks until the night we all went out to Long Island for a swimming party.

IT WAS a hot night, hot and sticky and not a breath of air stirring.

Any man who would talk of love on a night like that ought to go down to the psychopathic ward at Bellevue and give himself up. Only a man like Tom would dream of doing it. But men like Tom get the idea firmly planted in their heads that they can win at any time.

That's why it is so awful to be a woman. There are so many men like Tom who think that they have the right to make up the schedule and that the woman's feelings have simply got to run on that schedule. Whenever they're ready to bill and coo and gush, the woman is supposed to be ready to listen to them. Nobody but a woman knows how she hates and loathes to be made love to when she doesn't feel like it.

But business is business and hot or cold, rain, hail or snow, a girl like me has got to pretend she feels like it whether she does or not. Just suppose the old Forty-niners wouldn't get out their picks and shovels and go to work unless the weather and everything else was hotsy-totsy. Just suppose! What those wise old birds did was to dig regardless till they got enough to quit on, and that's what I'm going to do, Book. The day we sign off will be soon enough to get fussy. But how fussy I will be then! I'll have it coming to me.

What I wanted to do that night was take off my clothes and get in a bathing suit and go swimming and cool down. But I didn't. Because I didn't want Tom to see me as just one of half a dozen dames with that bleary look in the eyes that the water gives you and the bedraggled hair and all the rest of it. Not me!

While all the rest of them went in, he and I parked ourselves at a table at the far end of the porch overlooking the Sound. Tom is one of the brassy birds that makes himself at home anywhere so he got some glasses and produced a silver flask and began to do his stuff.

A fellow I was reading about in one of my books said "God bless the man who invented sleep." I say "God bless the man who invented gin." It's been a lot of help to us girls that don't drink it.



I was almost water-logged by the time Tom was drunk enough to proposition me but I was cold sober. A maudlin drunk always bores me to tears, so you can bet he was playing to a hard audience. But his manly conceit—and if men as a rule aren't more conceited than women I don't know a dollar when I see one—his manly conceit made him certain the reason I wasn't saying a word was because I was hesitating. "The woman who hesitates is lost" is another of those moth-eaten lies. You don't get "lost" by making up your mind too slow. You get "lost" by making it up too quick.

Anyway when I accidentally let the tips of my fingers touch

# of a Real Girl

*This Girl Reveals  
The Secret Places of Her Heart*



I wanted to swim with the others but I didn't want Tom to see me as just one of half a dozen bedraggled dames so we parked at a porch table

the inside of his wrist, he lead his ace. Out of his pocket came the ring and he jammed it on my finger. The only way he'll ever get it back is to hire somebody to cut off my finger.

October 1—Who yells loudest when they get stung? Why, the people that are used to stinging somebody else. That's why I've been waiting to see some distress signals flare up from Tom R— after what his wife and I did to him.

They haven't come yet. Chappie says they'll never come. I think they will. And if they do I stand a good chance of taking a loss. Not Mr. G—. I wouldn't care if I lost that queer combination of a good heart and a rotten mind to-

morrow. I could quit winner on him right now what with the car he's bought me and the money I've put away since I've been living in this rent-free house. And even if I lost him I know I could get him back.

HOW do I know? Well, last night I'd gone to bed early because I wanted to read and I'm more comfy reading in bed than anywhere else because what I most enjoy is digging around with my toes to find nice cool places in the sheets. And anyway I got the grandest bed that ever was. It's wide and low and set on a kind of a platform or throne with a

canopy over it and the sheets and pillow cases are soft black silk.

And I was reading when the telephone on my little night table rang and Mr. G—— was on the wire and wanted to know if he could see me. He was down at the hotel and he was lonesome.

WHILE he was on his way up I slipped into my next-to-prettiest negligée and turned out all the lights but one and when he came in I met him at the door with one of those I-am-dying-Egypt-dying looks and held out my hand to him.

He caught his breath so hard I heard him and for more than an hour he sat lisping out a lot of reasons why I should let his lawyers frame up some divorce evidence on Laurence so he could marry me. He gave me all the reasons in the world except the real one. But he's convinced the only way he'll ever have me is to marry me.

He's never seen me before in negligée and from the way he was trembling and his voice was shaking I wouldn't have been surprised to see him try to climb out of the grave and imprint a more or less chaste salute on my blood-red lips.

While he was drooling on about how much good he and I could do for the poor if we were married and never taking his glassy eyes off me, all of a sudden I remembered something. I remembered about that nice girl Tessie who used to have a swagger apartment in Central Park West that she'd be living in yet if an old guy she used to call her heavy sugar Papa hadn't called on her one night. She let him kiss her and he died of heart disease right then and there.

When I remembered that and took another look at my own Rip Van Winkle I felt as if some icy hand was grabbing me by the back of the neck. I told Mr. G—— it was time for his exit music but I was just as stingy with my real reason as he'd been with his. I told him I was dead for sleep. But the honest-to-goodness truth was I didn't want him to get so excited he'd croak. If he's going to kiss me and die I don't want it to be till I'm his widow and not just a woman his relatives would throw out of the house as soon as they heard from the coroner.

I did lose my sense of shame so far I let him kiss me good night on the forehead but that was because I wanted him to get a tantalizing whiff of my perfume and my hair and see how wonderful I looked with my eyes rolled up at him as if I was saying my prayers.

No, I'm not afraid of losing him and even if there is a squawk from Tom R—— and it chills him a little I know how to warm him up and bring him back.

The real reason I hope Tom R—— will keep his mouth shut is Jimmy.

Jimmy H—— is up in Stamford, Connecticut, training for this big fight and if a story about me and Tom R—— did get started he might not even hear about it but then again he might. He's got too much sense to believe there'd ever be anything between Mr. G—— and I unless there was a marriage license first. But Mr. G—— is a rabbit and Tom R—— is a curly wolf. Some of this curl is out of him right now on account of what his wife and I put over on him. It may come back, because it's awful hard to convince any of these heart-breakers who's ever been a devil among the women that he's lost his pitchfork.

SAY, what his wife and I put over on him was plenty. Tom figured the diamond ring was his entrance fee and nothing would do him but I meet him the next afternoon at a quiet little hotel way up near Grant's Tomb. Feeling the way I did about him I knew if I did meet him and if he tried to get fresh I'd probably sprinkle some insect powder on him and kill him.

So I did some telephoning and that afternoon we pulled the drug on him. And how!

He'd reserved a suite in this quiet little hotel under another name and I was supposed to be up there first and wait for him. But at two-fifteen which was the time of the date I was miles and miles away.

R——, who was going to be the conquering hero, walked into that suite and who do you suppose he found waiting for him. Book, you've guessed it! His fat and furious wife.

She called me up later and said it was the first time she'd ever been able to get him dead to rights and he's so afraid

she'll see a lawyer that he's going to be good to her after this and let her handle some of her own money.

But that kind never stays good and when his scare wears off and he gets brooding about that diamond ring I wouldn't be surprised if he'd make a beef. If he does and Jimmy H—— hears about it nothing can convince him that I'm anything but a well-dressed little tramp who meets all comers. There's no man who'll tell as many lies about a woman as a man who has tried to make her and failed.

October 3—Honest, when I was broke I didn't do as much worrying about money as I'm doing right now. It sure is the truth that the more we get the more we want and the devil of it is that though I got more friends now than I had then most of the friends I got now would trim me the first chance they got. And beggars. Well-dressed men and women, living in swell apartments and driving cars that's almost but not quite paid for, and throwing parties and then coming around to sing the blues and tell you a hard luck story and pin a touch on you so that you'll never get back a cent of the money you lend them!

It's bad luck never to give some silver to a real beggar on the street and professional gamblers and people who live by their wits know it. But I'm beginning to think it's worse luck to give paper money to these dressed-up grafters that seem to spring up out of the ground all around you as soon as the word goes around that you can draw a check without it bouncing back and hitting you in the face.

New York is full of down-and-outers that had a lot of money once and let a bunch of phoney friends laugh them out of it.

Why I'm writing this down is because I just been going over my accounts. I put down every dollar I get and every dollar I spend and honest I got two full pages and a little over of loans out that I'll never get back.

BUT I've learned something. The way to get rid of a pest is to lend them money. After this I am not going to lend a single cent to anybody I like. Anyway I am not going to lend as much as I have been lending to anybody and any money I do lend is going to be to people I don't care whether I see again or not.

A girl has got to protect herself. It won't be long before I'm nineteen and beginning to get old and if I don't look out for myself who is there that is going to look out for me?

I tell you, Book, it's enough to make anybody feel cold and clammy when they stop to think that if they should get a fever and their hair fall out or they should get run over and their face all wrecked or their leg broke so it couldn't be fixed, the men that are so crazy about them now would leave them flat.

There was a girl in to see me this afternoon who they say four years ago was better looking than I ever dared be and had all her shoes made to order and a duplex apartment and a car and everything. And now where is she? This afternoon she didn't have on any underwear and these October days are getting chilly and her clothes looked like she bought them second-hand over on First avenue and she had on cotton stockings and men's shoes. Imagine! Men's shoes!

She just come off the Island where they'd sent her to cure her of the dope habit. She got that habit from being thrown down by a man. And he threw her down because she got awful sick and went off in her looks and her hair all fell out and she turned into something terrible.

Not me, Book, not me! I have got mine and I am going to get more and I am going to keep it!

I fixed the poor thing up as good, (as well,) as I could and then I got out my accounts and saw I had been making a fool of myself by lending away money that maybe some day I could eat on if I got so sick I'd lose my looks and my hair or would get hurt so bad that no man would look at me.

I keep my accounts in a book I've had a long time—ever since I lived at home with ma and dad and the kids. It was a composition book I used to use in school.

OCTOBER 6—I sent some money to dad for him to use for himself and the kids and I sent ma some too.

October 7—I was all wrong about my husband. Talk about a surprise! I bet it was not his doing. I bet it was his mother and his sister who put him [Continued on page 94]



I WAS reading when the telephone rang. Mr. G—— was on the wire and he wanted to know if he could see me. He said he was down at the hotel and was lonesome, that he wanted company.



### My Own Prize Contest

SHOULD a girl show her love? Do you agree with what I say in my article on this page? Or do you disagree? Write me what your experience has been. For the best 250 word letter SMART Set will pay \$10; for the second best, \$7; for the third best, \$5; and \$1 for each of the next eight. Martha Madison is judge.

Contest closes August 31, 1927.

# Do You Fear

By  
*MARTHA MADISON*

**D**ON'T be afraid to let a man see you love him. I expect a lot of harassed parents may jump on me for saying that. They're going to accuse me of encouraging you to make love to every Tom, Dick and Harry that comes along.

But I guess you girls know what I mean. We understand each other, you and I, or I wouldn't be writing this and you wouldn't be reading it. I'm not talking now about that silly hold-hands-in-the-dark business I'm talking about love. Real love!

Most of you girls have known real love, too. I can tell that from your letters. And it pains me to hear you say, after some trivial quarrel:

"I can't give in. I hate to give him the satisfaction of seeing how much I care. If I crawl to him it will cheapen me."

And so you sit tight and hope against hope that the man will do the very thing you refuse to do. You want him to humble himself.

Why, you dear silly girls, when I hear you say things like that I just want to stretch out my arms to you across all the miles that separate us. I want to bring you right here, close to me, and tell you all how wrong you are.

It doesn't matter who is right or who is wrong. What's done is done. And it takes a mighty fair and fine person to say:

"Please forgive me. I was wrong. I'm sorry. Let's be friends again."

But the girl who will give in first, even though the man is plainly in the wrong, wins that man's adoration and respect in a way that makes him more hers than ever.

Why? Because it's a throwback to his little-boy days. It reawakens the almost frenzied worship that most boys have for their mothers. No matter what he did when he was little, mother would always forgive. No matter how wrong he was, mother would always open her arms in the end and take him to her heart and tell him that she would always forgive him and stand by him even when he was a big man and got into trouble. It's that godlike quality, that ability to forgive, that makes mothers so precious and dear and almost holy.

**D**EAR girls, don't you see what I am trying to tell you? Don't you know that every phase of mother love can be paralleled in the love between a man and a woman? And won't you try to believe me when I tell you that the girl whose love is made up of tenderness, forgiveness, self-sacrifice, encouragement and loyalty under all circumstances can hold her man forever? How can there be anything cheapening in that?

Of course there are some men who will take advantage of love like that just as there are men who abuse and torture their mothers. But they are exceptions and I am speaking of normal young men, when I say forgiveness will make them more yours than ever.

Forgiveness, then, is one way of showing a man you love him. But there is another, quite as important, that takes even more patience. How do you treat him when things are running smoothly?

I wish there was some way we could regulate our minds so that only the good things people tell us registered. There is always some wise lady who will say:

"Don't ever let Harold be too sure of you. Keep him guessing. Oh, I don't mean anything wrong, but just keep him on his toes. And for goodness' sake don't ever let Harold know

# to Show Your Love?

*How Much More Happiness There Would Be in the World  
if You Admitted Your Affection Rather Than Hid It!*

how much you love him or he'll surely lose all interest in you."

A well aimed sashweight or a good stout piece of picture wire is the answer I'd give to such advice. And here's another one:

"If you show him you love him he'll hold you cheap."

That word "cheap" again!

Now, honestly, girls, do you think a man wants a tantalizing, mocking, deceiving, will-o-the-wisp for a wife? Or does he want a real comrade who will show him her most secret thoughts and upon whom he can lavish his deepest devotion, with no false or foolish barriers between them?

"But men do fall in love with girls like that," I hear you say. "They go through anything for them. The worse a girl treats a man the more he seems to be willing to give up for her."

That's another bit of false philosophy. Of course some man will fall for a girl like that, but that isn't what holds him. What holds him is the blind, unreasoning hope that he can awaken her to a really great love. For a little while he "goes through anything for her." For a little while she keeps him interested, but eventually he gets fed up with her nonsense.

That's why I say:

**D**ON'T be afraid to let your man see you love him. Grasp at every opportunity to prove your love. You can be submissive without being a doormat; patient, without being an easy mark; generous, without destroying yourself. Let him think he's the most wonderful man that God ever put on earth. Perfect! Just the man for you. You think so, don't you? Why not tell him?

What if you can't understand why he does certain things? You can tolerate them and pretend to understand and in that way make him feel that you're the only girl outside of his mother who ever understood him or loved him enough. Maybe the psychologists are right when they say a man loves most the woman who reminds him of his mother.

I tell you girls that you can hold your man until death, if you really want to—if you love him enough!

**O**H, I'M not saying you won't get hurt. Perhaps you will. The man you love may be unworthy. You may lose him, but it won't be because you loved him too much, but because he loved you too little, or because he was incapable of a sincere emotion. Even the best of us take love from each other and throw it about and abuse it—yes, and kill it. We hurt each other in countless cruel ways. Hasty words. Jealousy. Stubbornness. That's because we're human. Terribly human. Every one of us. We love one minute, hate the next. We're a poor weak lot. But love isn't poor or weak. And that love you gave—Was it wasted? Squandered? Lost?

It was not!

Love. That's what this old world needs. More love. Love is healing. Stimulating. Satisfying. It's just as necessary to growth and life as food and water and sunshine. Look at the people who have it. Look into their eyes. Listen to the soft tones in their voices. Watch the expression on their faces. Radiant, aren't they? Rising above everything like an orchid growing in a swamp. Why, you can't be near a person who is living a life of love and unselfishness without feeling better yourself, for love is an outgoing thing. It passes through us as sunshine passes through a window. It's a mysterious radiation from our souls and goes out to every man. On and on. Nothing can stop it.

Oh, I'm not getting flighty, girls. Please don't think that. My feet were never more on the ground. I'm simply trying to tell you how much happier you will be if you throw selfishness and vanity overboard and give love a chance. If you get to thinking about that young man of yours and find yourself saying—"Gee, I love him. He's wonderful. How I wish he was here now!"—don't let it go at that. Call him up and tell [Continued on page 92]



Posed by Colleen Moore  
of First National



# This Funny World

As Seen by Aleck Smart



## Velvet and Velvet

*HE loved her for the velvet of her hair  
And for the velvet of her smooth white  
throat;  
She loved him for the velvet he could spare  
And for the velvet on the checks he wore.*

## Just Between Ourselves

Funny fellow, the gent who bosses this magazine. He's one of these people you can't reason with. (But for heaven's sake, don't tell him we said so!) Now he's got an idea you folks read something in this magazine besides our page. Can you tie that? Just to humor him—and not because he o.k.'s the payroll—we're cogin' out loud for you to take a look at "Hot Apple Pie" and "Mad Honeymoon." Also "Hush Money" which he thinks is a humdinger. Afterwards, just to show him what a great man he is, drop him a postal card telling him how you "just loved" those stories. But don't let him know we suggested it to you. Let's you and us have this little joke on the boss just between ourselves. What say?

## Shall We Be Clubby?

Dorothy Dase, who's hiding her genius out in Detroit, thinks we ought to be a Club. Sounds like a wise hunch.



Dorothy. Funny thing how bright people get in a little place and stay there, isn't it? What do you think of DD's flash of genius? Want to belong to Aleck Smart Club? Can't think this out all by ourselves. You'll have to help. Write us all about it—what you want and why and how? Then we'll take your letters in a bushel basket into the boss. Maybe we can Club him to death. Get busy now and stand by Dorothy and Aleck.

## "Now We Ask a Few" Prize Winners

You folks know too much. We couldn't have answered the questions in June SMART SET without looking them up. But you didn't have any trouble—you shot from the hip and brought us down yelling for help. The first prize of \$10 goes to James Jen, Mountain View, Calif. There's a diligent and artistic worker for you. Keep your eyes on that boy. Myrtle Davis of San Francisco, Calif., gets a \$5 second prize for a careful accurate paper. The ten \$1 prize winners are: Mrs. H. Wagner, New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.; Mrs. R. C. Wilson, Hawkeye, Iowa; Mrs. Ethel M. Snyder, Clifton, N. J.; J. M. Henry, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Helen G. Layton, Houston, Texas; Alice M. Himmer, Sterling Junction, Mass.; Mrs. L. H. Vanderpool, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; Michael J. Sonnenleiter, Baltimore, Md.; Miss Shirley Levin, Chelsea, Mass.; Miss Ida L. Lambert, Jackport, N. J.

"**M**Y HUSBAND has disappeared," the excited wife told the lieutenant at the police station. "He just walked out and hasn't come back. Here's a picture of him. I want him found at once." For a long time the lieutenant studied the picture. Then he looked up at the woman. "Why?" he asked.

## Brutes! That's What!

In spite of all you girls do to yourselves masculine brutes have the nerve to say some of the things you turn out in are ATROCIOUS



Wouldn't that give you gates ajar! Just for instance certain Chicago Butter and Egg men object to stockings with crooked seams, those that wrinkle around the ankle—and to cotton tops. They object to your showing too much of a fat or skinny leg. They sneer at turned over heels or very high heels. Boyish bob, makeup and perfume are also razed. What next? And of all things, Gertie, they object to the "debutante slouch." For pete's sake, do they want a girl just to be herself?

## Dad's Pipe Dream

The flapper's father glared at her across the breakfast table. You know exactly how he looked and sounded as he said: "I've asked you often enough, Dotty, not to let your visitors stay so late. Who was it that didn't know enough to go home last night?" Dotty smiled brightly as she said, "Only Margaret. And you like her?" "Yes?" the suspicious dad said grimly. "Then you might ask her not leave her pipe on the piano the next time." The rest of Dotty's alibi is lost.

## Limerick Prize Winners

Is there any body in the world who can't—and doesn't—write a last line for a limerick? Aleck Smart'll swear there isn't. You folks are making us old fifty years before our time. Haven't had a chance to go to a night club or nothin' because we've kept up to all hours reading last lines. Anyway out of the deluge emerges L. C. Harrison, Walhalla, S. C., five berries richer for the line, "For I'm one of these modern Plastics." The five one-dollar winners are: June Day Minter, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Doris Sylvia Dase, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Maude A. Moran, Gilroy, Calif.; Frank Kenneth Young, Traverse City, Mich.; Jeanette Street, Ripley, Miss. All right. Shoot again. We can stand it. There's another on this page.

## Good-by "Pet" and "Neck"

Everybody's tired of "pet" and "neck"—the words we mean. You Smart Set readers want a change and hundreds of suggestions were made in our prize contest for new words. Aleck Smart thought the best was "puggle," for "pet" and "mix" for "neck," suggestions made by Mahlan Ard, of Menlo Park, Calif., who gets the five spot. One dollar prizes go to Mrs. C. P. Kent, Bluefield, W. Va.; H. R. Aldrich, Albany, N. Y.; Margaret Jackson, Long Branch, N. J.; Mildred Claunch, Battle Creek, Mich.; C. L. Foretich, Warren, Ark.

## Raspberries in Season

"I knew a husband once so very zealous  
"That he never, never, never could be jealous.  
"His wife took that to mean  
"That his love was growing lean.  
"But"—He paused and everybody shouted,  
"Doctor, Tell us."  
(See, *The Man Who Couldn't Be Jealous*  
Page 50)

If a lady says "No," she means "maybe." If she says "maybe," she means "yes." If she says "Yes," she's no lady.  
(See, *When a Girl Says Never*. Page 70)

## Why Is Smart Set Like A Woman?

Now the similarity of SMART SET to a woman hadn't occurred to us—and more than two-thirds likely it never would. But Miss Amanda Ruck, from out toward Kiel, Wisc., has figured out the answer like this: "Because every man should have one of his own and not run after his neighbor's." Pass that good thought along.

## What Else Do They Do At College?

What has become of the old-fashioned girl who used to walk home from auto rides, asks the Missouri Outlaw. The Iowa Frivol pulls this wise crack: A thine of beauty is annoyed forever. . . . Modern marriage is like a cafeteria, according to the Stanford Chaparral, because a man grabs what looks nice and pays for it later!



... When a man thinks of getting married, Gert asks, according to the Cornell Widow and Tess answers, constantly. . . . How we hate fickle people, cries the Colorado Dodo. Just as soon as we get rid of our present girl we are going to find a new one and be true to her. . . . The fool marries the girl he loves, says the Princeton Tiger, while the wise man loves the girl he marries. Don't you think something ought to be done about the younger generation? asks the Yale record and answers its own question with, No, I'm in favor of letting bad enough alone. . . . She may not be your maple sugar, says the Kittykat, but you will always be her sap.

## Prizes for Poets

A wise little flapper named Jane  
Knew enough to keep out of the rain.  
So the sweet sugar daddies  
And young slicker laddies

Now shoot along that missing line. Be sure the last word of your line rhymes with rain. For the best line SMART SET will give \$5 and \$1 to each of the next five best. Aleck Smart is judge and contest closes August 31

Were you to meet "Roxy"  
and talk about smoking,  
he'd say to you:



S. L. Rothafel, known to millions as "Roxy," a favorite in Radio-land.

You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow — the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process—"It's toasted"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

**"It's toasted"**  
Your Throat Protection

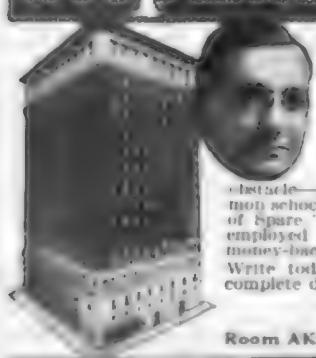
"During a strenuous rehearsal, with the work entailed in operating the World's Largest Theatre, where one's nervous system is working under great pressure, there is nothing quite like a 'Lucky Strike' cigarette. It does not impair the voice, and gives the mental relaxation so essential to carry on."

*S. L. Rothafel "Roxy"*



When in New York you are cordially invited to see how Lucky Strikes are made at our exhibit, corner Broadway and 45th Street.

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In America's 4th largest Industry, Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, Institutions, Schools, Colleges, Hospitals, etc., are daily calling for Lewis Trained men and women. Over 70,000 high class positions paying \$2,500 to \$10,000 a year open annually in hotels alone. Salaries up to \$3,500 a year to start. We put you in touch with positions.

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Clifford Lewis, Pres.

Room AK-Z172 Washington, D. C.

## Hush Money

[Continued from page 20]

But I didn't see him again that night, although I looked for him. I heard later he joined some of the boys who had been drinking and went off on a big party. Jimmy was always inclined to be wild, not steady and sober like Bert.

The next day, Bert came around to the house to tell me that Jimmy was leaving town that afternoon. We went to see him off and he just shook hands with me and laughed, and said he would always love me and would I wait until he had made his fortune, all just in his crazy way, as though he were kidding. Everybody thought he was, I guess. Even I wasn't sure, although he squeezed my hand, as he got on the train, and whispered to me not to forget him. Then he shook hands with Bert and was gone. That was the last I saw of him for over eight years.

WHEN graduation time came, I'd forgotten all about Jimmy. Bert said he heard from him, occasionally, the first year after he left college, and he always sent his best love, but he never wrote to me. After that year, he didn't write to Bert either, and a letter Bert sent to him was returned with "address unknown" across the envelope. So as time went on we only thought of him once in a while, and on his graduation night Bert asked me to marry him.

"I've got a good job already, honey," he said. "with the Western Construction Company here in town, laying concrete work for the new power plant dam. We can be married in the fall, if you'll have me, and don't mind keeping house for a poor man. Will you, dear? I guess you know that I love you with all my heart.

"I didn't ask you before, honey, because I wanted to have my diploma and a job to offer you. My father and mother think you're aces."

I hadn't thought of that, but Bert's mother, a lovely, gray-haired old lady, and his father, who was big and charming, but not a bit like the Southern gentlemen I'd read about with the little goatees and all, had come up for Bert's graduation, and been invited to our house for tea. They told mother how much they appreciated what dad had done for "their boy." And mother had said how much we all liked Bert. We got along fine and they weren't a bit stuck up.

I needn't say any more about Bert's proposal. I accepted him, of course. And it wasn't because everybody expected it, either. I liked him. I thought, when he put his arms around me and kissed me, that I loved him. I did, too, in a way.

THERE are all kinds of ways of loving people. Sometimes I'd think of Jimmy Saunders, who seemed such a queer, irresponsible sort of chap, and I'd have a different kind of love for him. Not a feeling of security, such as I felt with Bert, but a crazy wish that he would come and carry me off somewhere, make me suffer, instead of planning just how far a salary of forty dollars a week would go, when two people were married and ready to set up housekeeping together, as Bert did.

Bert and I were very happy the first year. I did the cooking and took care of our little place. We went about together a good deal evenings—to the pictures, or little parties with our old friends.

It wasn't until a year later that our money troubles began, and then they weren't very serious. That was after our boy, little Bert, was born, and our expenses began to jump. But Bert had done well in his work, and got a raise to fifty dollars a week, so we managed to get along, although I couldn't spend



# If you *really* knew about PRINCESS PAT powder you'd surely try it

HERE WE SHALL TRY TO GIVE THE FACTS. READ CAREFULLY.

**I**N the first place, Princess Pat is the *only* face powder that contains *Almond*. Your *accustomed* powders likely have a base of *starch*.

This change of *base* in Princess Pat makes a completely different powder. Almond makes a more *clinging* powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base.

So *point one* in favor of Princess Pat is that it *stays on longer*. Every woman will appreciate this advantage.

Almond makes Princess Pat a *softer* powder than can be produced with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application.

So *point two* in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the peculiarly soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere.

A deciding factor in choosing powder is perfume. Will you like Princess Pat—an original fragrance? Yes. For it steals upon the senses subtly, elusively. Its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation of finer things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume.

So *point three* in favor of Princess Pat is ver-

fume of such universal charm that *every* woman is enraptured.

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which *should* make every woman choose Princess Pat as her *only powder*.

For Princess Pat Powder is *good* for the skin. Not merely harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the Almond in Princess Pat is to be credited—the Almond found in *no other face powder*.

You know how confidently you depend upon Almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and *naturally* lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat Face Powder has the *selfsame* properties. Fancy that! Instead of drying out your skin when you powder, you actually improve it. Constant use of Princess Pat Powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture.

Princess Pat has been called "the powder your skin loves to feel." It is a most apt description; for the soft, velvety texture of Princess Pat is delightful—and *different*.

And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it.

Your favorite toilette goods counter can supply Princess Pat Almond Base Powder—in two weights. These are regular weight, in the oblong box, and a splendidly adherent light weight powder in round box. Both weights are made with the famous Almond Base.

## Get This Week End Set!



### SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set is offered for a limited time for this coupon and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

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Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

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No smearing or rubbing off as with the ordinary kind, as Kissproof is waterproof. And the color—an indescribable blend of red and orange, so utterly natural it flatters every complexion. Your first application of Kissproof will show you lips—gorgeous, intriguing, beautiful, more lovely than ever.

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It contains a dainty miniature Kissproof Lipstick, a generous sample of Kissproof Rouge—waterproof—a lovely miniature box of the new windproof Kissproof Face Powder and a whole month's supply of Delicate Brow, the original waterproof liquid dressing for the lashes and brows.

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... much for clothes as I used to.

About this time, the concrete dam that Bert's company was building was finished, and he was put on another job in New Jersey. Living was dearer there than it had been at home, but we managed fairly well. Then, after a year there, we suddenly moved to New York.

The way that came about was really a stroke of good luck. At least we thought so, at the time. Bert had been acting as an inspector for the company, on concrete work. He'd gotten a lot of practical experience, but his training as an engineer made him really too good a man for the sort of work he was doing, so when a position as assistant engineer in the company's offices in New York was vacant, the chief, who had taken a great fancy to Bert, gave him the place. I'll never forget the night he came back from New York and told me about it.

"Just think, honey," he said. "assistant engineer for a big company like that, and I'm only twenty-five. That's going some, old girl, don't you think? They don't pay so much, to start with—only three thousand a year, but think of the future. It's great!" Then he kissed me, and we sat there talking things over until two in the morning, planning all the wonderful times we would have, living in New York.

That is a dream that so many young people have. New York. The wonderful city. The place where they are going to find happiness. I wonder how many really do? I didn't, for one, although I tried mighty hard.

It wasn't Bert's fault, and I don't see how it was mine. Men in his position, white-collar men, with small salaries, are the worst off of any. If you are rich, New York is fine. And if you are a mechanic of some sort, and get good wages, you can live as cheaply there as anywhere else. But Bert and I had been used to nice things, and we found we couldn't get what we wanted, on three thousand a year.

The situation was this.

I've got to tell about it in some detail, so that what happened to me a little later can be understood. We had almost three hundred dollars a month. One hundred of that went for our apartment, in Brooklyn, and the rest for living expenses. I managed as well as I could, and we kept out of debt, in spite of paying Bert's life insurance, dentist's bills, and a lot of other things that people don't count on when they get married. But there never was anything left for luxuries or amusements.

EVERY time it looked as though we were going to get a little ahead, some unexpected expense would come along and upset our calculations. The baby's tonsils had to be taken out—he was almost five now, and a splendid boy—or we needed something for the house, or a spell of illness like the time Bert had appendicitis, necessitated a big doctor's bill. So, what with one expense or another, we never had any of the things that other people seemed to have, such as automobiles, or summer vacations, or nice clothes to wear. We just got along.

I didn't complain to Bert. I'll say that to my credit. I may have been rather blue and cross at times, but I never blamed him, or told him I thought he ought to do better. I didn't have to tell him that, for he knew it already. He'd sit at home nights for hours trying to figure out all sorts of plans, wondering if he ought to resign his job and strike out for himself, knowing all the time he would never dare to with a wife and child on his hands. He didn't even dare look for another position, for fear some of the people in the company would hear of it. Such things get around, among engineers, even in a big place like New York. So he just worked along, and said he guessed his time would come, if he only waited long enough.

And then just as though it had all been arranged by fate, Jimmy Saunders came back.

It was a Sunday afternoon in March, cold and gloomy and wet, with no sign of spring, and a lot of dirty snow still piled along the side street on which we lived. Bert and I were sitting in the living room talking, after our Sunday dinner which we had at two o'clock. Bert junior was building a fort out of blocks in the middle of the rug.

We weren't thinking of Jimmy, naturally. I don't suppose we'd so much as mentioned his name for a year or maybe two. In fact, we had been discussing my sister Grace, who had married a plumbing contractor at home, with about ten times as much money as we had. Bert was just saying that engineering was one of the worst paid professions in the world when the doorbell rang.

I ANSWERED it, of course. We never were able to have a maid, except a girl who came in twice a week to wash and clean. When I opened the door I saw a big tall man standing there, with a face tanned until it looked like an Indian's. He was not very well dressed and seemed sort of rough looking, as though he had come from out West somewhere. I didn't recognize him until he smiled. Then I saw it was Jimmy.

"Good Heavens!" I said. "Jim Saunders. Where on earth did you drop from?"

Bert joined me at the door and we were both shaking his hand and pulling him into the room, and trying to let him know how glad we were to see him after all those years. Bert junior, who wasn't used to strangers, began to cry, and I had to take him out of the room and give him some bread and molasses before I could pacify him. When I got back, Bert and Jimmy were talking over old times.

It seems he had been in Mexico and Texas, for years. Had gone there, right after his uncle died, and had knocked about the Southwest ever since, doing all sorts of things. Sheep herding, lumbering, prospecting, working on the railroad and Heaven knows what! Just the sort of life a man like Jim Saunders would be sure to lead, full of excitement and adventure.

"But how on earth did you ever find us?" I asked.

"Why that was simple. I went to see your folks. Thought I might see you. They told me about your being married to Bert and gave me your address. So I just came. You don't mind, do you? Don't know a living soul in this man-sized town except you two. Only way I could get here from my hotel was to hire a hack. Taxicab, I mean. Gee, but it seems good to see you all."

Well, it seemed good to see him, and I think Bert was just as glad as I was. So after I'd fixed him up something to eat, and he and Bert had lit their cigars—Jimmy had a whole pocketful—he told us his story. I'm not going to try to put it all in here. He had had adventures enough to fill a book. But the principal part, the part that left us both gasping, was this.

After all his years of knocking about, here and there, never getting anywhere to speak of, he had gone to Tia Juana, that big gambling place just over the border in Mexico, with two hundred dollars that he had saved up, working on a sheep ranch. He had gambled with this two hundred dollars, played cards or roulette or something, and run it up to three thousand.

But that wasn't all. Instead of getting drunk, and spending the money, he had gone back to Texas and started prospecting for oil, along with a man he had met at Tia Juana who was an old hand in the oil business. And by some sort of luck, they had bought a farm, or an option on it or something—I never did quite understand about that. Anyway they sold it again for a lot of money after oil was struck on the adjoining property.

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"My partner and I divided the pot between us," Jimmy said. "He went to the coast and I came east to look you up." He glanced for just a second at me. "My share," he said, laughing, "was eight hundred thousand dollars!"

Bert and I stared at each other, without saying a word. There was nothing we could say. It seemed like a fairy story. I guess

On that Sunday afternoon in March when Jimmy Saunders came back from his wanderings to tell us that he had made eight hundred thousand dollars, you can imagine that while Bert and I were so stunned we said nothing for a few moments, we both did a great deal of thinking. Bert's thoughts, I know from what he said afterwards, followed two directions

One was his happiness over Jimmy's success. He had always been fonder of Jimmy Saunders than most men are of their flesh-and-blood brothers, and during their two years as roommates together in college they had been inseparable

The other was a feeling of disappointment, of regret that after plodding along through college and working like a dog ever since he had practically nothing to show for it, while Jimmy, the rolling stone, who never really worked at all, was now a rich man.

My very first feeling was that if I had married Jimmy instead of Bert, had waited for him, as he suggested, I would now be a rich woman, able to do everything in the world for my boy. Of course, in my excitement, I didn't realize that little Bert wouldn't have been in existence. But I had that thought, and it wasn't any lack of faith in my husband, either. Anybody can look back and think of what might have happened if they had married someone else, and I guess most married people do.

The other thought I had was that Jimmy, who didn't have a relative in the world and didn't know a soul in New York, could do a lot for us, and that we ought to hold on to him, and not let him waste his money on strangers. I didn't figure out, then, just what he could do, but it seemed to me that a lonely bachelor with a fortune in the bank was a good asset to have in the family.

We had a great time, that rainy afternoon, and in the evening Jimmy asked us to go out with him and show him how to have a little party. Didn't know the ropes, himself, he said. As a rule, I couldn't go out evenings, on account of little Bert, but the wife of the superintendent of our apartment house was glad of the chance to make an extra dollar, now and then, so I got her to stay with the baby, as she had done once or twice before.

It was a gorgeous party. Bert and I had gotten to be terribly serious with each other, the way married people do, when they have money troubles, but Jimmy was like a boy, laughing all the time, making fun of our long faces. Before we knew it, we were laughing too, and had forgotten our troubles.

**J**IMMY had a roll of bills that he could hardly get into his pocket. He made us call a taxicab, and gave the driver five dollars and told him to lead us to a place where we could have something to drink with our eats. He did, too—took us to a restaurant in Manhattan, not far from Forty-second Street, where we could get cocktails and everything. I hadn't tasted one for months. After we had had a couple of rounds, I felt hungry, in spite of the fact that we'd had dinner in the middle of the day, and Jimmy ordered everything on the bill of fare.

When we were dancing together he said I was better looking than ever, and that he had always been crazy about me, and what a gorgeous time we could have had now if I had only waited for him. He was laughing while he said it, of course, but that was Jimmy's way—laughing, when he really was serious. I never quite understood that about

him. Maybe if I had, I would have waited for him, instead of marrying Bert.

We got home about half-past three that night, and in the morning Bert felt ill from smoking too much he said, and left for the office in a grouch. I gave the baby his breakfast, and after a bath, and three cups of coffee felt pretty well. Jimmy, who was stopping at a hotel in New York, had said something about telephoning me, and sure enough, a little after eleven, he called up and said he felt lonely and simply had to have somebody take lunch with him. Would I come over?

I said yes, of course. Not because I was so crazy to go, but because I wanted to keep Jimmy in the family, as it were, and not let him get mixed up with strangers, women perhaps, who would flatter him just because he had a little money and try to take it away from him. So I arranged with Mrs. Moran, the wife of the superintendent, to let Bert junior play in her apartment that afternoon, and took the subway over to meet Jimmy.

I did not call Bert up and tell him about it, not because there was anything secret about my going, but because he never liked to have anyone telephone him about personal matters during business hours. The firm didn't care for it, he explained to me once, when I called him up about a dinner engagement we had.

**S**O THERE I was dressed in the best afternoon grown I had, which wasn't much, meeting Jimmy Saunders in the lobby of one of the finest hotels in New York, and feeling, without any reason at all, like some unfaithful wife, keeping an appointment with her lover. That very feeling of mystery, made it all the more exciting. When Jimmy came through the lobby, looking for me, I might have been a schoolgirl, having a romantic adventure. I must have blushed, too, for Jimmy said he had never seen me look more beautiful. And of course a woman likes to hear a man say a thing like that, especially if she hasn't heard anything of the sort for years.

We had a delightful lunch, laughing and talking all the time as I hadn't done since we'd come to New York. Before long I found myself telling Jimmy all about my troubles, and how hard Bert had worked, and what a little bit of money we had, and everything. And of course Jimmy, like anybody with loads of money and nobody to spend it on, insisted that the only thing to do after lunch was to go shopping. He wanted to get some things for himself, he said, and I encouraged him in that, for his clothes were terrible. He had bought them in some small place in Texas, he said. So we went to a big store, and he got some suits and shirts and ties and everything a man could need. Then he said I must have some things too. He insisted, in spite of all I could do. The result was that he bought me more clothes than I had ever had at any one time since I was married—frocks, an evening gown, shoes, stockings, a new hat, even underwear. He wouldn't go with me to buy some of the things but stuck a fifty dollar bill in my hand and said if I didn't spend it he would never speak to me again. Then, with enough bundles and boxes to make you dizzy he got a cab, piled all my things into it and insisted on driving me home.

We got there about five o'clock. Little Bert was still down in the superintendent's flat, but his father never got back from the office until after six. I invited Jimmy in to wait, and opened all the boxes and bundles and put the things he had bought me away—hid them, you might say. I had a sort of feeling that Bert wouldn't like my letting Jimmy spend all that money on me. I told Jimmy that, too, but he only laughed and said there wasn't anyone in the world he

would rather spend his money on, and that Bert ought not to object, since we were all such good friends.

Just the same, I did not say much to Bert about the clothes, when he came in. I merely mentioned that I had helped Jimmy do some shopping for himself, and that he had insisted on spending some money on me, for things I didn't really need.

When Jimmy had gone I showed Bert one of the dresses he had bought me. I guess it may have hurt him a little, to think he couldn't buy me everything I'd like, but Bert has a fine nature. He didn't seem angry, or jealous, only quiet, and sort of subdued.

After that, Jimmy was like one of the family, in and out of our apartment at any hour of the day, always eager to take Bert and myself out, evenings, or for a drive on Sundays. With some men all this would not have been possible, but it was different with Jim. He seemed just like a big, good-natured brother, and even Bert couldn't resist him when he showed up night after night, insisting with that queer, funny grin of his that we go to dinner with him, or take in a picture, or a show.

If I hadn't been so pleased and happy, after the dull life we had been leading, I suppose I would have sat down and thought things over. Wondered what really held Jimmy so close to us? What made him such a dear friend? But, even if I had given any thought to it, I don't believe I would have realized the truth. I don't believe Jimmy himself realized the truth. He was honestly fond of Bert, and even more fond of me. He always had been but the last thing in his mind. I'm sure, was any idea of making love to me seriously, or coming between me and Bert.

He always joked and laughed a lot about how crazy he had been over me in the old days, while he and Bert were in college, but when a man says things like that openly, before a woman's husband, he isn't usually in earnest about them. Jimmy didn't spend so much time with us because he was trying to make love to me. He did it because he was lonely, and it made him happy to have us around.

Bert was with us evenings, whenever we went out. When we didn't he and Jimmy would sit and talk, or play cards, or discuss politics, prohibition and picture shows, just like two old cronies, while I sat and sewed, or fixed dinner, or played with Bert junior. Never a hought of jealousy, never an unpleasant word, and no reason for any, either. In some ways I think that spring was the happiest time of my life.

In May it was very hot, and Jimmy said he couldn't stand the stuffy rooms he had taken near us. He was going to rent a furnished bungalow somewhere on Long Island near the water, where he could keep a boat, and swim, and where Bert and I and little Bert could visit him, over the weekends and get some fun out of life. He had always been used to plenty of fresh air, he said, and the city in summer would suffocate him. So he went to a real estate man and got lists of houses, and one day he popped into the apartment just before lunch. He said he had found the very place he was after and wanted me to come with him and take a look at it.

I said I'd be delighted to but that Bert junior had a sort of grippy cold, with a slight temperature, and I was afraid to take him out. But Jimmy was so eager to show me the place that I finally decided to leave the boy with the superintendent's wife and go. Jimmy was delighted, and promised to bring me back early enough to get dinner started before Bert got home from the office.

When we got to the bungalow, we found it charmingly fitted up inside, with lovely

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furniture and things. Jimmy opened the door with a key he had gotten from the real estate agent and we went in. I liked the place immensely and told Jimmy so. We had looked it all over and Jimmy said we might as well sit down for a while and rest, before starting back. The room was close, because the place had been shut up all winter, so Jimmy tried to open one of the windows. It stuck at first and he put all his strength into raising it. All of a sudden the sash shot up and he stepped back with a funny laugh and stood looking at his hand. There had been a nail driven into the window casing, and as the sash flew up, it had torn a big gash in the side of Jimmy's hand.

He wasn't the sort to make any fuss over a thing like that. He called it a scratch, and tried to tie it up with his handkerchief. Naturally, with only one hand, he couldn't do it. I saw that the cut was bleeding a lot, so I made him go into the kitchen with me while I ran cold water over it to stop the bleeding, and bound it up. When I had finished, I was standing almost in Jimmy's arms, and I had a queer feeling that he was going to kiss me. I hadn't looked up, but I knew that something, like an invisible flame, was burning between us and that in another moment we would be in each other's arms.

And just as they say drowning people see the whole of their past lives before them in

a flash, so in that moment I had a thousand and one thoughts. The very first was that I should stop him, and myself as well. I felt the warmth of that flame between us. Just why it had come, then, I don't know. The May day, perhaps. The call of spring. Or our surroundings. Just the two of us alone there in that silent house. Or maybe love. I say love because in spite of my affection for Bert, which is very deep and always will be, I cared for Jimmy, too. I had cared for him ever since those days in college not in just the same way I cared for Bert, but still honestly, sincerely.

I was afraid that if I let Jimmy kiss me, then, everything would be different. All sorts of terrible problems would arise. It might even result in Bert and myself being separated. That was one of the ideas that flashed through my mind, as I stood there with Jimmy. But I never so much as dreamed of the real problem that would face me later on, as a result of that strange and terrifying moment.

Jimmy kissed me, of course, and I kissed him. All the thinking I had done came to nothing. It wasn't a kiss, in any ordinary sense. It was—everything. Like two love-hungry people, falling into each other's arms. I don't remember much about it, because when Jimmy's free arm closed around me, I forgot Bert, and everything else, in a wave of joy.

*IF I could have guessed in that mad minute what depths of misery lay ahead of all three of us—Bert and Jimmy and me, I might have found strength to resist that first kiss. If I had only sent Jimmy away—if I had only told Bert the truth as I shall tell it to you in October SMART SET we might never have known what "Hush Money" was.*

## *The Cradle Snatchers*

*[Continued from page 67]*

plation of her other carefully displayed charms. For Argyll Rhode was that type of feminine beauty that nearly every man succumbs to, whether seriously or not—small, dainty, coquettish, consciously appealing—and whom every woman just as surely dislikes and distrusts!

**M**OST of this I read in my first glimpse of her although if I had been in any doubt the next few days would have convinced me of the truth of my first impression of her. When the car stopped in the driveway that first day and I hurried out as hospitably as possible, naturally it was only Richard that I saw at first—Richard, my boy, who fairly flew to me and caught me in an embrace that almost made me forget that things were not as they had always been.

But, though it was only a moment that we stood thus, speechlessly happy in our reunion, that moment was shortened by a voice breaking in upon us—a sweet, feminine voice, and I opened my tear-wet eyes to see Morris helping Argyll Rhode from the car. Richard, with a swift, affectionate pat on my shoulder, sprang to her side instantly, and so my first words with her were exchanged as she stood there, small and exquisite, between my two beloved men, a tiny hand on an arm of each of them, both of them bending over her solicitously as if they would have saved her the very exertion of walking if she had permitted it!

"So this is Dicky's mother!" she was cooing, and as I forced myself to go forward cordially with outstretched hands, she playfully snatched her hands from Morris and Richard and flung herself with a show of impulsiveness into my arms. "Oh, I do so want you to like me—Mother-dear!" she cried, and with a little laugh and blush she turned toward Morris. "Daddy Morris has already promised to try!"

My eyes sought Morris's instinctively—his sense of humor had helped me over bad places more than once, and just now it seemed as if I couldn't endure the situation without his support—but his eyes were turned to hers laughingly, and as I talked with assumed graciousness and invited them in to luncheon, I was all at once completely engulfed in a sea of loneliness and heartsick misery. In the midst of the laughter and jests of the other three I felt outside and alone, as if they were three youngsters and I a mature, sober parent!

I could understand Richard's infatuation—poor boy, what chance had he against such a creature? It was to be expected that he would be blindly engrossed in her, and I had steeled myself to bear being neglected by him. But Morris! Surely he could see her for what she was!

Morris was well-balanced and absolutely above-board where women were concerned. He had been mine from the moment we had met, and he had never even looked at another woman except in the most impersonal way. He was handsome and extremely attractive, but his honorable nature and his saving sense of humor had always kept him from taking seriously any overtures made to him by the opposite sex.

**F**OR this reason I was doubly surprised and disgusted at his apparent response to Argyll Rhode's advances. All through luncheon his eyes scarcely left her, he was so attentive to her wants as to be almost embarrassing, and everything she said was a signal for his appreciative laughter and applause.

I myself could not see, during the days that followed, what she expected to gain by so openly flirting with Morris if she wished to marry his son, unless—did she think she saw a possibility of capturing the pocketbook

firsthand, instead of getting what she could of it through Richard's hold on our affections? I tried to banish this thought as far-fetched and unlikely, but as the days passed and the situation went from bad to worse I could see no other reason for her behavior.

But what did Morris mean, I asked myself over and over. Surely he wasn't really attracted by that little painted doll! I had attempted to discuss her with him after we had gone to our room the night of her arrival, but his attitude only confirmed the fear that had already begun to grow in my mind.

I had gone with Argyll to the door of her room and said good night, and then, with a sigh of relief that I wouldn't have to see her again for a few hours at least, I went on down the hall to the sitting room adjoining our bedroom. Morris was already there, smoking and reading a magazine, but he did not look up as I entered, nor offer any of his usual affectionate nonsense.

I TRIED to act naturally. I felt that I just must talk to him, must clear up the doubts that had begun to enter my mind, but at the same time I did not want him to know what I had begun to suspect. It wouldn't help matters any for him to know how upset I was, and it would probably irritate him, since of course he hadn't really meant anything by his attentions to Richard's fiancee. But I must speak—we always had talked things out.

"Morris," I began quietly, and then I forgot entirely the smooth approach I had meant to make to the subject. I was tired with the strain of the last few hours, I had been worried for two days, and I was hurt by the way Morris had acted. "Morris, she isn't—she isn't what Richard thinks!"

Morris looked up at me in apparent surprise.

"What do you mean?" he asked, and I thought he sounded cold, almost defensive.

"Why she,—surely you can see for yourself, Morris! She isn't a young girl, she's a woman, just as I suspected, and there isn't a feminine trick that she doesn't have up her sleeve!"

"Nonsense!" Morris said.

His tone angered me, and I answered with a shortness I had not meant to show.

"It isn't nonsense, Morris, and unless you allow her to hoodwink you as she has poor Richard, you can plainly see that she—why, Morris, she isn't half a dozen years younger than I am!"

"Nonsense!" he said again, more emphatically, and seemed to look me over appraisingly. "She can't be nearly that old!"

It would have been better, as I found later, if I had let my anger have its way, if I had shown Morris at that moment just how deeply hurt I was and how much I was concerned about his conduct. But the torrent of words on the end of my tongue were checked by the sound of a knock at the door, and as Richard entered I made a supreme effort to mask my emotion. He noticed nothing amiss, fortunately, but throwing himself into a chair he smiled at us happily.

"Well, start in with the bouquets now, folks! You have to admit that your little Richard is there when it comes to picking out a wife, eh?"

"She is beautiful, darling!" I managed to say in a natural tone, and pressed my cheek against his hair to hide my face from him. "And we're so glad you're happy, dear!" Then I kissed his forehead and hurried from the room.

The days that followed were a continuation of that first day, but I did not broach the subject to Morris again. I had thought that, whatever his motives were for playing up to Argyll so openly, he would surely tire of it soon. Instead, though, it seemed that he grew worse.

I just couldn't understand it! As I said, I could understand Richard's infatuation and could forgive his neglect, although to tell the truth he was much more thoughtful of my comfort and pleasure than his father was during those days. But Morris! I couldn't yet believe that he was really attracted by this coquette who had promised to marry my son, but who seemed to be using every wile she possessed to win his father.

And couldn't he see that he was hurting Richard?

The poor boy tried, I could see, not to be jealous during the first days of her visit, although her flirtation with Morris was so open that a child could not have mistaken it. And he scarcely ever had an opportunity to be alone with her. Morris nearly always proposed accompanying them wherever they went, as if it were quite the expected thing, and if he didn't Argyll would begin to peat prettily and demand that "Daddy Morris" come too!

I wanted desperately to do something about it, but what was there that I could do? We had been so happy, Morris and Richard and I, and the future had seemed to hold so much. And now this—this creature! Oh, I couldn't bear to think what had begun to threaten us since she had come!

Whatever was to be, though, I finally determined to find out, and end this unhappiness. Morris would have to face me, I decided, and explain himself!

They had all gone to the country club the night I came to this decision, but I had stayed at home, pleading a headache. Morris came in about one, and seemed surprised when he saw me still up.

"I supposed your headache would take you to bed early," he said as he closed the door of the sitting room behind him.

"I wanted to talk to you." I plunged immediately into my unpleasant task, to get it over as soon as possible.

"Hadn't you better rest now and talk in the morning?" he suggested.

"No!" I couldn't keep the sharpness out of my voice. "If I wait until morning you will be off somewhere playing with your son's fiancee, and I won't have a chance to talk to you!"

Morris stopped in the middle of the room and looked at me.

"What's the matter, Jeanie?"

For a moment his use of the affectionate name which no one but he had ever used almost melted my anger, but I steeled myself immediately, remembering his behavior the past two weeks and the unhappy look that was always in our boy's eyes now.

"We've got to have an understanding, Morris!" I said steadily. "This thing can't go on forever. Richard is desperately unhappy, and—it doesn't matter so much how I feel, but just the same I refuse to have this farce continued any longer in my home!"

MORRIS was silent a moment, then, "What do you think we had better do about it?" he asked quietly.

"We!" I cried, exasperated almost beyond control, my head feeling as if it would burst with pain. "It isn't a question of 'we'! There is nothing I can do, except sit in the background like an elderly invalid looking on at the children's fun, as I have for the past two weeks!"

"You don't think I'm having a particularly enjoyable time myself, do you?" Morris asked with a sincerity that might have been convincing if I had not watched him playing up to Argyll Rhode so constantly ever since her arrival.

"If you're not enjoying it, there's nothing to prevent your stopping, is there? I think poor Richard would appreciate it if you did!"

"Stopping what?"

"Why, your outrageous flirting with Argyll

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paused to pay the driver, the girl facing Richard so valiantly turned suddenly and with pathetic haste sought shelter between Morris and me.

Argyll had finished paying the taxi driver and started across the lawn when she first caught sight of Pamela. I shall never forget that look, and in spite of the unhappiness she had caused me there was a sudden irrepressible twinge of pity in my heart for the utterly empty husk of womanhood that she was.

SHE paused just a moment as she recognized her daughter, a look of incredulous surprise erasing the smile she had summoned to greet us. Then, her small mouth straightening and a look of cold fury beginning to gather in her face, she came in swiftly to the arbor and confronted Pamela.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded, and no one who had listened for two weeks to the honeyed sweetness of her childishly appealing voice would ever have recognized the hardness of her tone now.

"I brought her—" Morris began, but Richard stepped quickly to Argyll's side and interrupted.

"Argyll, is it true? Is that girl—"

"Shut up!" Argyll flung at him. "If you don't like it, go on back and tie yourself to your mother's apron strings! I'm sick of conducting a kindergarten, anyhow!" She turned upon Morris. "I suppose you think you're clever, prying into my affairs—"

"I am much cleverer," Morris interjected grimly, "than you gave me credit for being, apparently!"

Argyll eyed him furiously for a moment, then, as he continued looking at her with quiet coolness, her expression gradually changed. Finally, with a shrug she relaxed from her tension, and opening her vanity case began to touch her lips nonchalantly with a lipstick.

"Anyhow," she remarked with a composure which, whether real or assumed, was certainly effective, "I don't believe I could have stood the rarified atmosphere here much longer!" She glanced at me for the first time. "Shall I take my daughter back to town with me, or are you chaperoning her—er—Mother-dear?"

"We're looking after her!" Morris said shortly. "And if you wish to recall your taxi right away, there's a train for New York in twenty minutes again! Your things can be sent in the morning!"

ARGYLL shrugged again, and smiled. "Oh, very well! You're always so thoughtful of me, Daddy Morris! Be Mamma's good girl, Pam, dear!" she called to her daughter, and without looking in Richard's direction started airily across the lawn, toward the gate.

I glanced at my son, but at the look of stark misery in his face I turned my eyes away, and in a moment I heard him stumble along the walk in the opposite direction toward the house.

Blinding tears filled my eyes, but Morris's hand on my shoulder steadied me, and I reached up and clasped it thankfully.

Time always heals, and three years after our unhappy experience with Argyll Rhode, we are richly happy again. Pamela visits us often now, especially since her mother married the rich Chicago widower last year and her father's business took him to the Orient to live.

Today she is with us, and we are in the exciting whirl of selecting frocks and hats to take along when we go up for Richard's commencement next week. I watch her busy hands and the happy anticipation in her eager young eyes, and there is a smile of contentment in my heart as I remember Richard's gay command in this morning's letter:

"Be sure to bring Pam along!"

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and say exactly if and when he intends to get married.

But what I really think you should do is set a time limit for yourself. Say six months from now. If, at the end of that time he hasn't come down to brass tacks, I'd let him go. In the meantime try to wear down his resistance by gentle but persistent persuasion. It's the drop of water, you know, that wears away the stone. Keep telling him that you know you could manage on his salary and that if he lost his job you could go to work until he got another.

But back of all your arguments, Helen, let the love note predominate. No matter if you're driven to exasperation, hold on to yourself. He mustn't think pique or vanity is back of your insistence. But only love, the kind that weathers the toughest storm and endures until the end.

I puzzled over this letter from "Dimples" for a long time. To tell a fifteen year old girl that she is too young to marry is like telling a six year old boy why he shouldn't have a toy gun. It doesn't mean a thing. But sometimes I wonder if I don't worry too much about you girls. Dimples would certainly find out for herself what I am going to tell her:

Dear Martha Madison:

I am fifteen years old and in love with a boy seventeen. He takes me out riding or to shows and we have lots of good times. My mother doesn't know because she forbids me to see him, so I slip out every chance I get.

This boy tells me that he loves me and wants me to run away and marry him. His father has a lot of money so I know he would take care of me. You're not mean like my mother so I thought I'd write to you.

DIMPLES, Elgin, Texas.

Well, Dimples, I hate to think so, but I'm afraid you'll say I, too, am mean when you've finished reading this. Because I don't think you should marry this boy. I have two excellent reasons.

The first is that when you're twenty your ideas about life and boys will change. It's this way: when you were ten years old you played with little girls and dolls and never thought about boys. Now you're fifteen and what a change has come over you! And in five years more there will be an even greater change. If you should marry this boy now he might not fit in at all then. You'd wonder what you ever saw in him. And that's not all, Dimples. He'd change, too.

Then there's another thing. If you should "run away and get married," there'd be a lot of horrid talk going around. You would find people whispering, "He had to marry her. Her father made him." And even though his father has a lot of money you can't be absolutely sure he'd be willing to support his son and his son's wife. Then where would you be?

PURPOSELY I've saved this reason until last because it really isn't a reason why you shouldn't get married now. It's the thing that will stand in your way even if you don't think my other advice worth taking. The law wouldn't permit you to marry. You're both under age. Even if you lied at the license bureau and got away with it your parents or his could have the marriage annulled, and one of them probably would. Again, where would you be?

If I were you, kiddy, I'd tell mother just how much the boy means to you. Ask her to talk to him and see if he isn't a perfectly nice boy for her girl to go out with. Or go to see his mother and tell her you love him and maybe she would talk to your mother

about it. If you try to be honest and above board I think things will turn out right. And if this boy really is the one for you you won't lose a thing by waiting a few years.

This sad little letter from "Rose," out in Minnesota, sort of got under my skin, if you know what I mean. It seems almost incredible that a girl can be without friends these days, and if Rose is anything like her letter I should think she'd never know a lonely moment.

Dear Martha Madison:

I want help, too, because I'm just plain lonely. I haven't any friends, and I'm hungry for love. I've got a mother but she isn't a real mother and she's brought me nothing but trouble. Until recently I was in a school because they didn't think she was fit to take care of me. And she wasn't.

I am seventeen and have a small paying job doing housework but I hate it. I want something better. And yet what else could I do? If only I had a real mother it wouldn't be quite so bad, but I seem to have nothing. Not even anyone to tell my troubles to; just have to keep them to myself. Oh, Mrs. Madison, I can't write what I feel, but I am a very unhappy girl. You don't know how much a letter from you would mean.

ROSE, Minneapolis, Minn.

LIFE gives us all a kick in the face, little Rose, those of us who are really alive, but bad luck like yours can't last forever.

First of all, you must get away from housework. If I were you I'd take my next afternoon off and answer every ad in every Minneapolis paper that sounded interesting. Never mind if you don't know anything about office work. You can learn, just as you learned to do housework. Or maybe you'd like a job in a store where you'd come in contact with all sorts of people all day long, and be thrown in with a lot of girls who have never known what it is to be lonely and don't know that there are any but real mothers. And I'll bet you could board with one of them and maybe adopt her mother.

But you must remember, Rose, that there's a world of truth in that old saying—"To have a friend you must be one." Don't look to people with the question: "What have you to give me?" Think first about giving to them, of your sympathy and pleasant disposition and unselfishness.

And now I've got to cut down. Space is getting short.

ERNEST: I think the girl loves you, but three years is a long time to wait. And you may change, yourself.

FRANCINE: Stick to Don and play fair with him.

GRACE: It's love that makes you feel "that way." But watch yourself. Don't tempt fate.

GYPSY: How can you ever hope to be happy with a boy you can't trust?

RUBY: If you are certain of a job and can depend on your friends, take your little sister and go. Nobody would blame you.

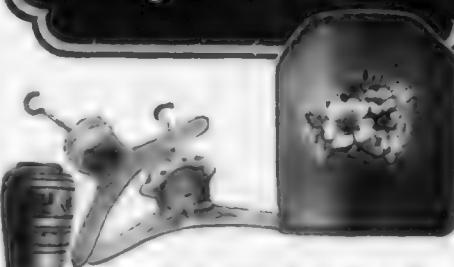
There now. That's every inch of space I have and the rest of you must wait till next month for your answers. I wonder why more of you don't give me your addresses? Don't be afraid, girls. All you have to do is ask me not to publish your letter and I won't. If you don't trust me, why write me?

Each month I try to lead off with something that will interest you all, but it isn't always easy. Next month, however, in the October number of SMART SET, I promise you that Martha Madison will have something to say that none of you should miss.

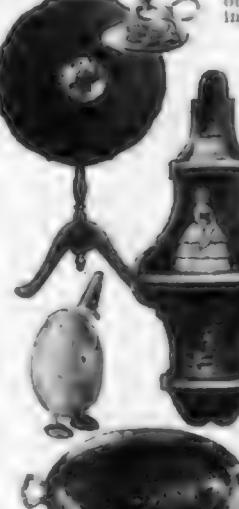
So good-by, for a little while.

HAVE you written to Mrs. Madison? Do you know that she has helped thousands of SMART SET readers in their love problems? Write her now.

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## The Real Diary of a Real Girl

[Continued from page 70]

so to tell you, nobody can tell me that I married him by himself ever could have thought of such a thing. And even if he had thought of it he wouldn't have had the nerve to go through with it. No, sir! It was his mother and his sister.

Even at that, it only goes to show that even being married to a man doesn't mean that you really know him. This morning I would have sworn an oath on a stack of Bibles a man ish that there'd never come a time when I'd never wouldn't break his neck to get me back. When a woman has the same effect on a man that I've had on Laurence—she pretty well knows that he'll jump at any chance to have an Old Home Week with her especially if they've been separated for some time.

Well, I know better now. But even now I can't make myself believe that what he's done he's done voluntarily. I still keep thinking he got talked into it by his mother and sister. If that isn't the case, why was he afraid to meet me himself? Why did he have to talk to me through a lawyer?

When I went to his lawyer's office this afternoon I fully expected to see Laurence there. I bet if he'd been there and I'd gone up to him and slipped my arms around his neck and let him kiss me with my mouth half-open—which is the only way to kiss if you're looking for a kick out of it—he'd have stopped the talk-fest then and there.

But the lawyer, a cold-eyed, bald-headed party that didn't look as if he was human in the least degree, said Laurence was out of town but that he was authorized to tell me I could have a divorce anywhere I wanted it, any time I wanted it.

I'm going to hop right to it, because Laurence is history to me anyway.

But it sure was a surprise.

October 8—It never rains but it pours. There's a big front page article in the papers this morning saying Jimmy H—is engaged to marry Verna B., a movie actress. If I was a man I'd go out and get drunk. I may do it anyway.

October 9—I didn't.

October 10—More rain. This time the cloudburst is from old man G. It is eleven o'clock and he has been here since eight this evening talking and talking and talking. If I don't watch my step the first thing I know I'll be married to that litted-faced, watery-eyed, little shranked, tiresome bore one old rabbit. Why was I ever born?

Darned if I know what to tell old man G.

October 11—Of course I could marry him and cheat on him till the cows came home. But I'm not nineteen yet and that would be life imprisonment with a corpse for a cellmate. Even if I got out for exercise now and then I'd have to come back and be locked up at night. He won't live forever, that's perfectly true, but if I had to live only a little week inside four walls with him it would seem like forever to me.

I SUPPOSE that Jimmy's movie queen will stay in pictures. If she does she'll be out in Hollywood a lot of the time, and Jimmy does most of his fighting right here in the east.

October 20—I wonder why it is it's always so easy to make up your mind quick when it comes to doing something you know in your heart you shouldn't do and why it always takes so long to convince yourself that you're going to do the right thing—win, lose, or draw.

I've used up more than a week in deciding to bow out on Jimmy. Book, the last time I wrote in you was on the eleventh and on the eleventh I was all set to lie low for awhile and then when Jimmy's honey-

moon was over and he knew everything the movie Jane had in stock and was pretty much tired of all of it, to kind of ease myself in when I could and show him the difference. Because something tells me that even if he married every other woman in the world one after another he'd still be a little unsettled in his mind about me. There was a look in his eyes and a note in his voice that proved to me that he never thought I was just one of the mob. I'm not saying he likes me half as much as I like him but he's for me and I know it.

I can't produce any evidence that would satisfy any outsider, but I know it's true.

THAT was my first hunch and now look at what a spell of thinking for nine days has got me. I ain't going to do anything of the kind. I'm going to let Jimmy alone. And why? It's the craziest reason in the world I guess but it's my real reason and I ain't ashamed of it.

I'm going to stay right in my own backyard just because I love Jimmy and want him to be happy.

October 15—That grand little fixer Chappie is in again. I do believe that the only place on earth where he couldn't make himself entirely at home would be on some desert island where he was the only inhabitant and there was nobody else there that he could promote. Let him meet two total strangers and the first thing you know he's giving them a party with their own money and the next thing you know he's figured out some way of making each of them help the other and making both of them help him. But why should he pick on me?

I've never been the kind of a girl to pass out cards with my telephone number on them and Chappie certainly knows it. The only way I can explain what he had the nerve to do is that he had to give this particular customer of his what the race track touts call an Extra Special and that I happened to be the most extra and special bet he could think of.

INSTEAD of saying this to Mr. E— who's the millionaire broomhandle king or something like that from some factory town in New England, "I know a nice little widow" or "I know a nice little married woman" he probably said "I can introduce you to a girl who doesn't know what it's all about."

Because when he called me up this morning and asked me if I wouldn't come over to a certain big hotel near the Park and lunch with him and meet a very particular friend of his he also asked me to leave all my diamonds and that kind of junk at home and come dressed in the plainest thing I had.

Naturally I wanted to know what was the big idea and then he laid his cards on the table.

"This friend of mine has got nothing but money," he told me: "I've been telling him what kind of a looking girl you are and to make it more intricate I've added a few little artistic touches of my own. I had to do it, because if he knew you'd been married or been a show girl he wouldn't be interested. So I've built you up to him as a lovely little working girl who's as innocent as a new-born babe."

I thought I'd just let him talk himself out and then I'd turn him and his proposition down so fast that it would make him as dizzy as if Jimmy had socked him on the jaw. Because inside of me I was burning up to think of him having the nerve to undertake to deliver me f.o.b.

But before he'd run out of words I'd changed my mind about meeting F—

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While Chappie was still talking a picture came into my memory of something I'd seen one night after the show when I was with the revue. I'd come out of the stage-door with Emil and he'd put me in his limousine and we'd started up Broadway to some Good Time Charlie's \$20,000 a year apartment where there was going to be a never-mind-the-expense party.

It was a rotten rainy night and standing on the curb waiting for the Broadway car she was going to ride home on all the way to One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street was little Bessie B—one of our chorus girls. Bessie was a good chorus girl and she was a good girl and her family was terribly poor and she gave them almost every cent she made and there she was standing in the rain with her arms full of American Beauties that must have set some sap back plenty.

She caught cold that night and the cold ran into pneumonia and Bessie croaked.

And we found out afterwards that the way she caught the cold that finally put her in her grave was she was wearing the only pair of street-shoes she owned and the soles were worn all the way through. And we found out more than that. We found out that the man that had been hunting her just because she was a good girl, the same man that sent her the American Beauties, had made a bet that he'd get her within a certain time. I've forgotten now what it was.

He lost his bet because she died but if she hadn't died the poor kid couldn't have held out much longer.

When that picture popped into my mind I decided I would meet this F— person whose specialty seemed to be young and innocent girls, and what I would do to him would be plenty.

When I showed up at that hotel I was wearing a tacky old dress I'd borrowed from my maid and I didn't have on a bit of make-up. I was all shrinking and timid which is the way the F's of the world like 'em.

CHAPPIE blew right after lunch and my new boy friend and I went out and sat in a dark corner in the hotel drawing-room and I did my hurt mouth and sad, despairing eyes stuff and waited for him to proposition me. Looking woe-begone after such a wonderful lunch wasn't the easiest thing in the world. I did the best I could, but I was only wasting my time.

Mr. F—refused to fall.

And that made me sore.

I made a speech to him that got it all out of my system. I told him how tough it was for good girls to get along and how much tougher men like him made it and I was all excited and going sixteen to the dozen when suddenly his eyes began to twinkle and he began to grin.

"Go to it," he says. "you're great."

But I couldn't go to it any longer. That twinkle and that grin had stopped me in my tracks. And then he began to talk. And, oh, what a surprise he handed me.

He'd known all the time I was Narcissa E—he told me, and Chappie knew that he knew it. But Chappie who would do anything for a hundred dollar note had helped him frame on me.

"And what for?" I wanted to know, madder than I'd ever been in my life, I guess, because nobody likes to be made a fool of.

"For a friend of mine," he said. "I'm a New England manufacturer just like this

Chappie Hill told you but I'm something else. I'm the backer of Jimmy H."

I could feel my heart jump into my throat but I managed to ask him what that had to do with it.

"If I had a son I couldn't love him more than I love Jimmy," he told me and I knew he was talking on the dead square, "and naturally I'd hate to see him spoil his whole life by making the wrong kind of a marriage."

"What's the matter with Verna B—?" I asked him, hoping he'd tell me something terrible.

"So far as I know," he said, "nothing."

And there he dropped Verna and began to talk about me saying that having heard a lot about me he'd come down to New York to see for himself what kind of a woman I was and he'd told Chappie to offer me all the inducements he could think of. And then he said something that made me feel all warm and comfy inside.

What he said was, "If Jimmy knew I'd been trying you out he'd knock my block off. He's crazy about you."

When I'd partly recovered from that one I stammered out if Jimmy H— was crazy about me why was he going to marry Verna B.

"He ain't, little girl, he ain't," busts out this angel in human form. "That was all press stuff. The Verna gal planted it to help herself in pictures. She ain't no Pickford when it comes to troupers but she's a good girl and Jimmy's got a heart as big as all outdoors. He let the stuff ride because it was doing a good turn to a good gal."

"I know another good gal he can do something for," I says bold as brass; "he can marry me as soon's I get my decree."

"Call him up and tell him so," says this blessing to the human race.

November 15—Book, it's been a month since I have talked to you and the reason is that I've been too happy. Now I'm going to whisper a few things to you that I wouldn't even tell Jimmy and then I'm going to close you up and keep you till a year from today and see whether I'm right in my ideas about men. You know yourself I never wasted any time thinking or worrying about women.

WHAT I think now is this. Men are funny. Most of them don't want anything that's easy to get and very few of them want what they've got no matter whether it was hard to get or not. (I hope Jimmy's different. In fact I know he is.) It all sounds kind of jumbled but then men are men and that's all there is to it.

And those poor fool women who go on bowing down to a man just because he is a man deserve all they get and usually it is plenty. If they only knew that almost any man can be handled by keeping him away they'd be a lot better off.

Girls who can't say anything but yes are a drug on the market and men that amount to anything don't want them. And girls who can't say anything but no will always have a flock of men around them trying to make them say yes.

Saying no has given me good clothes and diamonds and money in the bank. I got money in two banks and I got securities too. What I'll have a year from now I don't know and in a way I don't much care because anyway I'll have Jimmy and I'm in love.

So, good-by, Book, for a year. Wish me luck. I may need it. Just because I am in love.

WHAT did growing up mean to you? Did it mean freedom to do all the things that had been forbidden—freedom to quit going to Sunday school, to stay out as late as you pleased, to pick and choose your own company? Whatever it meant you'll live your growing up days over again when you read Robert S. Carr's fascinating serial of High School life today. Begin it in October SMART SET.

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# Is Divorce an Evil?

## Prize Winning Letter Writers

DIVORCE may be an evil but it certainly is a necessity. That is the opinion of the hundred of letters Smart Set received in this contest. Here and there are word from someone who is organizationally opposed to divorce, but obviously the great preponderance

The relationship of the sexes is undergoing a radical change. The petition taken by Judge Ben Linder of Denver, the Reverend Henry Lewis of Ann Arbor and the Reverend A. Weston L. Slaten of New York, prove a swift sweeping toward liberality in public thought. Reference to the Rev. Mr. Slaten's article on page 26 of this magazine will show you the present trend of the movement.

The letter received by Smart Set in this Smart Set contest shows that persons in all walks of life are thinking about marriage and are less disposed at present to accept the institution without criticism, as their grandparents accepted it.

The first prize was awarded to a Mississippi wife who suffered and forgave, who understood and tried in an effort to maintain her home. When that became impossible, she did not hesitate to ask divorce. But the time you read this she will have left her husband and a child too young to free her. Her letter follows:

IS DIVORCE an evil? Verily, I say "NOT." How can it be when there are ills that only divorce can cure?

A year ago if someone had asked me this question, I should have been forced to think that divorce could be justified. I was so happily married then. Shortly afterwards, I became very ill and was confined to a hospital for several months. Upon my return, I found my husband had not only taken to drink but had become involved in an affair with a woman of questionable character. He boasted of the fact. Since then he has gone from bad to worse. I have tried every means in my power to bring him back but to no avail. He, who had loved me so tenderly, and I who worshipped him as one does a god, have reached the stage where only hate and distrust exist between us.

I have uttered sorceries and have told him that I'd wholly forget all and start anew but he only laughs at me.

I am planning on having my husband's place within a few days never to return. I shall have to start life over at the very bottom, with no money, no knowledge of the world, and with eight years of married life behind me.

I shall find peace in the knowledge that I have happened through no fault of mine for I shall go with my husband's statement that he no longer loves me, ringing in my ears. And with in its coming from the first time spoke only the tenderest words of love to me.

Verily I say, what else but divorce can cure the ill—Mrs. W. G. B., Poplarville, Miss.

Divorce not only is not an evil—it is the

means to the cure and a method to the prevention of the great prize. In presenting this column we introduce two more that have come under her observation. See notes.

DIVORCE is NOT an evil.

Rather it is the only remedy for the blackest and most noxious evil on this earth—a lovelorn wedded life.

The great task of the reformer is not the solution of the divorce problem, but the marriage problem.

Let others moralize and philosophize. I rest my case on the lone of facts—things that I can see clearly from my own doorstep.

cured by Ethel and Ed is by far the better way.

Divorce is not a beautiful thing, but like the surgeon's knife, it is a useful thing. As the latter, when used by skilful hands, cuts away the infection and thus make healing possible, so the former removes the lovelorn married life from the tragic doom of despair.—E. C. B., St. Joseph, Mo.

*Almost every husband and wife think at no time, if due to according to the third prize winner. She thought it and looked upon it as a remedy for her ills. But he waited and lived on, not bringing luck happiness. Her letter reads:*

THEIR comes a time in almost every couple's life when divorce is considered seriously. John is tired of Mary. Mary is tired of John. Mary sees an ideal in Mr. Smith; John sees his stenographer.

My confession, therefore, that I once considered divorce is not unusual. Ben came to me after ten years of marriage and told me he was in love with another woman, that he desired his freedom. I felt, egotistically, another woman could never take my place permanently. She was, I discovered, my physical superior but my mental inferior. My husband was almost a pure mental type. I decided on a temporary separation. Within two months my husband was back to me, "cured," a wiser man and a better lover.

I loved my husband; he loved me. Had we been hasty, we should never have known the sweetness of the years that followed. No man can put asunder those whom God hath truly joined together, is my belief.

I believe in making the best of marriage even when there is no "perfect" mating. Maude Royden claims, and I can verify her statement with cases I know, that there are "marriages which seemed unequal, difficult, unblest made into something lovely and sacred by the deep patience and loyalty of human nature"—Mrs. M. C., Battle Creek, Mich.

Now turn to page 27 of this magazine. There you will find a new contest on a most vital problem, intimately connected with this one of divorce. The Rev. A. Wakefield Slaten raises the question:

"Do we need a new moral code?"

Old usages and old customs are dying. Men and women are coming into a new heritage. That is proved by the letters you wrote in, "Is divorce an evil?"

Here SMART SET gives all of you, old and young, a chance to express yourselves. That is part of the important work SMART SET is doing: It is serving as a public forum for the presentation of varying views on real problems.

On page 78 is another contest, directed primarily to young people but open to all. There the question is asked, "Should a girl show her love?" Out of your own experience, probably, you can answer this question and by so doing win a prize.

### Smart Set Prize Winners on "Is Divorce an Evil?"

#### First Prize

Mrs. W. G. B., Poplarville, Miss.

#### Second Prize

E. C. B., St. Joseph, Mo.

#### Third Prize

Mrs. M. C., Battle Creek, Mich.

#### Ten \$1 Prize Winners

Mrs. J. V. Cawthon, Fort Eustis, Va.

Mrs. Belle Goodwin, Roxbury, Mass.

George L. Banks, Los Angeles, Calif.

Millicent Kadow, Milwaukee, Wisc.

Marian Pressley, San Francisco, Calif.

Virginia M. Sommerfield, Toledo, Ohio

Irene E. Tomasson, Newark, N. J.

Almora H. Bursaw, Lansing, Mich.

H. D. Hutchins, Algona, Iowa

A. B. Crocker, Guildford, Maine

# Mad Honeymoon

[Continued from page 37]

hated and loathed being pawed over. Besides, she did not drink. But Leonore prevailed on her, for Mirna developed an ardent desire to shine out socially, and have men at her feet.

Two young college boys fell in with the girls and there were motor rides, dances, the- aters, dinners. From the start Mirna was easily the most beautiful and desired girl in any group—that is, if she wanted to be. For, fight it as she would, sometimes in the midst of the gayety, she would go cold, feel distant and disgusted, wonder why she was there. That other Mirna, the one who was a capable secretary and a lover of books and quiet, had her innings.

**N**EVERTHELESS slowly she became a flapper, and lived as such. Leonore and she put so much money into clothes, they had little left beyond the rent money. So they skimped on food, except when they were taken out, and they did their own washing.

At ten or thereabouts every evening a boy- friend would call up. Usually it was four in the morning when they came home. They slept from four until eight and were at their offices at nine. This went on, month in, month out, a dizzy pace which couldn't be stopped. It was like a drug-habit. Mirna would decide to rest, but by ten she was tense, alert, aquiver. The lights, the jazz- music, the drinks, the adoration of men, the excitement called and called. She could not resist. She rushed headlong forward.

... Lord, here I've been pouring myself out without a thought of time, and it's already midnight. I must stop. I'll try to go on with this tomorrow ...

MONDAY

I just heard Mirna blow out her light, and I don't know how much longer I can stand this business. So, I'll write myself into a stupor.

She slept well last night, she said. She seemed content and absorbed all morning. Her eyes sometimes met mine as if she had something startling and wonderful to tell me, yet nothing came of my attempts to make her speak.

Then at noon, the rain stopped and the world suddenly shone. The clouds broke, the sun poured out on the watery woods and the soaked ground. Everything glistened and sparkled. The air was intoxicatingly clear, sweet and earthy. Mirna and I put on our bathing togs and dashed into the lake. She swam with fleet grace, and her face glowed with happiness. Then we cooked on my outdoor oven and we basked in the sun as we ate our rations. Without warning then, Mirna began to speak in a way I had not expected of her.

"I read somewhere," she said, "that when life has shattered you, you must touch the earth again. It's true, isn't it? I feel as if I were being reborn. Sun and water and soil and sky are healing me. I belong here. I'm really very primitive. I could have been a savage, and lived always doing simple things."

"Without a mate?" I asked.

Her head went back, the eyes half shut, the eyebrows arched, that smile-riddle again on her lips.

"With or without," she said. And no more.

But this evening, after an afternoon of boating, fishing and a tramp through the woods and then supper, we spoke again intimately before the fire.

"Do you still think," I asked, "that Claymore will track us here?"

She looked at me steadily and simply.

"I know he will," she said. "He'll bribe

one of your servants or someone in your office and find out about this place. Then he'll come."

"You're not afraid?" I asked.

"No," she said. "He's powerful, and will shoot, too, but there are two of us."

And as if to prove that she was careless of the issue, she fetched a ukulele, strummed it and sang. Her singing is singularly sweet, the appearance of her open mouth intensifying the dreamy loveliness of her face. I wanted achingly to be part of that dream which lurks in her half-shut eyes. Just then in the stillness a pine-cone hit the roof of the house. She paused, gravely; then we laughed, and she went on.

As she said good night again tonight, she paused at her door for a last word. She was smiling her riddle-smile.

"You don't bore me, Frederick. Good-night."

I don't bore her! Of course that is part of the test. If two people can live utterly alone for seven days, constantly together, and not feel like murdering each other, that is a lot. But I don't even bore her! No, I won't hope. Perhaps if I played the lover, she would be bored.

I must think of her, not myself. Where was I? Yes, her story goes on this way.

She never got over her hatred of being mauled about. She found that the men started the party intent on getting the girls to drink, so that they would become amorous. She also found that the men drank to make themselves careless. So she drank and she permitted their caresses.

During these years she thought three times she was in love, but the feeling soon passed. Then there came along this powerful fellow, Jack Claymore, with a storm-furrowed face, a somewhat harsh way with women, a bullying way with men. He was handsome, mysterious, brutal. Just what his business was, Mirna did not know, except that he was connected in some way with the illicit liquor traffic. He had money and spent it freely.

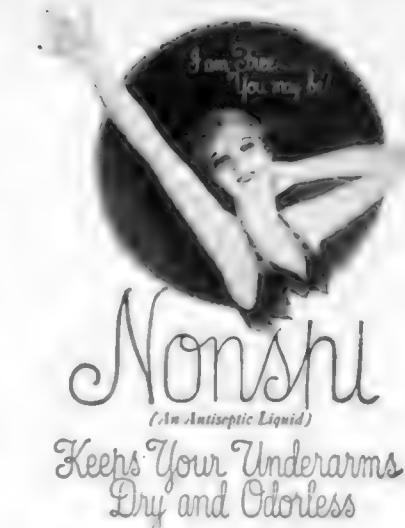
He became infatuated with Mirna and rushed her. For a time he dazzled and almost stunned her. His kisses and embraces, unlike those of others, which were more playful, held a harsh and dangerous meaning. Some of her boy-friends warned her against Claymore, but to no avail.

Then, one evening, he announced to her that he was giving a party especially for her. He drove her some distance beyond Atlantic City to a lonely inlet where there was a magnificent house. The moment she entered she wished she hadn't come. The guests already assembled were intoxicated, the women disheveled. Here there was sobbing, there shrieking, wild laughter and shouts. A wave of utter revulsion swept her. She determined that at no cost would she drink.

**W**HEN she came down from her room, Claymore met her with a cocktail. She refused it. At first he thought she wanted to be coaxed, but her unflinching gaze and firm tone soon convinced him.

"No sport?" he growled, "You won't play? I'll give you one more chance. If you say no, you'll be sorry. You're too proud, but I'll break you."

He seized her then. She was wiry, a good fighter. He almost lost her. She bit his hand deeply. He roared and used all his strength, which was greater than hers. While the crowd yelled and laughed with delight he carried her upstairs into her room, set her down and locked the door, putting the key in his pocket. She stood, watching him, uncertain for a moment. He came toward



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turn to the turned and ran straight to the open window and leaped out.

I heard a bolt broke her fall, and she landed on it, and she was bruised, cut, and sore. She was trembling.

The night was black, and she crawled away through a dense growth of woods. She crawled, and waited. She was searching for a place and there about the grounds of the house. Her name was called. She crawled from tree to tree, always hidden. Finally she found a path, and summoning all her courage, she ran. It seemed endless. Finally she came out, finally on a highway.

A motor truck was approaching and he stopped. The driver was rough but kind. He asked her where she was. He strapped her in a chair, and took her back to Philadelphia.

The next day he came to New York, and he took a room in a quiet and peaceful street and went back to her old room back and made a new one.

A great change had come over Mirna. It was evident that she now bathed the whole body. She had lived. It was something wonderful. She felt he could never again let her go.

Wednesday  
I don't dare to write about my life tonight. I am so ruined, desperate. Oh, the intoleration.

I'll stick to her story. She had been living quietly in New York for several months, when she met an old acquaintance, Hugh Watson, on the street. He took her to dinner. A touch of her old ways returned. He forced her to go out with him.

So she tried once more. This time she went with Hugh to a night club.

I was there and Claymore was there. I thought he had been searching all over New York for her.

I myself first noticed her as she danced with Hugh. Her dancing was as natural as breathing. It was part of her make and fleet grace. She was up on her toes, her whole body vibrated, her face dream-like under the golden-toned hair. It was as if I had dreamt her, very lately. There was a perfect intimacy, of the beauty and wonder I could not escape.

They sat down and I watched Claymore approach this table and say something to Hugh who rose and walked out. Mirna was alone. She panted a cigarette, blowing the smoke from her nostrils. Then she excused herself and went toward the tover. I followed. She was about to enter the ladies' room when I spoke.

"Pardon me, do you need help?"

She turned and gazed at me intently, reading me.

"Yes," he whispered, "take me away from here."

We did not wait for wrap or coat or hat. In a city, the doorman had my car at the curb. We were in it, when I saw Claymore walking out the entrance. I knew he would follow.

"Home," I said to the chauffeur.

I undid my front door, and just then, the car drew up. I hit the door behind us, and called John, the butler. I described Claymore to him.

"It is time to get in," I said, "get Al and Bob to help you throw him out."

Then I took Mirna upstairs and introduced her to my mother.

It is terrible days followed. There was no doubt from all that Mirna told me that Claymore was powerful in that half-world between decency and crime, the world of bootleg booze. Such men would go any lengths. It was dangerous just then for Mirna to go out.

Mirna completely captured my mother. Her quietness, her intense sweetness, her musical voice, her delicacies of manner, her change from child-likeness to baffling womanhood, her sparkling eyes, all combined to capture

the heart. And as for me, I loved her madly.

We heard nothing of Claymore, but we knew that the house was being watched.

Finally one evening when Mirna and I were alone I spoke my thoughts.

"There's only one way out of it," I said, "You must marry me."

For the first time I met that inscrutable expression, the arched brow, the half-shut eyes, the Sphinx smile.

"I can't marry you or anyone," she said.

"Why?"

"I couldn't be your wife."

"Marry me anyway," I urged.

"No," she said. "It wouldn't work."

Then a thought flashed into my mind.

"Mirna," I said, "I think what you were asking when you were wild is what all the rest were asking. They were asking that beautiful thing that we civilized people have almost lost, the primitive, the earthly, natural beauty of the body. That great love between man and woman which makes a kiss and an embrace something for which dancing and drinking are only a poor substitute."

"I have a shack on Lake Winnie ago. Suppose we marry and live there for seven days. Perhaps you will change when you find the earth again. You will be healed of your

happen to Mirna? How will she escape him?

THURSDAY

We had our first quarrel tonight. Or was it a quarrel? Mirna does not quarrel, but I am ashamed to sit it down.

We sat before the fire last night tensely silent. The air was ominous, the stillness of the night full of foreboding, the loneliness in this waste of forest and hills acute and overpowering. Here we had only each other to bring to each other human warmth, comfort, love; yet she sat as distant as a cold star, as inaccessible as the moon.

Then, without warning, my subdued rage burst out.

"You're wicked," I said. "You're monstrous."

She suddenly looked at me, her eyes large and round.

"I?" she murmured.

"Mirna," I cried, "you're my wife, and you are torturing me to death."

"I'll go," she said, and she went.

Her door closed. Half an hour later I was knocking at it.

"Yes?" she asked.

"Forgive me," I said. "I was beside myself."

"I forgive you," she said.

And here I sit.

Surely, I struck her a blow, but what sort of a blow? One of humiliation? Or disappointment in me? Or does she care?

FRIDAY

I must not curse myself; it doesn't help. I must try to be calm. I am half-mad. I know. That love, the highest of things, should turn us into something low! I never dreamed it could be so.

Mirna is right in loathing men. I am the same as the rest of them. I, who held myself so high, was so noble, the calm and skillful banker, the good son and citizen, who befriended a hunted woman and offered her my protection, and who then proceeded to violate my word, my honor, my very love. What name black enough can I call myself?

But I must switch from this foolish talk and write down the facts.

Mirna was strange all day. She did not leave. Evidently her forgiveness meant that she would stick to her contract the full seven days, but she was infinitely sad. She walked heavily for her. She spoke in a low painful tone. She looked at me now and then with a sort of pleading in her eyes.

"Mirna," I said at last, "have I hurt you?"

"No," she said.

That was all. It was useless. I felt helpless. Then a hard rage, as though I had drunk too much, began to possess me. There was something triumphant and ruthless about it. I was glad we were alone.

She rose to go to her room. I followed to her door. I held out my hand.

"Good night, Mirna," I said.

She turned, looked at my hand, but refused her own.

With a sudden step, I seized her in my arms. My lips were on hers. And rage became the miracle of love. For a blinding moment that intolerable sweetness was mine, mine! That wonder, only seen and heard before, became real, living, warm in my arms; that glory became a kiss, and the kiss a stinging in my soul, painful and ecstatic.

All in a moment. A cry escaped her that I can only describe as a death-cry.

All thought of self left me. I knelt beside her.

"I am worse than Claymore," I said, "for he is honest."

There was a moment's silence. Then her door shut softly, leaving me outside.

SUNDAY

It has happened.

Yesterday Mirna did not come from her room until the afternoon. She looked haunted, sleepless, worn. I could not bear to look at her or to meet her eyes. It seemed so natural to kiss her, and yet I felt as if

I had sinned in her eyes beyond forgiveness.

I tried finally to explain myself.

"Mirna," I began, "what I did was unpremeditated. I simply am so madly in love with you."

"Oh, don't," she said, and tears trickled down her cheeks.

Suddenly I saw Mirna's expression change. She looked very quiet, very self-possessed and alert. There were danger signals in her eyes.

"Was that a knock?" she asked. "Listen!"

Distinctly I heard it then in a lull of wind.

"Claymore," she whispered. "Get your gun. He may shoot as you open."

I reached to the wall, and took my gun, pointing it at the door. Mirna moved noiselessly, drew the bolt, and stood behind the door as she opened it.

Claymore and I each stared into the cold muzzle of the other's gun.

"Let's both drop 'em," he said in his harsh voice.

I stood the rifle against the table, he shoved his revolver into his holster, and entered, closing the door.

"I've come for you," he said to Mirna.

"She's my wife," I said.

"In my world," Claymore said, "the woman belongs to the strongest. Can you fight with your hands?"

"I can," I replied.

I would fight for her to the death, if need be. I knew that. I would avenge on myself the wrong I had done to Mirna in breaking my word. I would fight to save her from this ruin.

We pried off our coats, and without preliminaries, set to. I am not a good boxer, but at the moment I was a killer. Instincts older than the race rose in me: the fighting fury, the white-hot cunning, the mania to get my man.

I did not feel his blows. Evidently he did not feel mine. We clinched; his hand came to my throat. I flung him off. He brought a right to my chin. I staggered, then hurled a furious blow to his heart. We clinched again, and again he tried to strangle me.

We broke, then, blindly, and were on our

feet again, swaying as we faced each other.

With a curse I closed in on him. Left, right; left, right. One to his jaw, the other to his heart. He was groggy. I saw it. I gave him a mighty smash with my left. He staggered, fell, and lay where he fell.

I stood, dazed. And then I saw something and felt helpless. My gun had fallen and was out of reach. But Claymore was slowly searching with his right hand for his revolver. I felt weak, unable to move.

He found it, drew it out, raised it slowly. There was a loud shot. I waited to fall.

Then I saw. Blood was trickling down Claymore's sleeve. I turned.

Mirna stood behind us, quiet as death, white as a sheet. In her hand was her automatic. She had gotten it, and broken Claymore's arm.

We carried him to the settlement and left him with the doctor and the constable. Then we went back over the moonlit lake, back through the silvery world of woods and hills and waters.

And no word was spoken till we were in the shack.

We stood looking at each other.

"You know," said Mirna softly, "I feel one with the earth tonight. The wall is gone."

**W**HAT wall?" I asked stupidly.

"The wall between us."

Again the strange smile, the half-shut eyes, the dreaming beauty of her face.

"You mean," I asked breathless, "you love me?"

"I mean," she said, "when you spoke harshly to me, I suffered because I loved you, though I couldn't come to you. And when you kissed me, there came a last revolt, and then love. And when you fought and won, and he tried to trick you, and I fought for you, I became yours, yours until death."

Her eyes glowed then, her very mouth glowed with that which I had been seeking — the love-light. I drew her in my arms.

We kissed each other there in the wilderness with the moon shining down, shut in our little house, each completing the other.

## The crippled girl who became the world's most perfectly formed woman

### Annette Kellermann's Own Story

MANY people will be surprised to hear that as a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. The world knows me today as "the most perfectly formed woman," and it is natural to assume that I have always been fortunate enough to possess a symmetrical body.

Quite the opposite is true, however. I was formerly so weak, so puny as to be an invalid. I was bow-legged to an extreme degree; I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces which I wore constantly. No one ever dreamed that someday I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure. No one ever thought I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world. Yet that is exactly what has happened.

I relate these incidents of my early life simply to show that no woman need be disengaged with her figure, her health, or her complexion. The truth is tens of thousands of tired, sickly, overweight or underweight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health can be acquired in only fifteen minutes a day, through the same methods that I myself used.

I invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly prove to you in 10 days that you can learn to acquire the body beautiful, how to make your complexion rosy from the inside, instead of from the outside, how to freshen and brighten and clarify a muddy, sallow, pimply face, how to stand and walk gracefully, how to add or remove weight at any part of the body; hips, bust, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen, how to be full of health, strength and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost, how to be free from colds, headaches, neuralgia, nervousness, constipation, weak back, and the many other ailments due to physical inefficiency; in short, how to acquire perfect womanhood.

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## A Girl at the Wheel

[Continued from page 45]

for the edification of all passengers.

The matter of tipping is another unpleasant feature of taxi driving, at least to me. Try as I will, I cannot become accustomed to taking tips. I know it is only false pride, and I envy the girls who have no such mid-Victorian qualms.

Tips, after all, are an absolute necessity, for our salary from the company is only two dollars and fifty cents a day. In addition, we are given one-third of all our week's business in excess of forty-five dollars. In poor weeks when we have less than forty-five dollars' worth of business, tips are more than ever a necessity. But, as well as I realize that, I still have not learned to accept tips gracefully. That is probably why I receive so few. I feel degraded when I am given a tip and I know it shows in my face and manner. I just can't take them. I am usually back in the cab and started before the passenger has had the opportunity of counting out some change for me.

BUt some of the girls are different. I have seen them stand and wait for their tips, and I have also seen them hand back a five-cent tip, proffered by a well-dressed and prosperous looking girl.

"Of course, I take tips," one of the girls

told me, soon after I started work. "Why shouldn't we take them. It's foolish to feel squeamish about it. Everybody who rides in a taxi knows we don't get large salaries and that we need all the money we can get. I don't think it is degrading to take a tip. It is all part of the taxi game. We're doing a man's work. The men drivers don't balk at taking tips. Why should we? Every time I rode in a taxi, I tipped the driver so why shouldn't the people who ride in my taxi tip me? It should be looked upon as a part of the fare. And they're going to tip me if I have anything to say about it. I stand right there until I see some of the money coming my way."

She was right. There is no reason why we shouldn't take tips, but I don't like to do it. It makes me feel cheap. The strange part about tipping is that it is the working people with only average salaries who give the largest tips. A stenographer or clerk will get into the cab and think nothing of tipping a quarter or more, while many a society woman, after being driven to one of the most fashionable hotels, will condescendingly hold out a nickel or a dime and, as often as not, nothing at all.

Most men, of course, give larger tips to the girl drivers than they give to the men



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a beautiful complexion.

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as this is sold under guarantee of money back  
if it fails to remove your freckles.

drivers. Balancing this, women as a whole give more generously to the men drivers than they do to the girls.

It is surprising how many people do not tip at all. The other day a man, extremely well-dressed got into my cab at the Baltimore and Ohio Station. He directed me to drive to the ferries in a hurry. He had only ten minutes, he said, to make the Atlantic City train. In and out of traffic I dodged, while behind me came his voice, "Hurry, can't you? Step on the gas. I've got to make that train. Step on it."

I stepped on it. He got the train and I got one dollar, peeled off a large roll. The one dollar was the amount of the fare.

The same day, I had a middle-aged German, shabbily dressed, who spoke English with difficulty. He asked me to take him to a warehouse somewhere along the river front. He knew the name of the warehouse and knew it was at a pier. Where the pier was, he had no idea. We finally found it, tucked away in a corner in one of the worst sections of the river front.

I waited outside for an hour, while he went inside and transacted his business. He was a shabby looking. I doubted if he would have sufficient money for his fare. To my surprise he gave me a ten dollar bill. "Keep the change," he said and the change was six dollars and ninety cents.

Primarily, to succeed as a taxi driver, a girl must be a good saleswoman. It was a revelation to me when I started driving a taxi to find out how big a factor salesmanship was. I hadn't given any thought to that angle of it. I thought I would simply take my place behind the wheel and that business would come faster than I could handle it. For I remembered the many occasions when I had wanted a taxi and had waited ten minutes on a crowded corner before an empty one came along.

I didn't know that taxi drivers have to be able to recognize what is known as the "taxi look"; to be able to pick out from a crowd walking along the street, the person who is the most susceptible to taxis. I didn't realize the psychology of sitting alertly behind the wheel, projecting one's personality into the crowded streets so that a person will turn instinctively and say, "Oh, here's a taxi! Let's take it."

The business of selling a taxi ride also has its drawbacks. It is not at all a matter of indirect salesmanship or selling by suggestion, by any means. Some of it is very direct. Too direct to please us. There is, for instance, the ferry stand, where the crowds pour in from New Jersey.

I loathe that stand. I am no exception, for most of the girls dislike it, even the ones who are the least self-conscious. For when we go there, we have to do what is known as "hawk a load." We have to get down from our cabs and stand in the crowd, shouting, "Taxi, taxi! Take a taxi! The best taxi in the city! Taxi! Taxi!"

AND on all sides of us, the same shouts are going up for the taxis of other companies. All the taxi companies in the city have stands at the ferries. It makes it hard for the girl drivers, for we have to stand out on the pavement with the men drivers and "hawk loads" in competition with them.

It is at the ferries that we hear most often the gibe, "get away from that cab and give a man a chance," as wise-cracking youths make their way through the crowds. It is not from the men drivers that we hear taunts. They treat us very well. They have no notion of chivalry about us. I don't mean that. They never step aside and sacrifice any of their own chances of fares for us, just because we are girls. They treat us like men. We are their business competitors.

But if our cabs break down, it is the men drivers who stop and offer to help. They stand by in any sort of pinch, just as they do for a fellow man driver. If we have

any difficulty with passengers and a man driver sees it, he is the first one to come to our assistance. The business rivalry is only in the getting of fares. There it stops. The men drivers in Philadelphia are our friends. They resented us at first, but now they are reconciled to us. If the truth must be told, I think they like us, in the same way that men like to have a girl or two working in the offices with them.

In the business of taxi driving there is a comradery that I have never found anywhere else. It exists not only between the men and women drivers, but among the women drivers as well. There is none of the back biting, none of the cattiness and gossip, that are too often found among the girls in offices. Every girl driver is accepted by the group in a frank, open way. She is rated not for beauty, nor for family, nor for her ability to appreciate a Wagnerian concert, but solely for her qualities of good fellowship. For it takes a good fellow to be a good taxi driver. Fainting Floras or romantic Rosamonds have as much chance of lasting at this business as a Pomeranian has of rescuing a drowning man.

A GIRL to be a taxi driver must be able to stand on her own two feet, have poise, dignity and courage, a cool mind, the ability to think clearly, a sense of humor and a lot of grit. She must have enough confidence in herself to be unaffected by the supercilious glances of smartly-dressed women who convey by their manner that a girl driving a taxi "is somewhat—er—questionable, at least." She must have a pride and a joy in her work that will balance the slights and the slurs that she may receive.

No girl who does not possess those qualities can last. Some have tried it, but not for long. It takes a level head, not only to drive a taxi, but to stand the gaff of being a girl driver. It takes nerve, for me, at least, to go out and "roll."

When I was told on my first day to start "rolling," I looked in amazement at the supervisor.

"Do what?" I asked.

"Roll," she said. "That means you are to drive slowly up and down the streets and look for fares. Sell a taxi ride. Stay near the curb. Stop when you see anyone with a 'taxi look' and call, 'Taxi! taxi!'"

Shaking in my heavy boots I started "rolling." I was scared to death. I felt conspicuous enough as it was in my khaki uniform, without attracting still more attention by asking people to take taxi rides.

All day long I "rolled." And a hundred times, at least, I tried to frame the words "Taxi! taxi!" to some passerby, who to my inexperienced eye seemed to have the "taxi look," but the words stuck in my throat. I simply couldn't get them out. If it hadn't been for three fares that day who shouted at me, instead of waiting for me to shout at them, I'm afraid I'd have been fired.

It all depends on how you start the day whether your business will be good or bad. The days I "roll" until lunch time without "breaking the ice," as it is called, are sure to be bad days. By that time I am despondent and have no enthusiasm left. I like to "break the ice" as soon as I start out in the morning. It gives me confidence and assurance for the rest of the day. On such days I can even "roll" successfully, calling "Taxi! taxi!" at every block. I can even take the stand at the ferries with a grin and shout louder than the men.

And it certainly takes a lot of confidence and good salesmanship if a taxi girl is to have a fat pay envelope at the end of the week. The general opinion seems to be that we make a lot of money. We don't. I can earn much more as a nurse. As a taxi driver I have made as little as eighteen dollars a week—including tips. A girl has had an unusually good week when she makes forty-five dollars.

Most people have the idea that we are "rolling" in money, as well as in taxis. That is a mistake. We are not. It sounds easier to bring in a sheet of more than forty-five dollars for the week, than it is. The fares of an average day total about six dollars. Most of the rides are short. They average fifty to sixty cents apiece. We have about twelve fares a day. The public does not realize that often a taxi driver "rolls" for hours without selling anybody a ride.

The longest runs and the largest tips come at night, of course, but it is the men drivers who have the breaks there. We girls work only during the day. We are usually off the streets at eight-thirty. The girl drivers work in four shifts. The first shift comes on at six and leaves at four; the second at seven and leaves at five; the third from nine o'clock until seven, the fourth from ten-thirty until eight-thirty. I am in the last shift.

By working only in the day time, we avoid many unpleasant things that undoubtedly would happen to us. The sort of thing, for instance, that happened the other day to one of the girls. At two o'clock in the afternoon, she received a call from Port Richmond. She drove up there and found the cook of a freighter that had just docked waiting for her. He was all dressed in his shore clothes and was prepared to paint the town red.

She started out with him, driving him from one saloon to another. Finally, at eight o'clock she found herself in Canada, searching for a little street that nobody had ever heard of. At ten, she located the street. The cook lurched out and rang the door bell of every house in the block. He was looking for some friends that he had not seen for five years. No one knew them. Then the girl stepped to his rescue and went into the corner store. The cook's friends had moved, the proprietor informed her.

She tried to get the information over to the cook, but he was in no condition to have anything register on his mind.

"I want to see my old friends," he insisted.

"Get back into that cab," she told him. "Your friends aren't here. You're going back."

"No, I'm not," he said. "I'm going to buy some soft drinks."

He broke away from her and went into the corner store. In a few minutes he staggered out with a case of soft drinks. By that time a crowd had collected around the taxi.

"Come on! Come on!" the cook called. "The drinks are on me," and handed out the bottles of soft drinks. That done, he meekly climbed into the cab.

"Let's go," he said.

"Where?" the driver asked.

"ANYWHERE," he said, leaning over and patting her cheek.

"You get right back in your seat and stay there," she snapped "or you won't be alive tomorrow morning."

She confessed to me that she was frightened to death. She heard nothing more from the inside of the cab. Finally, she looked around. The cook had succumbed to the

effects of his many visits to the saloons and was stretched out on the seat, sound asleep.

"I had no idea where I was," she said. "but I drove like mad. It seemed like hours. Finally I saw the lights of the Delaware River Bridge and knew I was headed back to Philadelphia. I had nothing more to be afraid of.

"I got into the city and called back to my drunken passenger.

"Where do you want to go?" I asked.

"My only answer was a snore. Finally I stopped a policeman.

"Look what I have," I said. "What shall I do with it?"

"Where did you get it?" he asked.

"I picked it up this afternoon," I told him. "and I've been driving it around ever since."

The policeman grinned, went over to the cook and tried to shake him back to consciousness. The cook stirred, grunted and sank back into his coma.

"Take him to the station house," the policeman said. And that was the end of the cook."

At the police station she went through his pockets and found he had all but forty-three cents of the fare. That, of course, she had to make up.

But an occurrence like that is rare. The girl violated one of the company's rules by keeping her cab out so late. It was after midnight when she reported off duty.

As a nurse, I thought I knew a great deal about human nature. Now I realize I knew nothing. I never before had the opportunity of studying human nature that taxi driving gives me. I only had the chance to study people in the sick room, when they were ill and despondent. Now I see them in all phases and I meet all types. From every fare I have, although not a word be spoken, I learn something more. Every minute I have something different to think about, some new angle

of life brought to my attention. Interesting things are going on about me all the time. The drama of life is being constantly enacted before me. Is it any wonder I like my work? In addition to having mental and physical health, I have the perpetual stimulus of new ideas.

My friends complain of the monotony and boredom of life.

"We are so sick," they say, "of doing the same thing over and over again."

I sympathize with them. I used to feel that way, too. I know exactly how bored and discontented they are. I know the deadliness of routine. And what I tell them is, "drive a taxi for a while. I know of no better antidote for boredom."

A girl taxi driver is never bored. Too many things are happening all the time. There is too much for her to think about. We help people get married, find ministers for them and even act as witnesses. We overhear the quarrels of those who are already married. We listen to people's troubles and sympathize with them. We laugh with people and cry with them. Every minute we are a part of life.

I have learned never to judge anyone by

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his appearance. The best-bred in appearance is often the most boorish. When people get into taxicabs they drop their veneer and become themselves.

"What does it matter?" they think. "She's only a taxi driver."

But that is the test. It is because we are "only taxi drivers" that we see them as they really are. They don't care how they appear to us, consequently they appear at their worst. Many of them don't know the meaning of the word courtesy. They knock on the window about directions and in every possible way do what they can to demonstrate that they are "boss." A favorite stunt for most people is to call a taxi two minutes before a train leaves and then stage a scene of indignation and abuse when they arrive at the station to find the train has gone.

Quite a number of people tell us how to drive. This is partly due, I know, to our being girls. They still have an innate distrust of our efficiency, just because we are women, doing men's work. But they have no cause to be alarmed.

OUR accident record is much lower than that of the men. We have the reputation of being much more cautious, and just as efficient and capable. In fact, our record is so good that the company is engaging more women all the time as drivers. Eventually the men drivers will only be used by the company for night work.

I learn about human nature not only from my fares, but from the other girl drivers, as well. The girls are all unusually interesting and their lives have been so varied. There are former school teachers, art students, bookkeepers, and stenographers among them, all of them seeking health in the open air. There are women who have separated from their husbands and are forgetting the tragedy of their shattered illusions by finding new interests and new diversions in the fascinating work of taxi driving. There are widows who are supporting two and three children by driving taxis.

There is even a grandmother among us. She is a vivacious little person of forty-two, with snapping black eyes and curly bobbed hair. She has won fame as being the "grandmother taxi driver." In the pocket of her coat she carries two snapshots. One is of her grandson, aged eight months; the other is of her granddaughter, aged seven months. "Grandmother," too, is a trained nurse, a graduate of Johns Hopkins. She is well known and admired by the leading doctors of Philadelphia.

Her husband, a lawyer, died three years after her marriage, leaving her with no money and two children. She went back to nursing to support the children. After some years at nursing she went into a dental laboratory. Her health broke and she suffered a severe nervous breakdown. Her doctor told her she must have work in the open air. Her children, both of whom are married, protested, when she announced she was going to become a taxi driver. They urged her to stay at home, but the offer held no appeal. She was accustomed to a life of activity. Last December she started driving a taxi.

"I love it," she told me the other day. "I'm never going to do anything else as long as I live. I wish I could have had such a position ten years ago. I never would have lost my health. But I am getting it back now. I have gained twenty pounds since I started."

"Grandmother" is known all over the city and her fame is spreading all the time.

Two men on their way back from Atlantic City last week went up to the starter at the ferries.

"We won't have anybody but 'grandmother' drive us," they told him. "We've never seen her, but we have heard about her and we like her pluck."

Grandmother, who is no more than five

feet tall and weighs no more than a hundred pounds, was at the other entrance hawking a load.

"Hey, Grandma," the starter shouted, with the crowd turning curiously. And grandmother came running, a broad smile on her face and her eyes twinkling merrily.

"They gave me a two dollar tip," she said proudly at lunch that day. "I hope they ask for me often."

One of the prettiest girl drivers is the only daughter of an extremely wealthy family in the West. She came here to attend art classes at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. She receives a generous allowance, an amount much larger than she receives as a taxi driver. She calls her job "seeing life."

"I have had luxuries all my life," she told me. "I have been pampered and spoiled until I began to feel like a cuddled lap dog. I have never had the chance to meet and see people as they really are. When I was quite young I had a governess, then I was sent to a very exclusive private school. It all bored me to death. I don't like that sort of thing and I can't stand the society game. Now for the first time in my life I am enjoying myself but as soon as the family finds out it will be over. I'll be dragged home and sent abroad with a chaperone."

She goes to her art classes on her day off. The rest of the week she is one of the hardest-working girl taxi drivers in the fleet. And, in spite of her hot-house training, she can swing baggage around better than any of us. It is nothing for her to carry two heavy suit cases and a large traveling bag at the same time.

Another art student is also a taxi driver. After spending two years in art school in this city, studying designing, her health broke and she, like so many of the girls, was ordered into the open air. She intends to go back to school when she has regained her health.

A woman of thirty-three, with two children, was supporting her family by teaching the painting of lamp shades in a department store. She found the work too confining and gave it up for taxi driving. Another is driving a taxi to provide a musical education for her twelve-year-old daughter. A widow, with three children dependent on her, worked in a textile mill for several years after her husband's death. Her health broke in the close, confining air and she chose taxi-driving as the solution. One widow, left with a twelve-year-old daughter, tried telephone operating before becoming a driver, but she also wanted out-of-doors employment.

A TEACHER in the commercial department of one of the city high schools resigned three months ago to drive a taxi. She had taught for fifteen years.

"The routine of the classroom was killing me. I had to get out into the air and get all the cobwebs cleared away. I never felt so well in my life as I do now."

That is the way most of us girl drivers feel about it. That's how I feel. I like taxi-driving very much. If I didn't, I wouldn't do it. A girl today has a large choice of occupations. There is no reason for her having to do something she doesn't enjoy. Time is too precious to be spent in work that is nothing but drudgery. Work should give enjoyment and pleasure. In taxi-driving I have found the only work that comes up to my demands. I enjoy every minute of the nine hours a day I spend at the wheel.

I'll never get used to taking tips. I shall always resent the pity and superciliousness of some of the women. I'll never really take pleasure in slights and slurs, gibes and hoots. I'll always be self-conscious as I "hawk a load" and "roll" to call a taxi ride. But they, after all, are little things, annoyances that everyone has in some form or another. The big things are health and happiness and those things I have!

# The Man Who Couldn't Be Jealous

[Continued from page 53]

space as if I weren't there at all. She grew weaker, too. It became harder for her to walk. She sighed often and would stand holding the back of a chair. Finally she took to her bed, became unconscious, and I sent for you."

I laid a hand on his arm. "My friend," I said, "what did it do to you to deny your love?"

"It killed my happiness," said Roger.

"And hers," I added. There was a pause again. Roger crouched down as though a great blow had struck him.

"She would have helped you," I went on softly, "loving you as she did, if you had only been candid with her, if you had only told her what happened when Henry H. took her hand. It would have been a shock to her; it would have changed your marriage; but it would not have destroyed it. You would have come to love in a new way: not madly, but deeply. Do you see that?"

**I**N THE silence I rose again and leaned over Lois. It seemed to me that even now I could help her, and help him, if I could only reach her, cut through the veil of trance, the thick seal of coma. Unless it was too late. I was not aware of breath or pulse. Then I put the stethoscope to her heart, and turned, and spoke gently.

"I guess," I said, "you'll need your strength now."

Roger raised a face become ghastly.

"Ah, so she's dead," he murmured, and then, oblivious of everything, his love rose in a loud cry. "Lois, Lois, my darling, do not go. I love you. I love you."

In another moment he was on his knees, and had her hand to his lips. In that moment he was released, the wall was broken, the hardness shattered, for his tears fell.

At the same time, Lois stirred.

"If you are quiet," I said, "and are patient, perhaps she will live."

He lifted his eyes, startled with wonder and a wild hope.

"She's living?"

"Yes, and breathing. The heart action is better. Look, her lips, moving. You can see her breathe."

Roger looked, then slowly dragged himself to his chair and sank in it. He was like a child and wept accordingly.

I gathered my things together, put on my hat and coat.

"Do not disturb her," I said. "She is in a natural sleep. If you need any help, call Miss W.—And I'll be in, in the morning."

As he told me later, after I left, he drew his chair to the bedside. And then began for him a strange interlude of ineffable joy and dreadful doubt. He knew now that this love, which had begun in his childhood, was the pure gold of his life, that he and Lois were joined in one of those rare marriages of love that is everlasting, and that there was no sin for him except to deny it and drive it from him. To do that was death and worse than death.

The night speeded. There were sharp hoof-beats and the city-rumble of the dawn. The light—gray, glistening and new—crept into the room slowly. He turned out the lamp.

All was soft glimmering shadow. And in the shadow Lois stirred and woke. Their eyes met. She searched his. She smiled.

"Oh, Lois," was all he could say. An ineffable passion of beauty, tenderness, peace and love filled him.

"A miracie happened, a dream, I suppose," Lois said. "May I tell you?"

"Is it best?" he asked. "Hadn't you better wait?"

"No, let me tell you, dear." Her strength was small and she spoke a few words and was silent and then a few words more. "In this dream I had, I was lying here in this room, and you and a strange doctor were with me. You were speaking to him. Suddenly I said to myself, 'It is time to go.' And I rose out of my body and floated to the ceiling and looked down. I saw everything clearly. I saw you and the doctor. I saw my body on the bed. And I saw a thin thread that ran from my body to me. I thought, 'I'll snap the thread.' But a voice said, 'Wait and look.'

The doctor went to the bedside and listened to my heart. Then he turned and told you I was dead. And then I saw you. You cried out that you loved me, you sank beside my body, you wept over my hand. You wept, darling. That's true?"

He was shivering strangely. "I wept," he said.

"When I saw you weep," she went on, "I came back, my own."

**A**S I look over the index card which set me to writing this story, I see an entry toward the bottom, "Born 3 A. M., Jan. 10, 192—, a son; named after myself."

Everything has changed with the B's, and I count them among the married couples of my acquaintance who are happy.

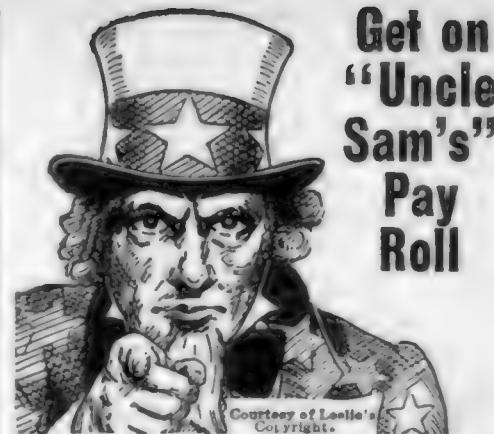
But many such cases end tragically; in fact, it is even possible that had I not been there at the moment of crisis (or some other doctor who understood such cases) Lois might have died and Roger gone out of his head. Just what happened I don't know. People in a trance are sometimes in a sort of dream-fashion aware of their surroundings as Lois was.

When I intimated that Lois was dead, I did it as a deliberate blow to Roger, to break down the wall of his hardness, and his cry probably penetrated through her veil of trance and gave her the assurance of his love, which, after all, was what she needed.

Medicine! This was indeed a case where I might have left my satchel home, save possibly for the stethoscope and the flask of whiskey. And as I look over my index cards I see other cases along this line, the entanglements of love, passion, success and failure, men and women caught in the human problems of life, where what seemed a serious sickness of the body was of the soul and the mind.

Here, for instance, is a card about a beautiful girl, Edwynna W., who because she refused to confess lost her memory and brought up for me the problem of the doctor who is loved by the patient whose life is thereby endangered. Perhaps that comes next. But once again, "Au revoir!"

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# Hot Apple Pie

[Continued from page 25]

Beet, the cook, the idea of baking the pies for us.

Then I went back to the billet and made posters showing doughboys eating sizzling apple pies, and announcing that the next day was "Pie Day". But, believe me I didn't mention any names, or places. We had a scheme to get the customers to the right place. Kicky and Bill nailed the posters in prominent places that night, and we crawled into the old blankets about midnight, feeling that everything was all right on the Pie-tomac.

I suppose Kicky and Bill fell asleep "toot sweet" and dreamed rosily of drinking champagne in gay Paree, and promenading with beautiful mam'selles. But, I couldn't sleep for thinking of the colonel's sweetie. Time and time again I bawled myself out for having taken such a tumble for her. I didn't have a Chinaman's chance against the colonel.

"You fool," I thought. "you'd better go to Paris, and forget that Jane." But it's one thing to tell yourself a thing like that, and quite another to do it when you keep seeing the girl, and hearing her voice. Finally when I did cork off, I had dreams that were merry-go-rounds of mademoiselle, the colonel, pies, and everything but Paris.

The next morning Pontvallain and the whole regiment was in a wild, pie-hungry state. Crowds of doughboys and Frenchies stood around every one of my posters. They were all going like machine guns. A fever of excitement was burning in everybody's blood.

Good news! I thought, and my hopes of the pie business went up. But, the next second they came crashing down at what Jim Adams of B Company said to his buddy.

"Listen to that mope. Fifteen francs cheap for a apple pie? Cheap nothing, even if they put a pound of sugar on every one of 'em. Three dollars is a lotta cash to pay for a pie, I'll tell the cock-eyed world—Oh-o, Jake, pipe that mademoiselle looking at the pie poster," he said. My heart, which had sunk toward my knees at Jim's words, now did a loop-the-loop into my mouth.

THE girl was the colonel's mam'selle, and oh, boy did she look like a million dollars! Nothing else but! I snapped into it, wondering wildly if she'd recognize me as the fellow she smiled at yesterday afternoon. Then I told myself I was a conceited boob to think she would.

"Ain't it fierce to be romantic," I thought. "Now Kicky or Bill could feel the same way about a dozen different mam'selles. Probably will when they hit Paree. And here I'm letting myself go squads east over one doll."

She turned, and started my way. Again I wondered if she'd recognize me. Suppose she did? Suppose she even talked to me? I'd only fall that much harder, and it was all so hopeless. I didn't have a dead Chinaman's chance with the colonel's girl. She was only a few yards off now. I straightened up, and I knew I was very red in the face.

The queerest kind of panic swept over me. I guess I was scared she wouldn't so much as notice me. The impulse to run came to me. But the idea of a fellow who'd gone over the top dozens of times being panicky at passing a beautiful girl. I snapped into it just as the sweetest voice in the world filled the air with a soft "Bon jour, Monsieur l' artiste, and have your funny comrades been throwing any more bottles through billet windows?"

You could have knocked me down with a feather then for any one of a dozen reasons. First, and foremost because she had spoken. Next because she recognized me, and called me monsieur, the artist! My tongue went absent without leave! I was so thrilled I couldn't say a word. She stood there smiling at my dumbness, her eyes twinkling over the way my big hands were playing some silly sort of shuttle game with my clownish overseas cap.

"BON jour, mam'selle," I managed finally, wondering where I got my new voice.

"I suppose you will enjoy Pie-Day with your comrades?" she smiled.

Pie day! I came crashing back to earth from the dizzy places her presence had sent me soaring into. Good Lord! My premonition of getting in a jam swept over me. If I got into trouble I'd have even less chance with her. I decided to make her believe I had no interest in apple pies.

"No, mam'selle. Pie's no friend of mine," I said as solemnly as I could.

Mademoiselle was beautifully mystified. Monsieur must explain. Not like apple pie? Why! Mademoiselle thought it was something wonderful.

I jumped into the first explanation that came to mind. "Mam'selle, pie is very good for everybody but me. It is like a tonic for American soldiers. I am very sorry that I cannot enjoy it like my comrades.

"You see, when I was a little boy I ate a whole apple pie. The apples were green, and gave me colic. From that day I've hated pie," I lied as straight-facedly as possible.

"Colic? Something bad. I do not understand. Would it give me this—this colic, I think you? Because I want to try some."

I assured her apple pie would not give a beautiful young lady anything of the sort. Mademoiselle's answer made me realize that I had put my foot in it for fair.

"You are very nice, monsieur," she said, and treated me to her most gorgeous smile. "And, now I shall expect you to get one of these wonderful pies American for me. Surely you will do this, will you not?"

Say, if she had asked me to start another war I would have done it without a word.

"I'll get you a pie if there's any to be had," I said. I was wondering if anybody would throw a monkey wrench into our pie making plans. For all I knew, the colonel, or some of the officers might already be wise to the stunt. Maybe an axe was already hanging over our heads! Well, if there was, and if this was the last time I might see mademoiselle, I wanted to know one thing. How did she know I was an artist?

Gosh! How my chest swelled at her answer. Mademoiselle had asked the colonel about me. I wanted to ask her why, but I didn't dare. It was more thrilling to believe what I wanted to believe—that she was personally interested in me. Not merely curious as was probably the case.

"I must be going now, monsieur," she said.

But, I didn't want her to go. The minute she left I'd be worrying about the pie battle. And, anyhow, I just naturally didn't want to lose the thrill of her presence: "You live in the chateau on the hill, mam'selle?" I asked.

She gave me a searching glance, and I was afraid she thought me too fresh, but her next words relieved me of this anxiety.

"Is monsieur really interested where I live—and why?"

"I watched you ride to the chateau with the colonel yesterday because I—I was very

—very attracted to you. I—I guess that's the reason I'm interested in knowing where you live—"

"Ah! I understand. But, I wonder if monsieur would be so interested if he did not think me the young lady of the chateau?"

This was my chance to tell her the truth, and I took it.

"Mam'selle I'm interested in you, not your house. The fact is I wish you were not the lady of the chateau. I wish you lived in a—a—oh! you know, just a house," I said.

"But, why?" she demanded.

"Because then there might be some chance for me. I'm—only a corporal, not a colonel," I said.

She blushed, and said something in French. I guess my hopeless look made her put her words into English. "Then, monsieur l'artiste has his wish. I am only a modiste who comes from Paris every spring to make beautiful clothes for Madame, la Comtesse of Chateau le Lude," she smiled.

I almost shouted "Hot dog!" at the top of my voice. Boy howdy! She was from Paris! "When do you go back to Paris?" I demanded.

"In three days, monsieur."

That settled it. I'd get a pass to Paris, hook or crook.

"I'm going in three days, too, Mam'selle," I said. I hoped she'd give me her address.

"YOU will love Paris. It is a beautiful city," was all she said, and my hopes tumbled. "And, now I must be going to see some sick people for Madame la Comtesse. Au revoir."

"You will come for the pie this afternoon," I said. I must see her again, and that apple pie would have to bring us together no matter what consequences to me.

"Monsieur has promised me, has he not? Surely, he will not fail me after I have told him how much I want some of this apple pie American? I thought that was understood," she said and there was a little note of accusation in her voice, as if she blamed me for trying to get out of my promise.

"You'll get beaucoup apple pie or my name's not Dinny Denaham," I said, and buddy, I meant it!

"Din-nee Denaham. That's your name? Din-nee Denaham," she repeated, and my old name sounded like a million bucks. "I like it, and now, au revoir, encore, monsieur l'Corporal," she said. "You will not forget my pie—"

I stood watching her drift away as if spiked in my tracks, until Kicky clapped me across the back: "Come out of the moony daze," he said. "Come on! You oughta taste them pies. They'd make a man with a wooden stomach fight for 'em."

We sneaked to the bakery. Boy, how those pies smelled! It was like old home week in that bakery while I gobbled one of those brown, sugared, crusty circles of steaming sweetness. Man! It was so hot the tears came to my eyes, but the German army couldn't have kept me from eating it. Bill had gotten hold of a bottle of cognac somewhere, and we all got pretty well bucked up on that. I didn't tell my buddies what I'd heard Jim Adams say about the price of the pies. We had to go through with the pie business now. Francine wanted a pie. If I fell down on my promise she'd give me the air, and there'd be no meeting her in gay Paree or anywhere.

"I'm all for starting the battle now," Bill said.

"I'm with you," Kicky said.

We wheel-barrowed those pies under cover to our billet and stacked them up in the room. Our idea was to sell them from the rear porch of the house. Madame Beaupre who owned the billet must have smelled 'em because she came in sniffing expectantly. We gave her one to get her out of the picture, and she went to her end of the

house babbling between bites. I guess Madame wasn't the only one who caught the aroma of the pies because pretty soon the street was full of fellows sniffing suspiciously, but with anticipating smiles on their faces. We gave a pie to the Frenchman that had helped us carry the pies, and sent him out on the street. He was to tell where the pies were on sale.

Great Scott! What happened to the poor frog! The minute the Yanks in the streets saw him come around the corner, his face half-hidden behind a half-moon of a pie, they started at him with whoops. The first wave bowled him over. Frenchy only escaped with his life, by telling them with his hands where the pie was. The mob doubled-time for the rear of our billet. Kicky, and Bill got a little white in the face, and I felt like I was coming down in an express elevator.

I went out with six pies to face the music first. There was pandemonium, and the crowd of about one hundred crazy doughboys surged around the little porch, shouting, "Pie! Pie!"

"Who's first?" I yelled.

Everybody yelled back at me. I never did get the money for the first pie, and it was clawed up by five fellows.

We sold about a hundred before trouble showed up in the person of Jim Adams climbing over the stone wall. The minute he saw that we were selling the pies he started something. I could feel the storm gathering in the back of the yard, and hear it muttering among the fellows who were too far back to get their hands on a pie.

"Hey, you fools ain't nothing but a bunch of suckers, breaking your necks to pay three bucks for a pie," Jim Adams suddenly shouted from the rear.

"Three dollars!" cried another doughboy. "You're right! These bozos ain't nothing but a bunch of profiteers. Let's get 'em and take the pies!"

"Pie profiteers!" bellowed the mob, and those in the back pushed forward.

Just as Kicky came out of the billet with an armful of pies, a big heavy-built chap whose voice carried like a bugle yelled—

"Let's go!"

The crowd rushed us in closed formation infantry waves. The attack became a charge.

The only thing that saved us from complete annihilation in those first few moments of the racket was the fact that lots of the fellows stopped to snatch bites of the savory pies. But, the pressure of those who mounted the steps finally drove us against the door. The door crashed in. Kicky and Bill fell to the floor in a heap. I'll bet they would have been trampled to death if Madame Beaupre hadn't appeared on the scene at the moment.

I guess it was her high-pitched, squealing and yelling that brought a squad of M. P.'s on the run with their sticks. Boy it was time to stop the barrage then! We ran for the front of the billet. There was an awful racket in the street where fellows were fighting over pieces of pie, and yelling for our scalps.

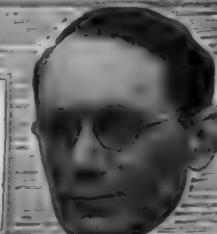
JUST as I made the window I saw Mademoiselle Francine across the street with the mob flowing all around her. I took one look, and diving through the window, rushed to get her to a place of safety. But she did not want to be taken away, and I almost had to carry her into an open doorway.

"Non—Non!" she cried stamping her small foot, "I came for the pie. I want the hot apple pie American you promised me. Are you going to fail me now?"

The roar of the mob smothered whatever else she said, but I had heard enough. Mademoiselle Francine was set on having her pie. I must get it for her, although it was suicide to go out there, and battle the M. P.'s who had taken possession of the billet.

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But, what was suicide. The mam'selle of my heart wanted pie. She was going to have pie!

"All right, Francine, I'll get it. Stay here," I cried and dashed out into the crowd. An M. P. was standing guard at the front door. I slipped by and jumped through the window. There was another M. P. in the room standing over the pies that were left. His back was towards me but I could see he was about to bite into a pie. The roar of battle flowing through the house drowned the noise I made slipping up on him, but he turned on me just as I snatched at a pie. I jerked his own pie away and laid on him with one good sock of the old right fist. Down he went, his stick clattering to the floor.

Leaping over him I dashed through the door. The M. P. outside reached for me. I stiff-armed him, but another clutched me and the pie. We wrestled a moment, and I pulled away with a little piece of the pie still in my hand. Dashing for Francine with the M. P. after me, I shoved it into her astonished hands, stopping just long enough to see her disappointment over the tiny bit of torn pie, and then kept on running. I almost bumped into the colonel who suddenly appeared on the scene. I knew my goose was cooked then. When he yelled "Attention" I stopped and let the M. P. put me under arrest.

The next afternoon about four o'clock Kicky called me excitedly from the street where he was working with a shovel. His shouting broke in on my bitter regret over the fact that I was a prisoner instead of being free to promenade on that white road with Francine.

"What the devil does the bum want now?" I wondered. "Most likely another cigarette. Why the deuce doesn't he buy some once in a while?"

"Dinny! Dinny," he was yelling excitedly, "come on."

**C**ARRYING a big, mud-smeared pick-axe over my left shoulder, I came out of the alleyway. I did not have on any overshirt and one spiral puttee was missing. I was almost upon Francine before I saw her, talking to three French kids about their sick mother.

"Here's your dame," Kicky yelled. The girl turned at his words.

"Oh, monsieur!" exclaimed Francine, upon seeing me. Then her eyes inspected me from head to foot. A little frown of perplexity gathered above her thick, black brows.

"I am a prisoner, mam'selle. The guard is in the alley with my two friends. He has been watching me all day."

"But monsieur, why are you a prisoner like this?" indicating the pick, and the grime of my hands. A wave of embarrassment surged over me, but I felt it was best to tell the truth.

"I have a confession to make. I was at the head of the pie day that caused all the trouble. That's why I am a prisoner. We are kept working all day and at night we are locked up. I cannot go to Paris now, and I am very sad, mam'selle. I'd hoped to give you a real pie, and see you in Paris, too. Will you believe it?"

"Yes, monsieur. I will believe," she murmured, and ignoring the grime of my hands she caught them and held them for a moment.

"Please call me Dinny," I said.

"Din-nee," she repeated slowly, sounding out each syllable. "Oui, I shall call you Din-nee, and you may say Francine, but all, on one condition."

"Name it," I almost shouted, certain that I'd do anything she asked.

"You must keep your promise about the pie. Bring me one to the chateau lodge gate tonight at seven-thirty," she said.

"But, mam'selle I'm a prisoner," I said.

"Din-nee you must do as I say if—"

"I'll do it, somehow," I said. This was no time to hem and haw. I'd manage a pie, and break out of the jug!

I returned to the alley where my two buddies were waiting for me with popping eyes. I told them nothing because I was too busy figuring a way to keep my promise to Francine.

That night Francine met me at the lodge gate and led me straight to the kitchen of the chateau. How I escaped the guard was a story I was going to have to tell later, although I did not know it at the moment.

I could tell by the way Francine twisted her fingers that she was nervous as we went into the main pantry. She took the pie from me and, with a thin silver knife, she cut out a small, dainty portion, just enough, I thought, to aggravate anybody. Then she lifted the tiny piece of tart and kissed it, as if to wish it God-speed and good luck. This mystified me more than ever.

"Remain here until I return," she said.

Throwing back her head resolutely, she pushed the swinging door that led into the dining room. During the brief moment that the door swung wide, I caught sight of a brilliant dinner scene. Good night! Who do you think I saw?

A beautiful well preserved lady of about forty dressed in black satin, and two American officers, at the table. Colonel Mandid and Captain Pendleton, his regimental adjutant. I almost had heart failure, peeping through the door crack. I wanted to bolt out of the place but Francine was speaking.

"Monsieur, le colonel," her voice was as sweet and clear as the notes of a bell. "last night after your soldiers had so much trouble with their pie you said you wished you had some apple pie. Tonight, Madame is honoring you with a little piece. I regret we cannot offer Monsieur l'Adjutant the same dish, but this was all that could be secured at the moment."

"Thank you, a thousand times," responded the colonel, gallantly. I leaned forward to catch every word now, suspecting Francine's game. "I have loved apple pie ever since I was very small," went on the colonel and there was a boyish smile playing around the corners of his firm lips.

The colonel tasted the pie and shot a sympathetic glance at poor Pendleton who glared back at his commanding officer through enormous shell-rimmed glasses.

"Most delicious thing I ever tasted," said the colonel.

"You don't say so?" came from the adjutant.

"I repeat it. Mam'selle, this pie is worth its weight in gold. I should like to reward the maker of it for I dare say your own fair hands had a part in it," suggested Colonel Mandid.

"Perhaps you are right, monsieur, but a very small part. You said you would like to reward the maker? Voila! What would you do for the maker?"

"Anything, mam'selle. Furthermore, I should do anything in the power of a colonel to secure more of this pie. Not that I am a gourmand myself, but I feel conscience-stricken that my very clever adjutant yonder has to sit pieless!"

"Then, Monsieur le colonel, I shall make it possible for you to sleep tonight with a clear conscience," answered the girl.

"You are very kind, mam'selle," replied the colonel, mystified.

Francine left the dining room hurriedly and entered the pantry. Taking a white apron affair from the wall she had it around me before I could offer a protest.

"Sssh! trust me, Din-nee?" she asked, placing her hands on my shoulders.

Giving me the pie, she opened the door and pushed me toward the table.

Colonel Mandid recognized me and the captain peered over his glasses, as if to con-

firm his first sight. Francine showed a little sign of uncertainty as to what she should say. I looked first at the colonel, then at the adjutant and felt guilty of murder. Madame alone seemed complacent and at ease.

"Monsieur le colonel and Monsieur l'adjutant, he who is in front of you is responsible for the apple pie here tonight. And there is more pie for you both when monsieur le colonel has used his full power as a colonel."

"Well, well! What a pretty conspiracy," said the colonel. He was trying to look severe, but at that moment Francine put her arms around his shoulders. I wanted to jump out of my skin with jealousy.

"Are you going to be a—what do you call it in American? Ah! A good sport, Monsieur le Colonel?" asked Francine sweetly.

"Yes, mam'selle. I will forget the army for this time and be a sport, very gladly, for you."

"Then you will write out a pardon for Denaham, and his two comrades, releasing them from jail, and give them passes to Paris, please? They have not committed a terrible crime in making pie, do you think?" questioned the girl.

"Mam'selle is probably right. As it is charges have not been preferred against them as yet. But, I ask one condition, namely, that Denaham tell me how he managed to reach the chateau tonight with this pie and take part in this very entertaining little episode. I'd like to know what kind of guards my regiment has. Am I to be favored, mam'selle?"

Francine looked at me beseechingly.

"I gave the guard a piece of pie. While he was busy eating it I made my getaway, sir," I explained, unflinchingly.

"But, to bribe a sentry in the army, is a very serious offense!"

"Pardon, monsieur le colonel, is it any greater offense for a soldier to bribe a sentry than it is for a girl to bribe a colonel?" Francine asked and Madame la Comptesse asked the Colonel the same question with her eyes. Boy howdy! What a girl! But, was this proof of what was up between her and the Colonel? He was in love with her. That's why he was being big-hearted. Francine was just sorry for me!

"Perhaps it will be better to waive the entire affair. Kamerad! I surrender. Kindly bring me paper and pen."

The release and the passes were written and signed in a few minutes and the papers turned over to Francine.

"DENAHAM is fortunate in having such a charming champion," declared the colonel bowing to Francine, and I wondered if he was sore at me. Wouldn't that be hot stuff? The colonel sore at one of his corporals on account of a girl!

"Thank you," smiled the girl. Then, turning to me she said: "Leave the pie with them, and come with me Din-nee. I have something to show you outside."

Piloted by Francine, I walked through the

starlit night spaces of the Chateau's beautiful garden like a fellow walking on beautiful, mysterious air. The only thing that worried me was that the air might give way under me any moment, and I'd hit the dust. We came to a marble seat, and Francine sat down, and looked up at me silently for a few minutes. We could hear the fountain purling and tinkling in the garden, and the night breeze was whispering softly to the trees, the leaves stirring with strange mysterious answers.

"Din-nee, what are the things of the night saying to each other?" she asked, and the dreamy wistfulness of her eyes made me catch my breath.

"Something very beautiful. Something I can't put into words," I said.

She looked at me: "But isn't there something like the things of the night—the breeze, the trees, the fountains—are saying that you can put into words, Din-nee?" she asked.

"Nothing that I dare to say."

"Why, Din-nee?"

"Because you love the colonel."

FRANCINE looked up sharply. "Is that why I got him to sign these papers? Because I love him? All right, if you think so, here they are—and one of them sends you to Paris," she said and shoved the releases and passes into my hands with a show of pique, and impatience. Wasn't I the dumb-bell?

"I didn't want to go to Paris until you said you lived there, and were going back," I began, but she cut in.

"Well, I don't and I'm not going there."

"But you said you were," I was beginning to suspect something.

"Of course, I did. Of course, after you told me you hoped I wasn't the lady of the chateau. Well, Monsieur Corporal Denaham, I am Madame l'comptesse's daughter, do you understand?"

"Good night! You—you're a countess yourself," I gasped.

"I shall be some day."

"Honest, Francine, I thought you were the first time I saw you outside my billet with the C. O. I believed you lived up here in the chateau and I decided I didn't want to go to Paris. I only went in the pie scheme to make money for my buddies' trip. I wanted to stay. Oh! Francine, don't you understand? I don't want to go now. I'm not going," I said and I tore up my own pass to Paris.

It was a long time after this before I asked where the colonel fitted in the picture. And, where do you think? The Colonel was making up to Francine's mother.

Bill and Kicky went to Paris all right, and had their fling, but you can bet your boots I stayed right on in Pontvallain with Francine.

We were married the following year, and the Colonel and I often sit around the old chateau and re-hash the best war either one of us ever fought, or ever will fight while madame and Francine listen in. All of which ought to prove to you that what I said in the beginning of this story was the truth, and nothing but the truth. I was the luckiest bird in the A. E. F.!



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## Flame of the Desert

[Continued from page 43]

now and sunrise. And maybe you'll smell gunpowder and see some men brought down. But if they get me, ride for the open space between the palms, and bear north. And I'll give you this in case you need it."

From his belt he took out a short, blunt automatic pistol and put it into my hands. I knew what it was he meant.

He put his finger on his lips. His face looked gay and happy, as if the excitement were a kind of cordial he craved. I had never known a man like him, a man who seemed to find danger almost necessary to his happiness.

THEN he beckoned me towards the door, and put his hand upon it. All at once he whirled and motioned me back violently. Then with folded arms he took up a position near the door itself as if still on guard. The next instant I heard a faint footfall. The guard's voice outside mumbled something, the door was opened, and Diane Decasse stood before me!

In my surprise I could only stare. For her part as she surveyed me in the trailing and colorful garments of an Eastern woman, a little mocking smile touched her mouth.

"So," she murmured, "you are about to become the favorite of El Rani. You are very enviable."

There was no mistaking her sneer. I said with abrupt frankness: "Why do you hate me? What have I done to you?"

"Hate you?" She made a sweeping gesture of scorn. "Why should I, Decasse, hate a schoolgirl like you?"

"But you do hate me," I answered, struggling to keep my voice calm and level. "There's no use pretending you don't." Then all at once it seemed to me I understood, and the answer was so obvious that I wondered I hadn't guessed it before. The favorite of El Rani! Diane Decasse had certainly been that very thing, and now she was furiously jealous of the girl who was about to supersede her.

"Oh," I cried. "I want to escape this man—I hate El Rani. This isn't my fault. You—you ought to help me."

Her lip curled. "Help you?" she repeated. "Why," she went on. "El Rani is nothing to me. Do you think for an instant I want him?"

I thought she must be lying. My eyes went to Captain O'Neal, standing as silent and inscrutable as Ahmed Kassim himself, and there was no sign that he had even heard.

"I don't believe you," I answered bluntly.

Her face had an angry look now. "You don't believe me," she repeated. "Listen and I will tell you something you do not know! Do you think El Rani's power interests me? Why—why—you do not know yet why it is I take this journey. You do not know. Well, I think I shall tell you." She paused, drew in her breath, then said in a haughty, impressive whisper: "I am for Mascar!"

"I don't know what you mean."

She laughed again. "It was in Paris—last year. The Sultan of Mascar, under another name, saw me at the Opera. He loved me—the thing was arranged. I agreed to come here. Love—that is nothing, but publicity—ah, an artist cannot despise publicity! So, presently, El Rani, the Akbar of Titlis, came for me—to take me into the desert for twelve months. El Rani whom the Sultan of Mascar trusts—bah! He trusted him unwisely. El Rani could not resist me."

Slowly to my bewildered brain the story of this strange caravan and its stranger personnel was unfolding.

But why, if this were the truth, did Diane

Decasse hate me, as she so obviously did? Was it that she could not bear seeing any man desire any other woman except herself? And yet I did not think that was so. No, it was almost as if she were glad that I was now seemingly in El Rani's power, and had come to mock me.

But puzzling as these questions were, I knew I had no time now to find their answers. The one thing to do was to get her away, to make her leave me. If El Rani arrived, as he would at any moment now, Burke O'Neal might be powerless to help me.

At that thought a little shiver of dread ran through me.

"Well," I said, "it doesn't matter to me what you want, Mademoiselle Decasse. Only go—leave me, do you understand? I don't want—" I broke off helplessly, but her cold smile seemed to make further explanations unnecessary.

Her eyes seemed to explore my face full of hidden meanings. She nodded, then turned on her heel, and made her way to the door as if even disdaining to say anything further to me.

Had Diane Decasse been another kind of woman, I think nothing might have happened. But she was unable to resist using her spell on any man, no matter what his position.

She glanced, smiling provocatively at the figure she believed to be Ahmed Kassim's. Then a great cry came from her lips. She started and stared, her hand at her throat. And a shudder went through me at the realization that she had guessed O'Neal's identity.

"So!" she exclaimed furiously. "It's you—you! What are you doing here with her?"

And in that shaken sentence I read the one thing she had not told me, the most important thing of all. It seemed to me that I knew at last why it was that she hated me. For Diane Decasse loved, as far as it might be said she had ever loved anyone, Burke O'Neal—Flame of the Desert!

She stamped her small foot. She was trembling—with rage, I would have said.

"What are you doing here with her?" she repeated.

"Listen," he said in a cold voice. "When Marley found his daughter was gone and grew suspicious, I told him what had probably happened. He offered me everything he has in the world—every last sou!—to bring her back. Do you understand now?"

"You love her," she said in a fierce whisper. "That is why you want to help her."

I heard O'Neal's low laugh. "Jealous, eh? Don't worry about her, then!" he said.

I TRIED to tell myself that he was only saying that to put her off her guard, but in spite of my attempt, O'Neal's slur rankled. The fear came over me that perhaps it was not she to whom he was lying but myself. After all, how could I be sure?

Then as if to convince me, the very next instant Diane Decasse, with a little cry, went to his arms. I saw him fold her close, it seemed to me his whole body expressed a deep tenderness.

I might have thought his words were meant to deceive her, but now when I saw this thing, I felt a sensation of sick despair.

And now I heard Diane Decasse, murmuring to him, almost as if I had not been there.

"Come with me now," she pleaded. "Don't stay here, don't stay here any longer. Is it money you want? I will give you all you wish. I will do everything you wish. Only love me—for without that I will

destroy everything—myself and you, too!" I shrank back, for the fury of her love was in her voice. She was like a tiger, like a woman out of forgotten time. For her there was no reality except the unreality of passion.

"Not yet," said O'Neal. "Go to your tent out there I will see you later."

"You must come with me now!" she demanded. "If you expect me to believe what you have told me!"

FOR a moment there was a pause, while their eyes met. Then Flame O'Neal made a little gesture of acceptance. As I watched, he went to the door with the French girl. It opened. There was the mutter of the guard. The door closed and I was alone once more.

In that moment of finding myself abandoned again, my head whirled with the horror of the situation into which I had been thrust.

As I walked back and forth, my brain teeming with many things, there came to me, as if in a flash of sudden illumination, my chance to escape—alone and unaided!

What I had heard put El Rani in my power—what I knew now would force him to leave me in peace! I recalled every word Diane Decasse had spoken, and a tide of exultation swept through my heart.

I turned towards the door, determined and smiling. I no longer trembled to see the form of El Rani appear in the doorway of my jewelled prison. Rather I longed to see him.

And as if in answer to my desire the door swung wide, and El Rani stepped across the threshold.

He waved towards the divan. "Sit there, if you please," he said in his soft voice. "It may be that I have something to say to you."

I had expected anything, a brutal attack, in which I might struggle helplessly in the grip of his powerful arms. But I had not expected this. With his suave manner and deliberate air, he might have been a caller at my father's house, exchanging opinions over Turkish coffee. I knew then that El Rani was not only very unscrupulous, he was very subtle and very wise.

"I have no desire to frighten you," he went on. "No, I have hopes that that will not be needed. When I found you here before, it is true that I lost my head for the time. My feeling for you mastered me, and I could not control myself. But now I am more reasonable, and as I do not think you are a fool, I am willing to use other methods."

"You're not very clear," I said, meeting his glance with a defiant look, but feeling unsure of myself somehow.

"Let me be clearer then. Have you in thinking things over reflected that I am very rich? Perhaps you do not know how rich I am? It is not only in the desert that I am a ruler of men. In the countries of Europe, where gold is power, I have authority. At Neuilly near Paris I have a beautiful villa. I have another on the Riviera. I have servants, horses, cars, yachts. A woman whom I admire may have furs and pleasures and luxuries such as few women dare dream of."

"WHAT has this to do with me?" I demanded.

"A great deal. Because I admire you. Because I think I admire you more than any woman I have seen for months."

"Even more than Mademoiselle Decasse?" I asked ironically.

He did not seem put out. He merely waved his hand, and did not attempt to deny my insinuation. "What is she? nothing! Someone with whom to pass a moment—of no interest. But you!" His eyes seemed to flicker and glow, but still he made no move to come nearer to me.

I met his eyes again, and then I laughed,

and in my wild, scornful laughter, he read my answer.

He rose swiftly to his feet. With his cat-like pace he approached me, and his fingers closed on my bare arm.

"Since persuasion cannot move you," he began in a voice that I remembered with terror, "I shall have to try simpler means."

But I drew my hand free and sprang up.

"It won't be necessary, El Rani," I cried. "In fact within ten minutes, I think you'll be glad to give me a horse and an escort and send me back to my father's house!"

I spoke with such confidence that he paused, looking at me with a puzzled stare. Then in my fury I flung out what I knew:

"Why," I cried, "do you think that even here, in the desert, you can do what you wish? I know everything about you, Mohammed El Rani! I know why it is you're taking Mademoiselle Decasse to the court of the Sultan of Mascar. I know why it was you were selected by the Sultan. And I know what the Sultan would do to you, if he found out you had betrayed him!"

A slow, curious smile crossed his lips. Then his face grew harsh.

"And how would you tell the Sultan?" he went on.

"Oh, I'd—I'd get an audience easily enough. And—and I don't think it would be hard to convince him."

"You'd get an audience?" he sneered. "Do you think after what you have told me, you will ever have the chance in this life to speak with the Sultan of Mascar, my master?"

Had some other man said such a thing to me, I would have laughed at the impossibility of it, but I did not laugh now as I looked into El Rani's burning eyes. I knew this was a man fully capable of carrying out any threat, and I knew, too, that in the desert there is nothing impossible.

My hope was dead, the thing with which I had thought to win freedom and safety had plunged me into only greater difficulties. And now the force which El Rani had held in leash seemed loosened. He caught me in his arms with a grip of iron, and his voice seemed thickened.

Then suddenly there rose on the air a sound I shall never forget; a sharp, sudden clattering noise as if the world had come to an end, a sputtering of violent explosions.

I noticed now that El Rani, holding me tightly in his arms, was nevertheless tense and motionless as he listened to this unexpected uproar.

THE next instant with a mutter he had released me. I saw him turn and hurry to the door, as I sank to the divan almost fainting. How long I remained there I do not know, though it could only have been a matter of seconds. But in that short space many things whirled confusedly in my head, and I thought of my father and my home and far off days in America with the blurring sequence of a dream.

I dared not hope, and what that sudden sound of the machine gun meant I did not know. I think I moaned in utter terror of body and soul in which I lay. Then the door swung again, and I cowered and hid my eyes.

"Don't lose your pluck, my dear. Sure, you didn't think there was a devil could harm you, with Flame O'Neal on your side."

I looked up, jumped to my feet. The Irish captain of fortune, breathing hard, his eyes gleaming with the joy of fight and excitement, was facing me, a grin on his mouth.

"Listen," I cried, "if you'll help me, my father will gladly give you everything. Oh, please, you've got to help me this time."

He did not so much as answer me. Striding forward he caught me in his arms, and carried me to the door. He kicked it open with his foot. I saw the guard lying there, as if felled with a blow, his knife at his feet, his long barrelled musket fallen from his hands. It seemed to me that the man



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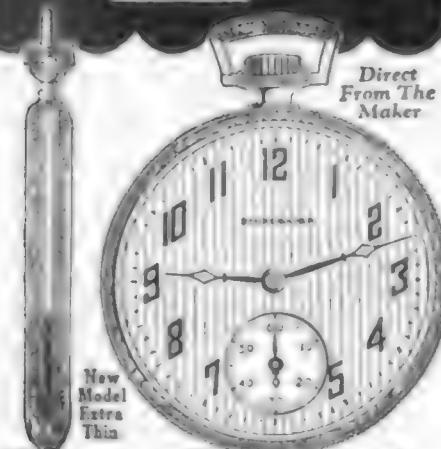
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was dead. I shuddered and turned my head away.

Burke O'Neal's arm tightened around me still more firmly, but he said nothing. We came out in the cleared space of the camp.

Suddenly Flame O'Neal seized my arm roughly, and with an exclamation in Arabic, began to drag me along. The next instant I saw several men approaching. Their eyes fell on O'Neal and taking him for Ahmed Kassim, they saluted him respectfully. Undoubtedly they thought he was taking me to El Rani. They passed on their way, and then my arm was released.

"Now run for it," the Irishman said close to my ear. "They'll come to their senses quick enough. You'll find the horses tethered over there, and I'll be close behind you."

I jumped on the back of the horse that was staked twenty feet distant. I saw O'Neal with superhuman strength tear up the stakes themselves, rather than waste the second's delay necessary to untie the halters. He swung to the back of the black horse, the larger of the two, and then we were off like the wind.

"No time, my dear, for anything but hard ridin'," the Irishman said. "But we'll get through—they won't find us now."

For the first hour we rode in silence, though indeed our pace was so terrific we could not have spoken if we wished. Flame O'Neal stopped and changed his directions a dozen times, and soon it seemed certain to me that we had escaped.

But it was not until long after that that he dared to slacken rein, and our weary, brave horses had the chance to collect their spent strength.

O'Neal laughed loudly and lifted his arm as if in pride of his own achievements.

"That was a simple trick I put on him," he said. "I saw him go in there, and I managed to get the cover off one of those machine guns. It was a fine decoy. He came out on a run. But faith, my dear, I wouldn't be saying I could do as much twice!"

"Are we far from my father's house?" I asked. "Can we reach it before morning?"

He shook his head at that. "It's not to your father's house we're going now," he said. "Sure, there's time enough for you to go home afterwards."

"But what do you mean," I stammered. "You don't think that El Rani—?"

"Why, no," he went on. "If you'll do me the goodness to think back a bit, you'll recall I suggested taking you to the nearest mission where we could be married, you and I. Barring a few delays, I've kept my word—as I always do!"

MY HEART was trembling. It seemed to me I could not speak. All I saw before me was the picture of Diane Decasse in his arms, his voice soothing her, promising her. And suddenly I felt that whatever his motive was, it was anything but a good one.

In that instant I knew he had hurt me more than anyone had ever hurt me, and now I longed, in the perversity of my mounting emotions, to hurt him.

"Oh, no, Captain O'Neal," I said. "You've saved me, and everything my father has is yours, but you don't think—"

"No, my dear, I don't think. I know!"

"Are you mad enough to think I really would, after what I've seen?"

"I'm quite mad enough," he said at that in his determined way. "Maybe, I'm sensible enough, too. Didn't I tell you I loved you. I meant to, I know. For, Eve Marley, I love you, and it's back to Galway you're going with Burke O'Neal!"

"Don't be ridiculous," I exclaimed. "You have your French girl. It's not necessary to try to deceive me, make a fool of me." I couldn't go on somehow, for my voice was shaking queerly.

His own tones were full of tenderness. "Eve, darlin', forgive me for all I had to

do to help you. There was no other way. But sure if you only knew how frightened I was to-night. And it's the first time I ever was frightened."

"You lie very well," I said. "But it just happens I'm not convinced."

"Listen to me," he said sternly, "I do what I say. It will be well for you to remember that, and I'm going to marry you this night."

"Oh," I sneered, torn and tossed by my own emotions. "you're going to marry me to-night? How do you think you can do that?"

"I'll do it," he said grimly, and I knew that he meant what he said, that my resistance would be of no use, that this man if necessary would drag me like a prisoner before a missionary, and beat me into compliance with his indomitable will.

"You're not much better than the man you serve, are you?" I asked in my white heat. "A couple of brigands, the two of you, oh, there's not much difference, except that he has the excuse of his race. You have none."

"I mean only good to you," Flame O'Neal said at that, and his voice was a little tremulous. "I swear it. Eve, I'll be good to you. God, you're the loveliest thing I've ever looked at. Do you think I could harm a hair of that head? I'll be good to you, my darling, for I love you."

His voice melted me. I knew I would not have strength enough to resist him, if I did not close my ears. He had saved me, yes, but he had hurt me too, and foolishly, madly, that one thought filled my mind. I must hurt him as he had wounded me. I must slight him just as he had slighted me!

Then the words came to me. They flashed instinctively into my brain. I laughed—and every woman is enough of an actress to help her convince a man when it is needed.

"You still don't understand," I said bittingly. "When you came to take me away from El Rani to-night, you came too late! I did not fight against him and his will. He was fascinating to me; fascinating, do you understand? Oh, I didn't think anything in the world would make me tell you this, but you've forced me, and you might as well know the truth!"

Carried away by my emotion, I went farther than I planned. I uttered a hundred follies and impossibilities, and all but said I was in love with El Rani and willing to be his slave.

And what all my resistance had been unable to accomplish, my lie achieved in an instant. For a moment Burke O'Neal's steady, grave eyes rested on me, and his mouth seemed twisted as if with physical suffering. He looked at me as if he were seeing me for the first time, wonderingly and bewildered and deeply hurt. Then with sudden harshness he laughed.

"You've made a fool of me," he said lightly but bitterly. "And it's not you I'm blaming for that. Faith, I thought you a child and an innocent one, and instead you are—" He ended with an ironic gesture. Then he fell silent and looked down, and I caught a glimpse of his eyes. They were hurt at last, and the dominance had gone out of them.

"I'll be on my way back to the camp," he said at last. "I wasn't seen this evening, so I may be able to give a good account of myself. If you care to follow, I'll guide you back. But this, you will do. You'll keep a decent distance behind me, where I won't be troubled by rememberin' what I once thought of you."

"I shan't go back there now," I said. "I'll go home to my father's house and wait until El Rani comes for me."

"Then, I can point out to you where your father's house lies from here. Follow those dunes directly north and they'll take you to the Karai Trail. From there

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you can cut your way through the hills to the coast with four hours' ridin'. Good-by."

He made a curt bow, suddenly wheeled his horse, and swung away. And as he did so, my tired brain was already struggling with my pride. I longed to tell him that I lied, but somehow I could not. He must find out for himself.

Yet watching him now, a dim shape against the dim reaches of the desert, I realized that I had disillusioned more completely than I had wished. Burke O'Neal was not the kind of man one flirted with, quarrelled with, and then made up.

THE last remnants of my foolish pride vanished. I suddenly called his name aloud. The tiny sound seemed lost in the immensity in which I stood. Already he was only a speck, galloping from me like the wind.

Then all at once I began to sob. I hated myself. I knew that I had been a fool, that I had flung away something fine and wonderful to satisfy my perverse pride.

I tried to stifle my self-reproach, but it was in vain. And I was alone. Wearily I turned the mare's head. I would go back to my father's—it was all I could do. But in my short gallop, I had lost my sense of direction. I tried to find the particular dunes of which Burke O'Neal had spoken, but I could not locate them.

And if I had been sorry before that I had sent Burke O'Neal away from me, that thought was agony now. On and on I went aimlessly. It seemed to me that I was alone with only the rocking sky above me and the floor of the endless desert at my feet, and that I had always been alone. I had but one consolation. Evil as was my plight now, it was a thousand times better than if I were still in the hands of El Rani.

It was almost morning, and I had practically given up hope, when I wheeled my tired and patient horse around the corner of a huge hummock. As I did so, I stopped and rubbed my eyes. I couldn't believe that what I saw was really so.

But in another instant I knew it was the truth. I knew that costume, that familiar burnous. Captain O'Neal was spurring his horse towards me.

Too thankful to describe how I felt I waited. He had gone away, I told myself, and thought over what I had said. The manifest absurdity of my words had occurred to him. He had realized that I had lied and now he had returned to find me.

In my loneliness I knew now that I could not resist him, nor did I want to. To feel his arms about me, to know his protection, was anything in the world more precious or wonderful? In this instant of weariness I could go to the last step and admit that it was Burke O'Neal I loved heart and soul, good or bad, poor or rich.

The cloud of dust showed how furiously he was riding. In three more minutes he had galloped to my side and checked his horse. The next instant I found myself looking into the barrel of a pistol! I stared horrified. I was too bewildered to cry out.

For though I was looking at the burnous of Ahmed Kassim, I did not see beneath it the eyes of Burke O'Neal, Flame of the Desert, but instead to my terror those of Ahmed Kassim himself—Kassim, the sworn servitor of El Rani!

I HAD escaped once, and through my own foolish pride I had again fallen into El Rani's trap. It was terrible. My situation was worse than it had been before Captain O'Neal came to my rescue. Now I had lost my only friend. October SMART SET will tell you in "Flame of the Desert," what happened to me when I was taken back to El Rani.

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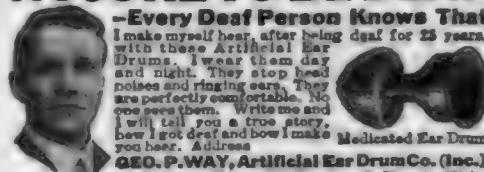
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## Love Rides to Conquer

[Continued from page 56]

right off the bat. He was so nice and friendly.

"It's most jolly to see you looking so fit after—after your slight indisposition," he aid.

I had a habit of falling into the way Englishmen spoke when I was with them. It had commenced some years back with the idea of making a little harmless fun of them.

"Thanks awfully. It's most jolly to be up and able to take a bit of nourishment. Quite! Quite!" I laughed back realizing he suspected that my illness had been a convenient excuse to break a date with the man on the club porch.

It was only a short dash to Mel Lessington's from the club, but, the road was up and down hill all the way. As we swung a curve at the top of a hill we were facing the west all aglow with the colors of a September sunset.

**G**AD!" exclaimed England, "what a topping play of color. Puts me in mind of sunset in the hot countries. Twilight coming on in the foot-hills of the Himalayas, and all of that!"

"You are romantic, aren't you?" I asked when he turned back to me.

"Yes. But, what Englishman isn't?"

"I've always thought of Englishmen as cold, practical, severe."

"Quite so, because Englishmen are bred not to let themselves go in front of the world. Our reserve is a cloak we are taught to wear for our own protection."

"I'm glad to be put right. I really did give you people credit for being ice factories." I said.

"Cold as all that, eh what? Well, I've every ambition in the world to prove us, myself in particular, roaring foundry furnaces. I've been tipped off that it's quite the thing to be out here. Fact is, a chap in my regiment—topping fellow, old Geoffrey Swinton: Victoria Cross, and all that sort of thing—told me not to be too stand-offish, and ramrodly out here. Said it was no-go with the Americans. Advised that I chuck all ceremony, and take a plunger. I say, what do you think of old Swinton's idea?"

"Meaning he told you to dive right into things after the wild American fashion?"

"Quite the idea behind his words, I'm certain."

"Then, by all means dive." I encouraged. England was nobody's case of arrested mentality. He saw the play and followed it through. "Then here goes," he said, and slipped his arm around me, "And, Kay, my dear, you won't be awfully cut up if I give you a deucedly enormous rush tonight?"

We reached Mel Lessington's right in the middle of the cocktail barrage. As usual, everybody was drinking, talking, and gesturing polo. John F. Haverstraw, Jr., delightfully fizzed up from a cocktail session at the Highhills Country Club, was giving a screaming demonstration of his new game "Parlor Polo" which consisted of galloping about, astride a cane, and swinging at an imaginary ball with a croquet mallet. There were other side shows almost as diverting. England was quite taken by it all.

"Jove! You people out here are a jolly lot. I'm all for it. Look at that chap Haverstraw! Tight as a lord! But, why not? He'll go out tomorrow and play a snorting game of polo. Gad! he can play polo! Well, cheerio," and he lifted his glass.

"To the dive," I said.

Our host barged up at that moment. He didn't seem a bit surprised to find me with Kingscote instead of Culpeper. Of course, Mel knew everybody in polo all over the

world. He and England were quite old friends. As we stood chatting Mel told me that Culpeper had just telephoned that he had a headache.

So the proud, wiley Virginian had taken my advice. He was taking no chance of being given a buggy ride. Well, neither would I take such a chance when he finally showed up and paid me back for going with Kingscote. England would be making love to me by the time dinner was over!

We were getting along so famously by midnight that I was about to put my thoughts of T. Staunton Culpeper in cold storage when that most aggravating specimen of the masculine gender fox-trotted into the picture with young Lucia Wembly, the season's star sub-deb clutched in his best ballroom embrace. Lucia's beautiful young face was uplifted adoringly to him, her dark eyes half-lidded. She was such an incorrigible little "come-on-girl." The Virginian was glancing down at her with some of the eagerness he had exhibited in my company before our over-night engagement.

England whirled me at that moment, and I completely lost step. He frowned as his glance rested on Culpeper.

"There's that confounded mint julep chap. Dash him! I didn't like the way he acted up as if I were a lackey about the club."

"Don't pay him any attention. He only acted that way because you're English. Culpeper hasn't got any use for the British. Says they're a lot of hot air." I said to start the fireworks.

"The deuce, you say! By George, I'll show him a thing or two. Gad, if I weren't a guest in this country I'd tweak his dashed nose right now," he fumed, his face turning scarlet.

"The best way to get back at him is to show him up at polo. He says Englishmen play too safe a game, and won't mix it up in scrimmage."

This was the shot that went home. England was no longer the good humored young pleasure-seeker, and romancer. He was the British Army on its mettle. England would go the limit to take the wind out of Culpeper's sails. And, that was just what I wanted now. It seemed the only way to bring Culpeper around.

"Here comes the blighter now," said England.

**T**HE music suddenly stopped. The four of us were left facing each other. Of course there was nothing to do but make the necessary introductions.

T. Staunton Culpeper was over polite to the Englishman, and all but gushed over me, but I saw through him. The Virginian wasn't going to give me the satisfaction of seeing how sore he really felt, and it was an attitude that protected his male pride. England stiffened perceptibly as he took Staunton's hand, but, born and bred a perfect gentleman, he played the part.

"Having a good time, Captain Kingscote?" Lucia asked. She was turning her vamp battery on my partner as she did on all new talent.

"I've been having a most, most jolly evening. American parties are extraordinary fun. Quite! Quite!" he answered.

A little smile curved the corners of Culpeper's lips. I felt like kicking him in the shins. The handsome devil was laughing inwardly at the man I'd favored.

Mel Lessington joined us. "How's the headache, Cul?" he asked.

"Oh! it's quite disappeared. Quite, since I've been dancing with Lucia," he said.

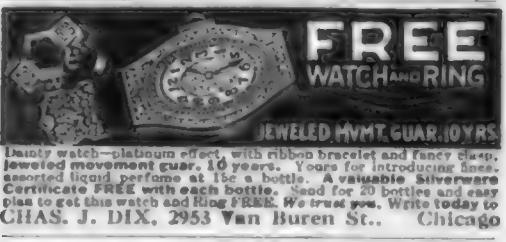
You could tell he was razzing Kingscote.

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England's eyebrows bristled higher and higher. Somebody called Mel away. The music began. Culpeper held out his arms to Lucia. This was a shock. I was confident he'd ask me. She snuggled close to him, and they glided away. I stood glaring at them.

"By George, I believe you're in love with that chap. Dash his handsome impudence," England said.

This startled me. Was I really in love with Culpeper? Or, was my engagement to him the result of swift, blind infatuation?

The only thing I could decide was that England must be made to believe I didn't love Culpeper.

"If that was true would I have broken my date with him, and come here with you?" I demanded.

"Hardly," he admitted, his face brightening. "But," and the clouds came back, "You're so deucedly provoked with the chap. That's always a bad sign in a girl."

"I'm terribly angry with him because I know he was poking fun at your way of talking," I said to pour more oil on the fire.

"Well, now! That's better. Rather! I caught his impudent mimicking."

A WHISTLE, blown sharply by Mel Leffington, interrupted us.

"We've got a great idea," Mel announced when the babbles died down. "A game of moonlight polo—"

The crowd clapped, and cheered.

"It's as bright as day outside on my practice field. Come on, I want two mixed teams. Who'll play?"

Instinctively my eyes searched the crowd for Culpeper and Lucia. They were holding up their hands. Mel saw them, and called them over. Johnny Haverstraw having danced off his early jag rushed into the picture pulling a laughing blonde girl after him.

"Here's one team, already," Mel said.

England gave me a look. I understood. Here was a chance for him to get at Culpeper. Also, it was my chance to show the Virginian that I wasn't weakening. We locked arms and ran into the little circle.

"Great!" shouted Mel, "One more couple, and an umpire, please," he called.

Sally Rayner, and Bob Martin spoke up.

"Umpire yourself, Mel," said a voice—and settled that.

There was a general scurrying toward the practice polo field, and the stables. Mel kept enough polo equipment on hand for a regiment, and we were soon all outfitted, and ponied. The orchestra was playing in the field stand when we galloped out. England made a graceful, and romantic picture dashing along at my side in polo kit in the moonlight.

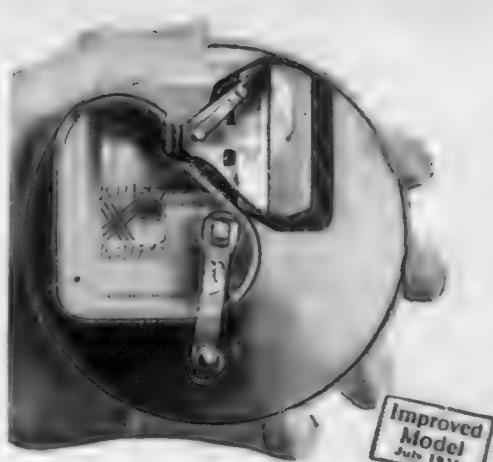
When we halted in front of Mel for final instructions I slipped my arm through England's. He looked at me, his fingers pressing against mine.

"Sorry, Mel," cried Culpeper galloping up, "But, I've been held up trying to make my long legs fit a pair of short stirrups. We report ready for the shooting, sir."

England squeezed my hand, and drew up in his saddle at the word "bean." "The dashed blighter!" he said, glaring at Culpeper, as we lined up for the four chukker moonlight match.

From the first throw-in the Virginian rode the field like a white-clad Uhlan on the warpath. Never before had he unleashed such power as he put behind his drives. His mallet never missed aim, and although playing beside such an ace as Johnny Haverstraw, he drove in three of the four goals scored by his side.

England rode like the wind himself, swinging an unerring mallet. He went into the game to show T. Staunton Culpeper that a Britisher was not afraid to mix it up in the heaviest sort of scrimmaging. England scored our three goals, and shadowed Culpeper's every move, turning back at least



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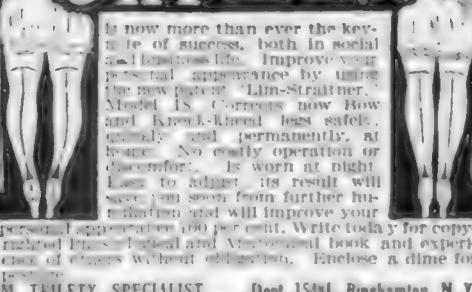
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like a flash of lightning, and although the Virginian, and Haverstraw, playing back for Eastern, made a heroic effort to cut off the score, a second drive from Kingscote's mallet sent the ball between the posts for first blood.

I was so thrilled by the playing that I momentarily lost my own personal concern over the final outcome, and joined in the barrage of cheers for England.

England scored his second goal in the next chukker, but Culpeper balanced this up by scoring on one of the longest drives ever witnessed on Meadow Brook Field. The play maintained its fast and furious pace with everyone wondering which side, and which man would be the first to break under it. Yet, the ponies, and the players appeared made of tireless stuff. They rushed through the fourth and fifth chukker at the same mad speed, holding each other at bay. But, Robertson Smalley of the Eastern team came through in the sixth with a goal for his side, and the score was even at two all.

My heart was in my mouth as the seventh chukker began. England had glanced at me just before the bell, and the "do or die" expression of an Englishman was on his face.

Culpeper drove past midfield on the throw-in. An Orangemere man, Simmons, I think, side-clipped it towards the board in front of my box. England was after it like a shot, with two opponents flanking him. It was nip and tuck for a moment. But, he got the stroke, and spun the ball out of their reach with a back swing. Johnston, his number two, babied it over to Blodgett, his number one. Blodgett cracked it sharply toward the Eastern goal. But, coming in on the gallop, with all his forehand stroke the Virginian drove the ball in the opposite direction and the field was after it in pack formation.

The Englishman waded into the scrimmage that looked as if blood must be spilled, and bones broken. The ball came out in the clear, and once more he followed it through with a tremendous wallop, racing it, and poking it through for his third goal. The score was now Orangemere three—Eastern two.

Culpeper seemed to unloosen all he had in the next minute of play, and by sheer hard riding, and fearless charging, he sent over a goal. The teamwork of Eastern which had been somewhat ragged until this point showed itself, and just as the bell rang for the end of chukker seven, the ball shot through the Orangemere posts for a fourth goal.

I was shaking with fear, excitement, and uncertainty as Forester Kingscote passed close to my box again. His face was white and desperately set. He made no effort to smile.

Bell!

A WAY they went, flying at the rump of England's pony, for he was driving on the Eastern goal. Haverstraw saved the situation for the time being by a brilliant interception, and his mallet sent the ball back to midfield. The next minute seemed like an eternity to me as the play was first up one side, and then down the other. In a furious melee England lost his helmet. Somebody in the stands dubbed him the "blond knight."

As the crowd took up the name he rode Culpeper into the boards across the field, grazed the ball into the open, and drove. The stands had their greatest thrill of the afternoon in the race that followed. England in the lead, blond hair flying in the wind, and Culpeper charging from behind like a Uhlan in pursuit. But the Uhlan couldn't overtake the blond knight in time. A mallet hissed through the air.

Crack! And, the white ball seemed to fly through the air, and between the goal posts.

Bedlam ensued as the gong rang for the

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end of the last chukker with the score tie at four all. But, I did not cheer, or stand with the waving mob. Instead I sat, clutching the program with weak, trembling fingers, sick from the strain that had been finally relieved by the game ending in a tie. Neither men could make any claims on my uncertain sentiment.

But, my relief died a sudden death. The bell rang insistently for a few moments, and Colonel Jaymont, the umpire, announced that the two teams must play an extra chukker for a decision as there was no room left in the tournament schedule for a play-off match.

**A**N INNER voice suddenly whispered that this was to be Fate's chukker. The players were stringing by to line up.

Simmons! Blodgett! Johnston! England, a desperate air about him as he glanced at me and looked away. I saw him set himself in his saddle, and suddenly a soft little scream parted my tightened lips. Tears burned in my eyes, and my arms went out to him in a swift voluntary gesture.

"Oh! England! England!" I cried under my breath, and somehow I felt as if I had said a beautiful prayer. My eyes closed for a moment to the players prancing by on ponies, and the stands.

I cannot tell you exactly what happened inside of me then, but women who have looked upon a man, and suddenly realized that they loved him will understand the miracle that happened in my heart. I suddenly knew that he was the truest, finest man, and boy in all the world; that I loved him; and that T. Staunton Culpeper had never really stirred my heart and soul. He had only swept me into an engagement when I was infatuated.

T. Staunton Culpeper was abreast of me as I opened my eyes, but he jerked his head the other way. I wondered if he knew. Surely what I felt must be written on my face and in the very way I held myself.

The bell rang.

Play!

I followed the see-saw progress of the ball with my heart in my mouth. I could hardly breathe. Two minutes, and it looked as if the match must go into another extra chukker. I could never stand the strain, and suspense if it did. Then it happened. Culpeper got the ball out of a scrimmage, and his next blow drove it straight toward the goal. England bolted in pursuit, a good two lengths behind the Virginian. It was their second thrilling race of the day. But, with the head start, and a clear field, it looked like a certain goal.

"Come on, England!" I cried into the din and clamour raging about me as Culpeper's mallet came back for the stroke. It whizzed downward. England rode in at that moment and I could not see the blow delivered. I waited for the tell-tale crack, but there wasn't any. A groan welled up from thousands of throats.

T. Staunton Culpeper, with victory in sight had missed his stroke! The ball was lying white, and untouched with the Virginian desperately reining in, and coming a few yards beyond his miss. But, England had turned too, and now he was in the lead.

"Please, please!" I begged him.

He drove viciously, and the ball spun down the field. A roar burst from the crowd, and everybody was on their feet.

Nothing could stop England now. He passed the massed group of astounded players with a side shot. Before they could get going at top speed, he had cracked the ball through the goal posts to victory.

As the final bell rang, and the crowd milled around my box, cheering for Kingscote, I slumped into my seat unstrung from the strain that I had been under, but happier than I'd ever been in my life.

He found me in my chair, smiling to my

self unaware of all the bedlam about me. At the sound of his voice I sprang up to congratulate him. He kissed my hands for an answer, and looked down at me like a wistful, adoring boy.

"You won, England. And—I made a promise. What are you going to ask me?" I said tenderly.

At last he commanded his voice. "Yes we won," he said simply, "but, darling Kay, I can't ask what I really want of you on such a win. It wouldn't be fair unless you were dead sure you—" he sort of choked up.

"What do you mean, England?" I demanded, realizing that he was releasing me from the promise. He was near to breaking down, but he kept on.

"It wasn't a fair, genuine win. Your friend, the mint julep chap, deliberately missed that stroke. I was right behind him. I saw him pull his stroke way in. No polo player of his merit could have missed so far."

"You mean, Culpeper didn't try to score that shot? But why? Why?"

"I—I don't know. But I won't hold you to your promise on such a win, because I was really going to ask you something extraordinarily important—something—oh! you know what I mean," he ended.

I caught England's hand with a glad little cry and pulled him close. "Will you ask me what you want to ask me?"

"Darling Kay!" he cried, and oblivious of all the milling crowd, he caught me in his arms and kissed me: "I want you to tell me you love me."

"I can tell you that honestly now, England." I answered remaining in his arms, unmindful of who saw us. "but, a few minutes ago I didn't really know the truth in my heart. Isn't it funny how such things happen?"

"Funny, darling? I'd say divine! And will you, really Kay? I mean go back to England with me tonight, and then maybe to the ends of the earth?"

"Your foursome of devils on hell's own ponies couldn't keep me from it," I said, and let him kiss me again.

**I**T WAS Mel Lexington who brought us down to earth. When we told him what was up he said he would make all the arrangements for a polo wedding at the club.

"Rush on home, Kay, and get the trouseau ready. I'll hold on to this boy while you're packing."

"Thanks, Mel, and do me another favor. Send that polo playing devil, T. Staunton Culpeper over to my house for five minutes, if you can get him to come. I've got something to say to him."

"Ask old boy Culpeper to be best man. Really he's a topping sport," put in England.

Mister T. Staunton Culpeper came as I asked him. "Sure I missed that stroke," he grinned. "A blind man could have told you really loved that Englishman from the way you looked at him just before the start of the extra chukker. I came right along behind him. I saw it all, and I understood Kay. Anyhow, it was really only tit for tat for me to miss the goal. He'd proved his sportsmanship the night before. I couldn't let an Englishman outsmart me," he drawled.

"You're an old darling," I cried, and I kissed him. "You're going to make the handsomest best man there ever was. Will you?"

"Anything to please you now that you've broken my heart," he said.

I laughed. "No, T. Staunton, I haven't broken your heart at all, and you know it, you rascal. But, I'm glad I didn't."

We got off on the English vessel that night, and have been over here in England ever since. But, maybe we'll be back for the polo season this year. However, neither of us will be looking for any sort of romantic adventure because we're still on our honeymoon. Oh quite! quite!

# Big Lonely Kid

[Continued from page 48]

Larry's mother was late in coming and he seemed a bit worried. He and I found a corner to ourselves near the entrance to the ballroom so we could watch for her more easily.

Larry left me for a few minutes to get some cigarettes and I saw a stunning, youngish looking woman come in. She was dark and striking with bobbed black hair and had on a rich ermine cloak that must have cost a fortune. She was with a very young man, hardly older than Larry. They crossed over to where I was sitting and I heard her say to him, "Now remember, on your best behavior tonight."

"I'll try. But I'll see you tomorrow, dearest?"

"Yes, yes." She whispered. "I'll come the same time, four. Yes, to your studio Tommy." She drifted away into the ballroom and the very young man stood looking after her.

I was sort of disgusted to see a woman that age cradle-snatching a boy young enough to be her son. Imagine my horror when I saw Larry cross the ballroom to this lady's side and lead her back to where I was sitting.

"Dolly, I want you to meet my mother. Mater, this is the Miss Brelain of whom I spoke."

"Miss Brelain, so glad to meet you." But she was not in the least glad. She looked at me haughtily and without any friendliness of manner.

"Dolly's been away at school," Larry interrupted, and then went on with boyish enthusiasm, "isn't she lovely, mother? Isn't she all I said?"

But Mrs. Welles was not the sort likely to admire another woman, especially a possible prospective daughter-in-law. She turned to me with a patronizing smile, "Larry is so young, so impulsive."

I could have slapped her.

"Mother, may I take Dolly out to Cedar Knoll for the week end?" Cedar Knoll was the Welles' country place.

"As you like," his mother said and drifted away again.

"She's pretty, don't you think, the mater, I mean," Larry said to me. "Sometimes she doesn't seem much like an old-fashioned mother. She likes to be taken for my sister and gets peeved if I call her 'mother' before strangers. She does look young."

I thought his tone was lonely and wistful. I was getting to understand him better and better. He was just a big lonesome kid, longing for love and sympathy, which his mother did not have time to give him.

"You're crazy if you don't marry him," Jeanie, my room mate told me when I got back home. "Larry is a prince and he really cares about you, and he's so nice looking you'd never get tired of seeing his face across the three minute eggs and buttered toast in the morning. I wished he'd taken a shine to me. We'd have been down to the Little Church Around the Corner a week ago."

BUT I had to be sure, of him, of myself and our new love.

I was no longer afraid of his mother. I kept thinking of her not as Larry's mother, but as I had seen her whispering to Tommy in the ballroom.

The next day Larry came for me in his roadster to take me out to their country place for the week end. This was the Christmas holidays and Larry had come from college a few days in advance of the regular vacation.

Jeanie, all excitement, helped me pack and

loaned me every nice dress and piece of lingerie that she owned.

"Don't forget, I'm going to be maid of honor," she called after us as we drove off.

Cedar Knoll was a really wonderful place. It was built like one of those old English houses you see in the movies. There were acres of woodland that went with the place and a cute little lodge keeper's cottage that looked like a toy house.

Larry's father was tall and handsome. Larry looked a little like him, but had a much finer, more honest face. Mr. Welles was the sort that we chorines know as "sugar daddies."

"Miss Brelain, what a pleasure! I did not expect to have such a delightful surprise, nor did I know that Larry had such excellent taste in girls."

After a maid had helped put away my things Larry and I went for a walk before tea. As he showed me around and when I realized that if I married him some day this magnificent place might be mine I got cold feet again. I almost wished then than Larry had been poor and insignificant so that we would have had no problem; although he did not seem to think we had one.

"What a darling you are, Dolly," he kept saying to me. "And what did you think of my father?" His tone sounded rather anxious.

I did not like to tell him that I was not very keen on his father. that to me he looked too much like a sport. And the way he had looked at me!

"Mother and dad are thoroughly modern," Larry said in that lonely wistful way that touched my heart so. "They each go their own way and never interfere with one another. They seem to get on all right that way but I wouldn't like that, would you, Dolly? I think there is more to marriage than just living part of the time under the same roof. I was left to myself pretty much as a kid and I used to tell myself that if I ever had kids, I wanted them to have a real home life and a real mother and a real dad." He gave me a look that made me put both my arms around his neck and kiss him.

"Is that the kind of a marriage ours is going to be?" he asked, holding me close. And there in the gathering twilight in the woods, I whispered, "Yes."

I saw then how lonely my boy really was. He loved and needed me and I did not intend to have his money stand as a stumbling block between us. I was just as wild about him by now as he was about me.

"We'll get married this June, when I graduate. I'm going to tell dad tonight."

"No, no, don't tell him yet. He might disapprove and spoil things for us."

"Disapprove! What do I care if he does? I've enough from my grandfather to get along on. And I'm no cripple. I can work, and I intend to. That's a man's greatest privilege to work for the woman he loves."

Larry's father was no fool. All through the elaborate meal he kept staring at me.

"Haven't I seen or met you somewhere before?" he asked me, and before Larry could interrupt I answered, "You may have."

"Where was it now? Your face is familiar."

"I've been in lots of Broadway shows," I answered.

"I thought so," he said.

I flushed. Mr. Welles kept looking at me in a queer way I resented and I was glad when dinner was over and we went into the great living room to sit by the fire.

About eleven we started for bed. I had been given a guest room at the end of a

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short hall, in a wing of the big rambling house. Larry took me to my door, kissed me good night and went off whistling softly under his breath.

I was just dropping off into a sweet sleep when I heard a faint rapping at my door, more like the scratching of a rat than anything else. I sat up, stiff with fright. Who could it be? Not Larry!

I had not locked my door, thinking that to do so in Larry's house would be sort of an insult to him. The sound went on, and then I heard a low voice, "Open the door!"

I wanted to scream, but my voice caught in my throat. Then before my horrified eyes I saw the bedroom door slowly open and in the light that shone from the hall I saw the tall figure of a man—not Larry, but his father!

I had presence of mind enough to switch on the night light at the head of my bed.

"Don't be frightened, little girl," he said in a smooth way I loathed, "I only want a few words with you."

"Why here and now?" I asked.

"Don't try and be up-stage with me, my dear. I know your little game. You want to marry my son, and the foolish boy is young and absurd enough to let you. But I know you girls pretty well, and a sensible little lady like you knows on which side her bread is buttered. I don't wish to seem crude, but you are very pretty, the prettiest girl I've seen in many a day, and what my son might be able to give you isn't a patch on what I would be glad to offer."

At first as he started speaking I was too stunned to do more than just stare at him, with the bed clothes pulled up about me, but as his cool, insulting voice went on I regained my nerve and faced him with flashing eyes.

"Please leave this room. I have nothing to say to you."

Instead of obeying me he sat down on the seat before the dressing table. I caught up the kimono from a chair by my side and slipped it on.

"If you don't go I will," I said.

"You have spirit. I like to see that. Come now, Dolly, be a nice little girl. You've taken my fancy, and I am not so objectionable, am I?"

"Get out of here, before I call Larry," I said in quite a loud tone.

**H**E JUMPED to his feet. "Shut up, you little fool! Are you crazy? Do you want to bring the whole household in here?"

"Yes, if you don't leave this room, I'll bring them."

"Look here, young lady, you think you're mighty clever; but let me tell you this, if you marry my son I'll disinherited him and then where will you be?"

"Go as far as you like," I said. "Nothing you can say or do matters to me. Only you better get out of this room before I make a nasty scene for you."

"For me! It's not likely anyone would believe a chorus girl like you was so particular."

"Larry would believe me," I said, with tears in my voice.

"I'm not so sure of that."

"But I am," said a voice. I gave a little cry and wheeled about. Larry stood in the open doorway, his face white as death.

"Larry!" I ran to him and he held out his arms. I was sobbing on his breast, trembling from head to foot and sick with horror.

"Look here, my boy," Mr. Welles said in a grating sort of voice, "I want to save you from the clutches of this scheming little adventuress."

"If you weren't my father," Larry said, "I believe I would knock you down."

"Don't be a fool," his father said, but he was trembling. "I tell you I am trying to keep you from making a mistake you will

regret all your life. The worst thing a man can do is marry out of his own station in life—to drag himself down to the level of a—"

"I don't want to hear any more," Larry said in a dangerously quiet voice. "This is your house, but I am getting out of it right now. Dolly, get your things. We'll leave here together now."

"If you go you need not ever come back. I'm through with you. If you marry this chorus girl I'll never leave you a dollar of my money. You're to marry in your own set."

"I've seen enough of such marriages right here in my own home," Larry said as he helped me throw my things into my bag.

"You've heard what I said," his father shouted.

The door closed behind the two men. I was alone, but trembling so I could hardly put on my dress. What had I done? Had I hurt Larry? I would rather cut off my right hand than injure him or ruin his chances in life.

But what were these chances of which I might be robbing him? To leave him here in this set to which he belonged to become like most of them I had seen. His mother! His father! Eventually to have him marry Enid Fenning. No! No! What I deprived him of was as nothing to the real worth of what I could give him. We were both young and strong. We would win through for we had the most wonderful and beautiful thing in the world as our foundation—love.

Were I to throw Larry over now what would become of him? He really loved me and I adored him. We would work and stick together.

"Dearest, aren't you ready yet? It's Larry. I'm waiting Dolly."

Brushing the tears from my eyes I went out into the hall where my wonderful boy was waiting for me. Hand in hand we hurried down the wide stairs and out into the cold clearness of the winter night.

Above us the stars shone like millions of little candles to guide us on our road of happiness. And it was a real road of happiness.

Larry and I decided to wait to get married till we had a little money set by for our honeymoon, for both of us decided not to touch a penny of that inheritance of Larry's which would be such a splendid nest egg for us later on. Just as luck would have it Jeanie and I managed to book up with "Kiss Me Quick," a real hit, with about a year's run ahead of us on Broadway. I would save my money and Larry was going to get a job in a law office.

Jeanie was maid of honor and she wore pale pink crepe de chine and carried blush roses. I wore white and Larry said . . .

But then, every happily married woman treasures the words her husband says then.

**W**E ARE getting along splendidly now. We have a little place of our own out in Westchester that we are paying for as we go. And we have no regrets that Larry's old set haven't taken us up. I thank heaven I'm no social climber and from what I've seen I'm glad I married out of the chorus.

A year after Larry and I were married, just before our baby was born, Mr. and Mrs. Welles were divorced, in Paris. We have heard since that Mrs. Welles is going to marry that young fellow Tom Squires, but she has never forgiven Larry for marrying beneath him. I am able to survive that; but Larry sometimes, I know, feels rather bitter and sad about it all.

But since the baby has come he has forgotten that too. She is a darling little girl!

"When she grows up," Larry teases me, "we're going to let her go on the stage, in the chorus maybe, so some other fellow will be half as lucky as I was when I married her mother."

# When a Girl Says Never

[Continued from page 73]

and which was full of hats and furs. "I walked over to the bed. "Look," I said, "who's the man parked in my bed?" Ann switched on more lights.

There lay Michael Carmichael, with his arms around a pillow, his body almost hidden in wraps. So that was why he hadn't been dancing. He was drunk.

I leaned over and took him by the shoulder to shake him. But I didn't. Instead I sank down on one knee beside the bed and put my hand on his forehead.

"He's not drunk," I said as I found his pulse. It was incredibly rapid. "Get my thermometer, will you Ann?"

SHE fetched it from the bathroom. I took the little glass tube, shook it and put it under his tongue.

"One hundred and five," I read. Ann and I looked at each other.

"Let's get him up to his own bed," I said and Ann and I helped him up to the rear studio.

"Ann," I said. "Run down-stairs and see if there's a doctor in the crowd."

By the time Ann got back I'd put Michael to bed in his bare, cheerless room.

"No doctors," Ann said. "You can't sit up with him."

"I certainly can," I said. "I'll get Dr. Williams on the phone as soon as it's daylight. We'll need a nurse, too."

"Wake me up at eight o'clock and I'll spell you, so you can get some sleep," Ann said.

We listened a moment to Michael Carmichael's labored breathing, then Ann turned to go.

WHEN I woke her the next morning at eight, I had an enormous cup of coffee in one hand, a bottle of cream in the other, and I made her drink while I sat on the edge of her bed.

"He's got it all right," I said.

"What," Ann said. "Influenza?"

"Pneumonia," I answered. "Williams got in about seven o'clock. He says the boy's undoubtedly been walking around with it for a couple of days."

Ann got out of bed and put on her clothes hurriedly.

"He'll need a night nurse and a day nurse."

"No chance," I said. "Williams said he'd be lucky to find us one nurse. Epidemic you know. It looks as if I'm elected."

"But you can't," Ann cried.

"I can't let him die, Ann," I said. Ann looked at me searchingly before she said:

"I'll be ready in five minutes, you go on to your office."

"All right," I said. "I'll be back at one."

I came back in a taxicab with two tall tanks of oxygen that Hiram and the chauffeur dragged up the stairs.

"Williams says the crisis probably won't come for a week," I explained, "but I can't see us ordering oxygen sent over then and being told they can't deliver it for two days because of the snow."

We got a day nurse the next morning. Michael got steadily worse. It's hard to believe that anyone as sick as he was could get worse, but he did. In his delirium he talked about everything in the world from crude oil engines to hard-boiled girls and graceful scamps, especially hard-boiled girls who were really maternal at heart. Dr. Williams insisted on a consultation Monday night. He recommended a specialist. Ann and Hiram were there when the great man made his examination.

Ann and I followed him down-stairs to the vestibule.

"You think he isn't going to get through?" I asked.

"There isn't a chance," said the great man.

I glared at him. "I don't care what he says," I said to myself. "Michael is going to live."

I went back up-stairs and asked Dr. Williams to tell me exactly what to do when the crisis came—the fan, the oxygen tank, the hypodermic injection. When he and the nurse had gone, I sat down beside Michael's bed and took his hand in mine. How thin his hand had become! I looked down at him, the most helpless human being I'd ever seen. His face was flushed, his lips cracked with fever, his hair disheveled. He stirred, opened his eyes.

"Brenda," he said clearly. I leaned over him.

"You won't leave me, Brenda, will you?" he said.

"No," I said.

"Never?" His hand clasped mine tightly.

"Not ever," I said.

I looked up at Ann. There were tears in her eyes.

The crisis came two nights later. His face turned a curious deathly green. His lips were blue, his breath came in terrible gasps. I picked up a folded newspaper and began fanning him. I was entirely calm. I put my two fingers to my lips and whistled shrilly, the signal I'd arranged with Hiram and Ann. I heard them come racing up the stairs.

"Ann," I said, "take the fan. Hiram, get the tank open. The wrench is on the mantel."

Ann took the fan. I jumped for the bottle of alcohol and a bit of gauze. I'd never done it before but somehow I knew just what to do. I wiped Michael's arm with alcohol, caught up a fold of skin between my thumb and forefinger and plunged the needle of the glistening syringe into his flesh.

Hiram swore at the tank. Three times he opened the valve too far and the rush of oxygen blew the rubber tube off. The fourth time he got it right. I picked up the little wooden nozzle and put it between Michael's teeth.

BY THE time the doctor came Michael was bathed in sweat.

"Well," said Dr. Williams, "he's passed it." He smiled. "I think the boy will get well," he said. I looked him in the eye. "You mean that?" I asked and Dr. Williams nodded. I put my head down on Ann's shoulder, and burst into tears.

Michael lived. I stayed with him night and day until it was certain that he would. On Saturday I went to the office for a few hours. I had to or lose my job. When I got back Ann met me at the door in great excitement.

"A Rolls-Royce pulled up in the snow outside the door this afternoon," Ann said. "I happened to be watching because I thought it was stalled. While I looked a fussy, middle-aged man and a woman who was evidently his wife, and a doctor with a black bag in his hand, and two nurses in uniform got out. In another moment one of them rang our bell. I went to the door myself.

"Mr. Carmichael?" the fussy man asked. I guessed he was Michael's father.

"Three flights up," I said.

"The next thing I knew, they were gone, taking Michael with them."

"Are you sure it was a Rolls-Royce, Ann?" I said.

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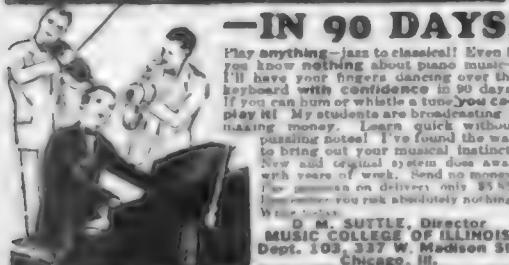
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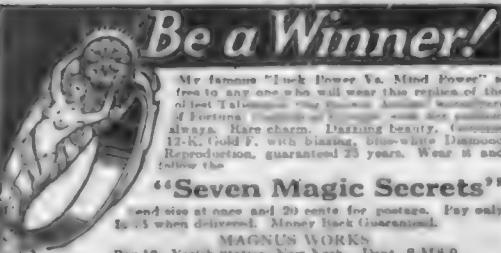
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"Absolutely," Ann said with real conviction.

"That sort of finishes me, doesn't it?" I said.

"I don't see why," Ann said.

"Oh, yes you do," I told her. "If he were a poor boy—the son of a shoe salesman or a broker's clerk, or something, I could go and see him and they'd be nice to me. But he isn't! His people must have real money.

Ann didn't say a word.

"Well," I said, trying to make it seem as if it didn't really make any difference to me, "I'm going to bed and sleep the clock around." But I didn't. Ann woke me up Sunday morning to read me the story in the *American*.

"Michael Carmichael, Jr., the inventor and engineer, was found by his parents yesterday in a one-room studio apartment in East Twenty-first Street, delirious with pneumonia. It was said he had passed the crisis of the disease and would recover.

"Last fall, young Carmichael quarreled with his father, who is president of the Carmichael Marine Construction Company, and resigned his position as head of the engineering department. His resignation precipitated a crisis in the affairs of the company, as several other officers of the company resigned at the same time.

"It was said among Carmichael's colleagues that he had gone abroad to work on a crude oil engine he has long been interested in. Young Carmichael has been in the habit of going off by himself for six months at a time when trying to solve an engineering problem.

"The Carmichael Marine Construction Company is one of the largest producers of fine yachts in the world. Michael Carmichael, Jr., achieved fame shortly after he left college by his invention of the Carmichael piston and combustion chamber, now widely used in automobile, marine and airplane engines. Although he is not yet thirty

years old he is reputed to receive an income of half a million dollars a year in royalties from his inventions and has an international reputation as a designer of internal combustion motors."

"Don't read any more," I said.

"That's all there is," Ann said.

It was exactly eight days later that Ann waylaid me in the hall just as I got in from work.

"Come on in for a cup of tea," she said. I followed her into the drawing-room and there was Michael Carmichael, standing before the open fire-place.

"WHY, hello," I said, trying to make my voice sound as if we were casual acquaintances who often met at tea. Ann was very busy with the tea things. Michael came toward me, holding out both hands.

"Look here, Brenda," he said, holding my hands firmly in his own. "Do you remember anything I said to you when I was ill?"

"You said a great many things," I said.

"I mean a particular thing," Michael said. "I mean what I said the time that doctor thought I was going to die."

"You were delirious," I said. "You didn't know—"

"I was perfectly conscious," he said. "I didn't want to die. I hated dying and I would have died if it hadn't been for you. And afterwards, I asked you not to leave me, ever, do you remember?"

"I remember," I said.

"You said you wouldn't leave me ever."

"Yes," I said.

"Well," Michael said, "I meant what I said."

I looked up at him. "So did I," I said. But I hadn't realized how completely I meant it until he put his arms around me and kissed me. I could never have left him after that.

## Are All Women Liars?

*[Continued from page 69]*

actually dizzy, in a sort of hypnotic daze. Their own views are submerged by the irresistible urge. To love is to yield, they think—yield even one's own ingrained opinions. The lovers at this stage make no sacrifice. They enjoy yielding. Each thinks that love has worked a permanent metamorphosis in the other.

And when the honeymoon wanes and the flames die down to a glow, what happens—usually?

Why then those characteristics, which each has suppressed, forge to the front again all the more urgently because of their temporary eclipse. The battle is now beginning with self expression for its goal. First those marital martyrs begin to think independently again. Next they begin to desire the things they used to like. And finally they begin, a step at a time, to do as they always did.

AND right at this cross road in their marriage is where the husband, much more often than the wife, begins to sow the seed of personal ego that will bring forth the deadly crop of lies.

Women are more yielding. They seem to expect less of their husbands and more readily adapt themselves to things as they really are when the men they marry fall below the standard of perfection. But, men are not so reasonable. The average man elevates his sweetheart to an impossible pedestal, which is perfectly proper in a lover, and drapes her in an imaginary cloak composed of all the virtues. Then, as is inevitable, he finds that the angel he

has created is slipping from the heavenly plane. He tries to put her back each time she slips and hands her all the blame because she can't stay put.

I remember the comments of a welfare worker, not married, who had listened attentively to this very case.

"I am sure," said she, "that if young wives could only see how much better it would be to employ frankness instead of guile when the illusions begins to wane with the honeymoon, that this important cause of marital dissension would be avoided."

A young wife, an educated woman of the independent business type was seeking a separation.

"My married life," she explained, "has been a continual humiliation. I couldn't call my life my own. Whenever I dared to do anything without my husband's approval there was a row. He says it's the husband's part to do the thinking for both."

"Did you try to reason with him," she was asked, "or use diplomacy?"

"Your Honor," she replied, "the only diplomacy that would work with him is downright deceit and lying. For awhile I tried that system for the sake of peace. Then I began to feel like a worm crawling underground to attain my rights. The only kind of reasoning he'll listen to is all contained in the word 'Yes', and I've too much self respect to go through life as a 'yesser'!"

Now this was a woman to whom personal liberty and self respect counted too much to be sacrificed on the altar of expediency. But the average woman is not

so constituted, and hence the value of absolute truth and frankness is not overly impressive to her when she knows they probably will spell a smashup to her marital happiness.

Phrase it to fit the case and you have an assertion that crops out every once in awhile.

I have in mind the sudden collapse of a structure of lies built up by a wife over a period of months. As the husband charged her with one dereliction after another, among them that of going about with another man, she listened with a challenging smile, a smile which I misinterpreted.

"Be careful," I warned him. "These are serious accusations."

"They're true," he persisted. "She doesn't deny them any more."

"That's so," admitted the wife. "When he accused me I told him the truth, Judge. I got tired of pretending. The fact is I don't care what he thinks or does about it. I don't love him any more. I'm through with him."

The significant point is that this wife had lied about her doings to placate the husband until the other man came into her life. When she told the truth, she was

Gradually his mind worked to an ugly explanation which involved an admirer. The pair wrangled their way to court.

But though it was proved to the court's satisfaction that the wife was telling the truth, she couldn't prove it to her husband's satisfaction. He had suspected her once before in a matter of no great moment and she had satisfied him that she was innocent. And then, after the whole matter was settled, he learned that his original suspicion had been well grounded.

SHE couldn't put it over him again, he declared; in fact he was so utterly skeptical that he believed that all her witnesses and even the court itself was in a general conspiracy against him.

It is an astonishing fact that so few men seem to realize that marital appreciation is the most potent of lubricants to take the inevitable squeaks out of wedlock.

Most wives, on the other hand, seem to have a far better understanding of the value of praise and use it liberally, perhaps too liberally at times.

But what difference does it make to her, or her husband for that matter, if all the while she is piling it on their friends may be saying—

## Warning! "Don't Marry the Man You Love."

Do you want to marry the man you love? Would you listen to any one who said it was the very thing you shouldn't do? Well, after you've read what Dr. Bisch, the noted psychologist says, perhaps you'll still want to marry him. But there's just a chance that you might want to wait and spend a little time in thought. If you don't believe it see Dr. Bisch's thought provoking article in

October SMART SET

through and she didn't tell the truth until she was through.

Under the head of domestic diplomats comes the wife who prevaricates when the children's school reports are bad or their conduct naughty. Then there is the wife of the man who frowns on all social diversions as foolish and severely represses any butterfly aspirations on her part. She prevaricates in order to get out with friends who sympathize and are willing to include her in their entertainments. The inventiveness of these wives is little short of amazing. I remember one in particular.

"Judge," said the husband somberly, "night after night she went out saying she was going to sit with a girlhood friend who was sick abed. And when I got suspicious about her going so often and demanded particulars she said it was because her friend was in a very serious condition. Finally she up and told me her friend, Nellie, had died.

WHY she went on so pitifully she almost had me in tears, and I even gave her money to send flowers. And, Judge, last week who do I meet on the street but this girl Nellie, large as life? And she didn't even know she'd been sick, much less dead!"

One dissembling wife had amassed enough money by double entry financing to buy herself a fur coat, explaining to her husband that she had got it at a bargain for the fifty dollars he had given her.

All was well until a friend in the fur business noticed the coat and being told the supposed price laughed the gullible husband to shame. He was a suspicious sort.

"Bill's a simp to swallow the guff his wife shovels him about him being younger-looking than ever, and more fascinating. Can't he see for himself he's getting gray and fat and puffy? Strange he doesn't realize she's lying!"

She is lying, of course. But it is lying in its most benign form and capable of causing trouble only when the liar reforms and starts suddenly to tell the truth.

"My wife's a lying hypocrite," declared an outraged husband. "Why she used to beg me for advice on everything and then go behind my back and do exactly opposite."

"Him and his advice," retorted the irate wife. "Why your Honor, it would make a goat sick to hear the way he arranges life for everybody. Solomon was only a piker! I only asked his advice to kid him along and keep him in a good humor. I had to, he was so jealous of me."

"Jealous!" snarled the husband. "Judge, I ask you to take one look at her. Could any one be jealous of her? Out of the kindness of my heart I used to tell her she was as pretty as ever to make her happy and keep her from worrying herself sick about wrinkles and fat."

This pair had lived together peacefully for almost twenty years, lying happily to each other. Then, in an unguarded outburst of temper, she told the truth and he had retaliated with more truth.

At any rate that famous dictum, "We intend to have peace if we have to fight for it!" seems to have been universally revised for modern marital usage simply by taking out the word fight and substituting the word lie.

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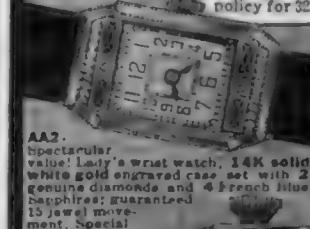
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# *After 30 I Built My Life Over*

[Continued from page 60]

if she can. Nobody cares a whoop whether she is suffering or not. What matters is how well she can and will do her work, how valuable she actually is to the organization, and how cheerfully she can get along with others.

now uncertain she can get along with others. Poise and calm are wonderful business assets, and who should have them. I ask you, if not the woman who has dealt with refractory cooks, insolent icemen, disappointing laundresses, painters, neighbors, measles, mumps, furnace fires, tonsils, rose bugs, late dinner guests, muddy puppy dog tracks, and the other vicissitudes of domestic experience?

**O**H, I have the utmost confidence in the ability of the woman past thirty to make good on a job. I've seen so many of them do it. It's getting the first job that is hardest for the untrained woman. What shall he try for, when any sort of work outside her home seems frightening and impossible?

In my case, I turned to the thing I can do easiest, which happens to be writing. I had already made something of a start in this while the children were babies, having done a so-called novel and enough magazine stories to land me in Who's Who. Even so, I had to start working for the miserable sum of twenty dollars a week. I do think I was worth more than that, even though I was inexperienced in actual newspaper writing. However, that was all the *New York Evening Sun* would pay beginners in those days. Indeed, there were others on the paper at that time who had started for fifteen or eighteen. We were supposed to be partly compensated by the prestige of being connected with the sheet at all, I imagine. But I was thankful to have even twenty dollars regularly, instead of the spasmodic earnings of the free lance.

After a few years, I had climbed by occasional five dollar "raises" to the maximum salary a woman could hope to get on that paper. I had enjoyed most aspects of the work, learned a lot, and had my job of editing the woman's page so well in hand that I could manage it in about half my time. I was in the habit of arriving at the office at about eleven in the forenoon, and weeks when I was spry I sometimes got in two or even three matinees or concerts. Free tickets, you know.

But two facts began to be horribly apparent: I wasn't working nearly up to my capacity and I wasn't earning nearly enough money. The children were growing bigger and their clothes constantly cost more. The war had greatly increased the cost of living.

war had greatly increased the cost of living. Now I can't honestly advise any other woman to leave work she loves and take work she dislikes, just for more money. It does seem as though we folks who spend so much of our lives cooped up in offices ought at least to have pleasant views from our windows and truly congenial tasks. But it can't always be managed. At that time I felt that getting more money for the family was much more important than keeping the easy job I loved, so I scouted around for another, found one that I simply loathed for twice the money and twice the hard work and reluctantly gave up my job on the Sun-

Did I say that enthusiasm for the job is necessary? Certainly I had no enthusiasm for that second job, not from the very first day. But hard work and grim determination are fairly good substitutes for the happier faculty of enthusiasm. I never worked harder in my life. Hours were strictly nine to five, and after my easy hours on the newspaper that feature alone was trying enough, even if the writing interested me, which it did not.

I stuck it out over two years, and should be there yet, I suppose, if the company had not suddenly gone out of business. The work was a bore, but the salary was too good to give up. I was honestly thankful when the thing stopped without my having to decide anything about it.

Sometimes the thing that looks like a calamity—and having one's job, one's company, suddenly cease to exist, and just a fortnight before Christmas, too, certainly seems like a bit of a calamity—sometimes those sudden upheavals are the very best thing that could happen to one.

This upheaval sent me to an advertising agency, where I was privileged for about a year to associate with one of the most brilliant women who has ever been in the advertising field in this country, Helen Woodward, whose recent book, "Through Many Windows," gives only a partial idea of her genuine charm, her quick, warm sympathy, her wonderful mentality.

Sometimes people ask me how I had nerve enough to go into business for myself. Well, it was something I couldn't escape, just another of those upheavals with which I had nothing to do. I had left an advertising agency to accept what I believed to be a good offer to go into a publicity bureau as director of all the feminine accounts. I had rounded up a couple of accounts of my own, and the chap who ran the bureau felt pretty sure of getting a lot more, which I was to help him handle. He had taken a large suite in an expensive office building, got a lot of handsome mahogany furnishings, engaged a small staff, and was all set for business. Only business didn't come his way, poor dear. I still think he could have succeeded if he hadn't asked such terrific prices. I fancy he scared prospective clients to death. Anyhow, the day came when I learned that he was quitting, selling his furniture, and giving up his lease.

"I shall have to be out of here by the end of the week," he confessed. And it was then Tuesday!

WELL, I had two accounts and a young woman assistant, so I simply had to have an office. By afternoon I had rented one, with a view across the Hudson River almost to Colorado on clear days, too, and that is how I was suddenly and fortunately precipitated into business for myself. I think we home women often need to be catapulted into things that way. We too often lack the initiative of the woman trained from girlhood for a business career, and we need to be jolted or pushed out of our secure little places into something bigger.

I don't set myself as an example for other women to follow. No two women are alike, either in education, natural ability, or previous experience. I might have failed lamentably had I tackled a tea room, or real estate, or insurance which are three inviting fields where I see women making great successes. But the point I wish to make, citing my own experience merely to explain it, is that self-discipline is very necessary for the woman who enters business late with perhaps a strong distaste for it and an unfortunate attitude to handicap her at the start when she most needs help, not handicaps.

After she's climbed, slowly, for ten or a dozen years, she can look back at the petty humiliations of that first little job and smile. There is a real satisfaction in knowing that she did not crumple up under a blow of Fate, that she could and did brace up, accept the difficult task, and successfully remake her life after thirty.

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# Do We Need A New Moral Code?

[Continued from page 28]

it as an excuse for ill-temper, nagging, cruelty, smallness of spirit, and all the other faults that can render married life unendurable.

A virtue may become a vice—in fact every vice is an exaggerated virtue—dangerous alike to one's partner in wedlock and to one's own happiness.

If either a husband or a wife should be tempted from the path of virtue, is that sufficient excuse in itself for rushing into the divorce courts, uprooting all the old associations, the tenderness, the companionship, the intimacies, the cleaving together in spirit that the years have brought about? Would it not be much better to bring reason and common sense to the problem? The spiritual union of the partners may be strong enough, if given time to adjust itself to the fact of a momentary unfaithfulness, to survive the old instincts of possession and jealousy which have been called into play.

AS A clergyman, I have received many confidences about marriage problems. And I know of homes that have withstood the attacks of ill fortune, sickness and even death; have weathered the worst storms of life, only to be broken up by the infidelity of one of the partners.

A husband, and the father of three children, became infatuated with another woman. The wife discovered the liaison. The past, with all of its clinging and beautiful memories, was forgotten. His sin alone stood out.

She was granted absolute divorce, but it has brought misery and suffering that cannot be measured. Three innocent children are looking at each other in bewilderment. What is it all about? What has happened?

The tragic sequel is that neither the innocent wife, nor the erring husband found any lasting satisfaction or happiness in divorce. Too late, they discovered that their true happiness lay with each other and in the building of the home and the mutual joy in their children.

But to go deeper; divorced couples often do not cease to love each other. Infidelity has not killed the pleasure they found in each others' companionship, nor affected more than temporarily their mutual respect. It is their sense of proprietorship that has been outraged. Just how lasting is this sense of outraged possessiveness? Just how important is it in comparison with the deeper companionship, love and trust that often follow complete reconciliation? Can it outweigh the happiness and welfare of the children?

Suppose your wife has been faithless. Will you resort to the jungle atavism of the "unwritten law?" A pistol bullet can never rebuild a broken home. Murder doesn't help the situation, even though your community may justify or applaud your action. Why not show yourself a better man, a nobler man than the man who has temporarily taken your place? The only way to hold love is to deserve it. Marriage does not end competition, nor insure that our partners' affections can be retained without effort. And to imagine that lock and key, fear and threat, and intimidation will preserve a wife's devotion is to misunderstand the marriage relation entirely. If love can not be kept through kindness, chivalry, considerateness, devotion, let it go its way. There is nothing more idiotic than to say, "If I can't have her, no other man ever shall!" Why should you want her, if she doesn't want you?

Suppose a woman comes to me in great mental anguish. She has just discovered her husband's unfaithfulness. She does not know

what to do, where to turn. Anger, contempt, grief, outraged virtue overwhelm her. She can think of nothing but immediate divorce.

Before I tell you how I would answer her question, I want to say first that I know many of you will not agree with me. Some of you may even discover that it violates certain of your ideals which are essential to right living. I cannot argue with you; I only ask that you believe I am seeking sincerely for truth.

"No," I would tell her. "I do not believe you should ask for a divorce. Legally you are entitled to it. According to our prevailing code of morals, you are well within your moral rights to ask for it, but I do not believe that you yourself feel that you really desire a divorce. You are influenced, of course, by what countless women before you have done, and the fact that the law will free you. But is it freedom that you want? What will this freedom mean to you in the long run, to your children and to your husband? You are not certain in your own mind that it will mean any degree of happiness to you; you doubt its effect on your children's future. Have you considered that it may set your husband adrift, without the influence of home, wife and children to restore his sense of loyalty and justice? I know that in spite of his wrong, you still love your husband. In your heart you know that he has not ceased to cherish the memories of your home together, of your companionship, of first love, the ties of parenthood, and the thousand other associations which you yourself do not wish to disrupt. You would like to continue the old associations, tenderness and companionship. You want your children to know a father's love and care. These wishes, these longings will, in time, cause you to forget his infidelity. Take him back."

AND, if the situation were reversed. I would say to the husband, "Take her back." What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The demand for a humane and highspirited attitude is to be made upon husbands as well as wives. To cite an extreme case: A man left his wife for a year alone in an American settlement in a foreign country while he returned to the United States. She had always wanted a child. He could not or would not gratify her wish. During his absence she sought and obtained her desire. Upon learning of it, he sued for divorce. Was his decision wise? I think not. I advised him against it. He felt that he was no more obligated to support the child than he would be to rear any other foundling that might be left upon his doorstep. But though it was not his child, it was his wife's child, the child of the woman he loved, and who loved him. Should that not have entered into consideration? Her action could not automatically turn his love for her or hers for him into indifference or hate. Conventionally and legally he was right, but I believe a better solution for this tangle might have been found, that divorce was not the best way out.

Again I want to make clear that I am not an advocate or defender of immorality, but I do urge the use of intelligence and common-sense in the marriage relationship. Simpler marriage laws, freer divorce, with the application of reason in their administration, would go far towards straightening out many of the tangles in which men and women are involved. They would make for the increased happiness of individuals in the marital relationship and for the public health.



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## Are Married Men a Menace? No! Says This Girl

[Continued from page 39]

He didn't understand what I was talking about. He looked at me with dumb amazement and hurt in his eyes. He knew he was a good boy and the idea that any nice girl would turn down any offer of respectable marriage, particularly from himself, was plainly preposterous to him. First he went white with hurt, and then white with anger and spat out his rage at me. He said many cruel things and it was the first time that I became conscious that a woman, to most men, must be either angel or devil. Johnny made that clear and then closed our friendship forever by refusing to speak to me again.

I saw him. He was about thirty and there were tiny wrinkles about his brown, benevolent eyes. He liked me. I could tell that. He came down to see his aunt more frequently and I was always called in to tea. Finally one Sunday afternoon as we were leaving her room together he asked. "Could you have dinner with me tonight? I'd be so happy if you would."

It was my first chance for a date with a New York man. "Oh, I'd love to," I said.

"I ought to tell you," Jack said, "I'm married."

"Does that make any difference in our appetites?" I smiled up at him.

He threw back his head and laughed, a ringing boy laugh of amusement and relief. "Oh, bless you," he said, "for feeling that way about it. There's a popular convention, you know, that regards girls as dead to any possible interest in married men, and married men as dead to outside interests in other women. But it's honestly terrible bunk. I'm going to be alone tonight. Let's go somewhere and eat and talk."

I sometimes think that the loneliest person in the world is the average American married man. Jack Russell was one of them. He talked and talked and talked, that night and other nights, and I listened because I, too, was lonely. I was really interested and he paid my dinner check. It was a sufficiently good combination for an idle evening. We tried it several idle evenings, whenever, frankly, he could safely get away from home. For the first time in my life I had a man friend. We weren't flirting with each other. We were temporary companions.

Through Jack Russell I met other big business men, all of them married. They in turn introduced me to their girl friends and I want to say right here that contrary to the average wife's opinion, they were all nice girls, nice in the smuggest meaning of the word. I was glad to meet them since they showed me there were other girls playing my game and not being damaged by it. To their men friends they represented youth and an audience, musical comedy brought to a tea table, but fitting in with the inherent convention of the American man, who so very instinctively doesn't want to do anything he will later regret.

YET mostly Jack and I went by ourselves until his wife stepped in. She came flying into the house where I lived one evening. She denounced Jack's aunt. She denounced me. She called me a home-wrecker and several other pretty names and she acted on the whole like a fish-wife. I looked at Jack standing meekly behind her and as much as I scolded him, I understood him. He was a hooked fish. Against the merciless shower of his wife's words he didn't dare insinuate a syllable.

I moved at once but I had discovered many things from Jack. The married men in my office, those who were department heads and could afford it, played the game. They watched the girls and the ones who went out with the boy clerks they let alone. But the morning I wore a bunch of wilted orchids to the office, their bids began coming my way. The orchids had been a signal which they readily understood.

I went through the Jack Russell routine time after time. I learned to know all the signs, one by one, as they came up. The blessed timidity of the male makes it easy for a smart girl. One excellent way to repulse the amorousness of your escort and

make him think he has been the strong-minded one about it is to start right in asking him about the wife and kiddies. I've yet to find a man who won't open up to a girl on the subject of his family.

At least half the time he'll devote to his wife and you're all wrong if you believe he always knocks her. Sometimes he'll spend so much time retailing her charms, her brilliance and her subtle refinement to you, you'd suppose he wanted you to marry her, in his place. But when they do knock the little woman it's unwise for the girl friend to join in the anvil chorus. She'll make herself much more popular by saying she's sure he's misunderstood a little too. Of course, he's a wonderful man and maybe they've lived together so much they've forgotten the flattering little courtesies toward each other, but you just know she must have something grand about her or a man like himself wouldn't have married her. Tell him that and watch him eat it up.

A line like that proves to the man you're a big-hearted generous girl and not a cat and after that it's very difficult for a married man to get madly flirtatious with you. You've got him tied.

FOR a long while you can play the man's feeling for his wife against his own impulses toward you. Men are hopelessly romantic and any girl meaning to get on with them must take advantage of that fact. Symbols and rules mean much more to them than to women. Being married they actually know better but continue to believe women are gay butterflies. They likewise believe we have big motherly impulses combined with a working alliance with the devil. They believe these things of the woman with whom they are in love, as long as they remain in love with her. When they are not in love with her, they start hunting another woman to hang these qualities on. The woman who best fosters the illusion, is most attractive. If you're a good enough actress you can keep any man happy.

Man after man I've known who simply wanted to be freshly encouraged regarding his own greatness. Man after man I've known to run away from his wife simply because she had become the living graveyard of his good intentions. From what men have told me I can't see where many wives help to bring about the rosy futures they constantly demand of their men. But they do demand and thus play-time girls like myself, girls who listen and adore and tell those men that they really truly are wonderful, are popular.

The comedy of it all comes in when you realize that those same men will go right back to their wives simply because they represent idealisms, dead though they may be.

That is what makes married men safe for an unmarried girl to play with. They want

to be good. They want to be all the virtuous things you can think of. It is only the very intelligent or the very stupid men who make any special attempt at wickedness. Mostly they want to be strong and attractive and good spenders.

The number who get sore when you prove to them finally you mean to stay too platonic for their further amusement is astonishingly small. If a girl gets to that point with a married man, it's just bad management on her part. When they start insinuating they'd prefer to buy you a meal much earlier in the day than lunch time, watch your step. Put up your demands. More expensive evenings, more expensive dinners, plays and flowers and they'll get frightened off.

A girl is simply stupid when she lets a masculine friendship end in a big racing-around-the-furniture scene. There's no need for the affair to ride along that far. Before that time comes, she should start boring him to death and thus get rid of him.

But I found that as the middle twenties advanced upon me I was knowing loneliness. The play-time mood is after all a very young one. As you get older you feel a great urge to express a few of your own opinions once in a while. I was going through one of those slumps that every girl playing my kind of a game knows, when all the men are staying home and no new rebels are on the horizon.

My best girl friend rang me up and told me she had corralled two new men. Would I come and make a fourth at dinner?

Dinner with any man tastes better than a lonely one so I went forth eagerly. And at that party I met him. He had married at twenty-two and repented at thirty. He had been divorced from his wife for nearly a year when I met him. After six dinners with him on six successive evenings, I realized that love was an experiment worth gambling on.

Yet I didn't actually violate my principles. Jerry and I were married within a month. So I've continued to play around with a married man. The difference is that he is married to me.

But don't think I shall let this private husband of mine go playing around with unmarried girls. I know it's dangerous chiefly because if he does so, those girls, and not myself, will become figures of romance to him. I don't want that to happen. I know from my observation of men that as a wife it's up to me whether he rambles or not.

So far I've kept him interested in me because I am so wholeheartedly interested in him. I don't feel that my mere presence is enough compensation to him for supporting me. I love him, you see, and I'm pretty romantic about our marriage. So long as I keep him interested in himself at home, he won't go to the trouble and expense of getting some outside girl to flatter him.

## Are Married Men a Menace? Yes! Says This Girl

[Continued from page 38]

condemnation of women, young and old, the married man of flirtatious bent wanders without criticism wherever his fancy takes him, leaving behind him a trail of heartaches, disillusionment and tears. Our moralists decry the modern girl, saying that by her short skirts, her rouged lips and her willingness to pet, she is leading the poor, weak, susceptible young men astray. Our ministers moan to Heaven about the wife and mother of today,

who instead of staying in the home, baking pies and embroidering doilies, spends her time at bridge parties and tea dances. But I have yet to hear a speaker denounce the married man who, by his complete faithlessness and selfishness, is certainly a greater menace to the sacred American home than any flapper or dancing mother.

Among my wide acquaintance of girls, I don't know one (myself included) who has



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not at some time or another been mixed up with a married man. Yet, I say with all sincerity, looking at the question fairly and without trying to whitewash ourselves, that it is not our fault. The blame must be laid at the doors of the men, not at ours. For, of all the girls I know, not one has ever deliberately allowed herself to become seriously interested in a married man. In most of the cases, the girl did not know the man was married until her emotions had been ensnared. The married man always sees to that.

Is it any wonder that wives are jealous and suspicious? Too many of them, through their own experience before marriage, know how incapable the majority of husbands are of passing up any opportunities for flirtation that may be lying along the roadside. It is not the increasing number of divorces we should marvel at, but the thousands of men and women who remain unmarried. There are still wives, who, because of economic or sentimental reasons, are tolerant and forgiving, willing to overlook their husbands' flirtations and ready to welcome them back to the domestic hearth.

A young married man talked freely to me about this subject the other day. I knew him well before his marriage four years ago. As children we attended the same church. The son of a straight-laced and saintly Methodist minister, he spent very little time in church as he grew older. He sowed wild oats instead of attending family prayer and soon became notorious as a wild young man. Gambling, liquor and girls were his interests in life, and few of the girls he associated with would have been received in his home.

Attending a respectable party quite by accident one night, where all the girls were "nice", he met the girl he later married. She was employed as a stenographer in a publishing house. She was sweet, attractive and sincere, but by no means a raving beauty, and she had none of the "style" he had always demanded in the girls he honored with his company.

"She fell for my line," he told me. "She really believed I meant what I said. She was the first girl I had ever met who swallowed it, hook, bait and sinker. Before I knew it I was in love with her. She was such a refreshing change from the girls I had played around with. We have been married four years now. I am still in love with her and so far I haven't cheated."

"Do you think you will keep on playing the game?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered. "That's the trouble. So far I have, but it hasn't always been easy. I can easily imagine myself having a little flirtation on the side one of these days. It is pretty hard not to be able to break away once in a while, no matter how much a fellow loves his wife."

"BUT how about your wife?" I asked. "Don't you think she might want to flirt a little on the side, too?"

"You're too stupid to live!" was his answer. "I'm a man. She is a woman. I've a right to have a little fun with other girls. No man is going to stay tied to one woman forever. It isn't our nature. But a woman is different. She doesn't want more than one man."

"Oh, so that's it," I said. "The double standard again. But that day is almost over. That argument you married men bolster yourselves up with, is only a nice way of saving you haven't any honor. You married men are a fine lot! Heavens knows why women break their hearts over you, but the time is coming when we won't and then you will find that flirtations along the way aren't going to be so easy to find."

I defy any married man to break my heart again. My friends and I, in our late twenties now, have cut our wisdom teeth where married men are concerned and I doubt if we will be caught again. Most of the girls

in my crowd have recovered sufficiently from their heartaches to be married themselves and there isn't one of them who is not keeping a close watch on her husband, nor one who has not given the same ultimatum as the other wise wife "the minute you side step, I leave."

Those of us who haven't married are ever on the alert against the man who has parked his wife and children at home. The minute we know a man is married, we act accordingly. I am not concerned with a man's bank account, his religion, his business or his family. I want to know if he is married. If he is, he belongs at home, not with me!

**MID-VICTORIAN?** Not a bit. But a burnt child dreads the fire. I have been involved in two serious affairs with married men, in addition to others I escaped from by a hair's breadth. In the first I lost my heart and my illusions. In the second, I lost my reputation. My first affair I stumbled into blindly. In the second, I should have known better. Stupid, you say? Not a bit. I was just like other girls and the men were just like other married men.

That first affair seems long ago. I can hardly remember the girl I must have been then. I was eighteen, he was thirty. We knew each other a year before he told me he was married. And, even then, having brought himself to tell that much of the truth, he lied. In fact, I have yet to meet a married man of flirtatious bent, who was able to tell the truth on every count. They always lie. It is part of the perfection of their "line".

I met him in an evening class in college. He was a handsome man, with a charming manner. It is not strange I should have liked him. His was a type new to me.

I knew Barclay for a year before the doubt crossed my mind that he might be married. Week after week we sat together in class and strolled down the street after class to a coffee shop, where we talked over coffee and sandwiches. Many things we talked of during that time and every evening together strengthened the bonds of friendship between us. I knew little of his life, except that he lived some forty miles from the city. He had arranged to go to the university one night a week to make up his necessary college credits before studying law. He disliked the business he was in, he said, and intended to carry out the plans he had originally had. What his business was, I did not know. Nor did I know anything about his family. I didn't care. I was interested only in him.

Soon after we met, he said to me one night, "Don't like me too much, my dear."

"Why not?" I asked, in astonishment. This was a new type of man, indeed. The boys I had known before had all begged me to like them, and now here was Barclay asking me not to like him "too much".

"You don't know anything at all about me," he answered. "I may have robbed a bank or murdered a man. You don't know."

I can laugh now at the idealistic girl I was then and at the way I nibbled the bait he gave me.

"What you did before you met me doesn't matter in the least," I said. "It is what you do, knowing me, that counts."

"Do you mean to tell me you wouldn't care if I had been a thief or a murderer?" he asked.

"Not a bit, just so long as you aren't now."

"Well, I wasn't and I am not now, so you can put your mind at rest on that score," he laughed, "but remember, don't let yourself like me too much."

Don't let myself like him too much! What good psychology that was. He understood women much better than I understood men. And that "don't let yourself like me too much, my dear" was part of his line. How could I help but like him too much, when, in all the subtle, indirect ways possible, he

was making love to me. Letters every day. Long distance telephone calls several times a week. Books and flowers and candy. I was being wooed. There was no doubt of that in my mind.

June came! College classes were over, but Barclay suggested that he continue coming to the city once a week as he had been doing—but instead of spending our time in a classroom we would have dinner together and go to the theater.

I was delighted, yet for the first time my suspicions were aroused when instead of calling me at my home, he suggested that, in order to have more time together, I meet him at the station. I stilled the doubt and consented to meet him the following week.

It was then my doubt became a certainty. I learned he was married!

AS WE sat at the dinner table in the smart café, he looked at me and smiled.

"I have warned you, my dear," he said, "don't grow too fond of me."

"You've said that before," I replied. "I don't understand you, at all. I don't care what you have done in your life, I told you that."

Then something prompted me to say the next words. I was astonished at myself, when I heard myself saying with a laugh, "Why I don't even care if you have been married so long as your wife is dead!"

Even the glow from the rose-shaded lamp on the table could not prevent me from seeing that Barclay had turned white. His face was tense and strained. His hands clutched the table cloth. A fork fell to the floor with a clatter.

He leaned over the table. His voice came hoarsely.

"Don't ever, as long as you live, say that to me again," he said.

"I am sorry," I apologized. "I was only joking. I don't know why I said it. I had no idea you had been married."

"I am married," he said. "I have been married for ten years. My wife is not dead, but I am getting a divorce."

"Why didn't you tell me?" I asked.

"Because I hoped to have my divorce before you knew," he said. "I know I should have told you. I am sorry. But I was a coward. I love you so much, and, knowing what a little Puritan you are, I knew you wouldn't ever talk to me if you knew I was married."

I believed it all. That usual "line" of "I love you so much" went over. My vanity was flattered. It pleased me to think my friendship meant so much to him that he was afraid to take a chance of losing it. I really believed he was getting a divorce.

Why talk of the four years that followed, the four years in which I had no dates with other men, because I considered myself engaged to him? The four years in which I combatted criticism and lost caste because I was running around with a married man. I trusted him. It never once entered my head to check up on what he had told me.

I was a gullible fool, very much in love. We saw each other infrequently during those four years, but the correspondence was voluminous. He was sent all over the country by his firm, stopping off to see me whenever he could. For a year and a half he was in Algiers. He was to stay five years. His divorce would surely be granted while he was there. He would send for me and we would be married, he told me.

Letters from Algiers for a year and a half. Tears when the mails were delayed. Letters telling how much he missed me, but not a word of his divorce. Rather guarded letters they were, I realize now. I didn't know it then. He was too experienced to take any chances on a breach of promise suit. At the end of a year and a half he was recalled. He cabled me the day of his arrival.

I was happy and impatient. Finally the

day arrived. I met him at the station where we had met so many times before. We gripped each others' hands tightly and stood for five minutes on the station platform, just looking at each other. Then we made our way to a quaint little tea room, tucked away on a tiny street, where we could have a table in a secluded corner and talk undisturbed.

I went into the tea room a happy girl, very much in love. I left it, a woman, bitter, disillusioned and broken-hearted.

It was by chance I learned the truth. Barclay had brought some snapshots with him from Algiers and among them was one of his wife, his daughter and himself which he had forgotten to take out from among the ones he showed me.

"I thought your wife and daughter were in the United States," I said.

"No, they were with me," he said defiantly. "I tried to prevent my wife from going, but she insisted."

"But I thought you were separated, and that you had started divorce proceedings."

"She refuses to give me a divorce," he said. "My hands are tied. But you won't let that stand in the way of your friendship, will you? I love you more than anything else in the world. You'll let me keep on seeing you, won't you?"

But why go over it again? It is the "line" that all married men use, when they are found out.

I never saw him again after I walked out of the tea room and left him sitting there.

Later, I learned the truth about Barclay. His married life had been a series of flirtations, but he had handled them all so discreetly that his wife could find no grounds for the divorce she wanted. A divorce was the last thing in the world he was going to let happen, for his wife had a large fortune which maintained a beautiful home, many servants and several expensive cars. Barclay had no money at all and the comforts his wife's fortune provided he refused to give up. His wife had threatened several times to leave him, but each time he had implored her forgiveness and promised to behave.

But he never has. Two years ago Palm Beach society was agog with the gossip of his flirtations. From one girl to another he went—a charming, graceful liar and a cad!

And he, like thousands of other married men, gets away with it. And I, like thousands of other girls, bear the scar of dreams that were shattered and faith that was disillusioned. Is it any wonder I want men to be branded when they marry?

Jim was the second married man who came strolling nonchalantly into my life. And before I knew it, I was in love with a married man again. My heart and my illusions had already been taken. Those he couldn't have, but he did take my reputation.

It was in business I met Jim who was one of the homeliest and physically most unattractive men I have ever seen. The exact antithesis of Barclay!

JIM was an entertaining person, with a stimulating mind and fresh viewpoint, which made up in part for his poor appearance. Our work threw us together and in a short time we were very friendly.

I did not know whether he was married or not. I never gave it a thought, in fact. He was simply a nice, friendly person to work with and to have lunch with. Outside of that, I had no interest in him. The hurt Barclay had inflicted was still smarting, and I was glad for Jim's friendship and companionship. That he might imagine he was in love with me, I never dreamed. I still did not know as much as I do now about married men.

Then one day over the luncheon table, he decided it was time to unburden his soul. His line was not much different from Barclay's.

He was married, he told me, and unhappy.



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pily. His wife was in love with his best friend. He didn't care, he said, for he had stopped loving her several years before. He hoped soon to get a divorce.

I essayed the role of peacemaker. I told him he had probably neglected his wife and had failed to show her the little attentions she craved. I urged him to try again to make his marriage successful, before he gave up.

I still had no idea he was playing with the idea of being in love with me. In appearance he was far from being a Lothario. But I have learned that no matter how unattractive a married man may be, he still thinks he is irresistible to all the single girls he meets.

I felt sorry for him and I really liked him. When he asked me to lunch with him as he did almost every day I went. The hour was usually spent in discussing his marital troubles—a dangerous thing to do—as I was soon to learn.

AT LAST the day came when Jim announced, "My marriage will never be a success. I hate my wife. I'm going to get a divorce and marry you."

I looked at him in astonishment.

"You're crazy," I told him. "I have no intentions of marrying anybody and certainly I am not going to marry you, no matter how many divorces you get."

"But I love you," he protested. "I'll never be happy without you."

The old, old story. I was wiser then. It had been all right, I reasoned, as long as it was only friendship, but when Jim started that "I love you" line, it was time to step out.

I did, but not soon enough!

His wife had heard of our friendship. Reports had been carried to her of our lunches together, and Jim's wife was a woman of action, as I soon found out.

I was astonished one night to find Jim and his wife at the door of my home. I concealed my surprise and invited them in. The two hours that followed were among the most difficult in my life.

Confronted by his wife, who accused him of carrying on a flirtation with me, Jim had cast the blame on me. I had pursued him, he said, until in desperation he had been forced to have lunch with me. I had made love to him and had asked him to get a divorce so he could marry me.

I was speechless with amazement as I listened to their joint attacks.

"You will have no reputation left by the time I finish with you," Jim's wife said.

I tried to explain that there had been nothing wrong in the friendship between Jim and me, that I had never been in love with him and had no intention of falling in love with him.

BUT it was hopeless. To everything I said, she had only one retort:

"Any single girl who runs around with a married man has to take the consequences and they are not pleasant."

That was the only true thing she said during the two hours. For no matter how innocent the friendship may be, the world draws its own conclusions and they are not in favor of the girl. The girl is accused of being a "home-wrecker" and there is nothing she can say or do in her own defense. She will not be believed, but the married man is left free to wander wherever his fancy takes him.

Between them, she and Jim succeeded quite well in taking away my reputation. And I had no way of fighting back.

I was a single girl. He was a married man. And she, whether she had been a good wife or not, was nevertheless, according to the code, a "wronged" one.

There is only one solution. Until married men acquire a sense of honor, they should be branded.

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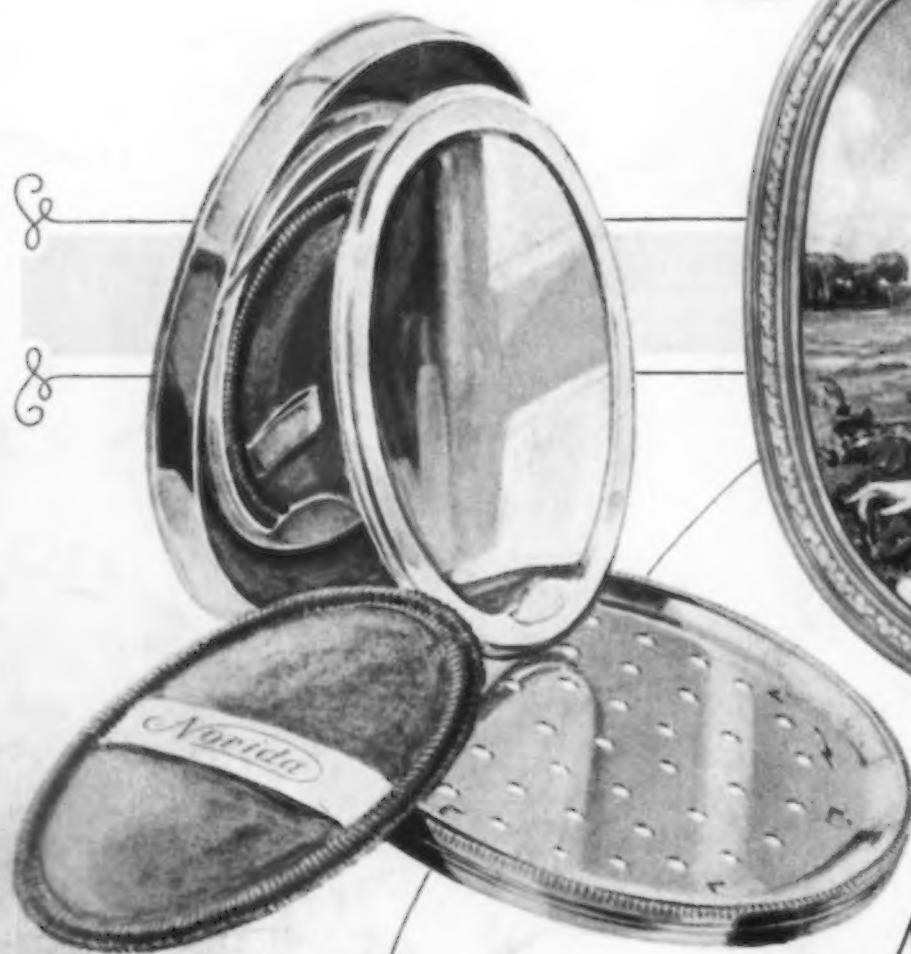
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